

Precial Ricentennial Fedition









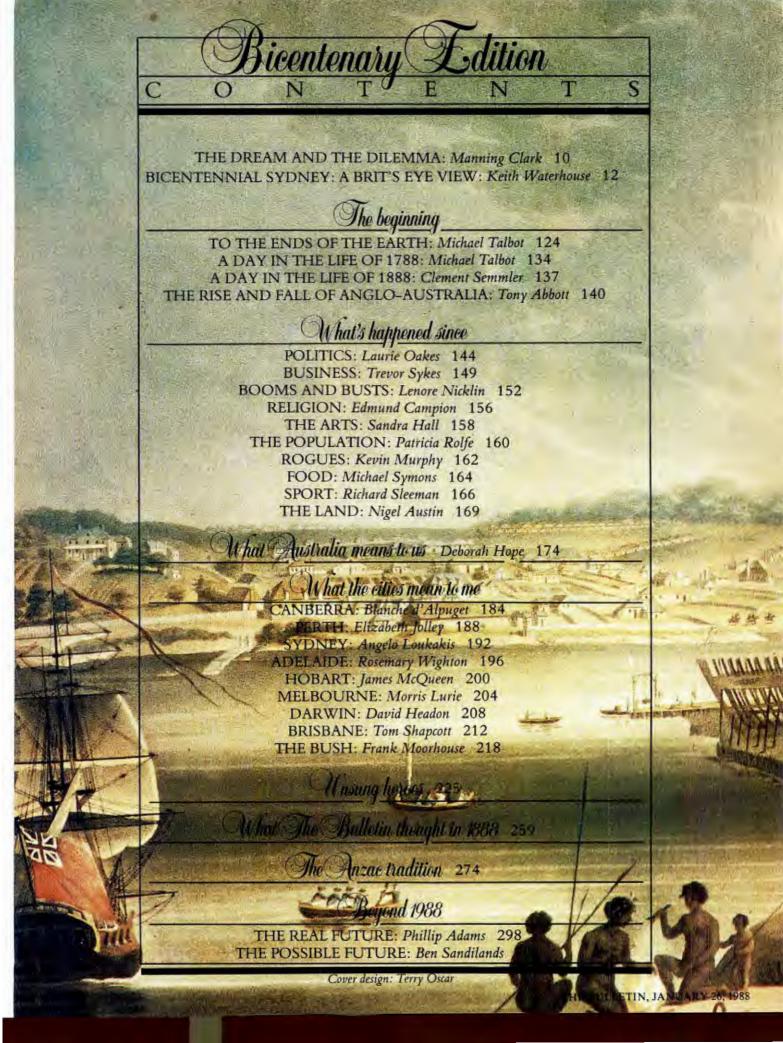


ith this double, 340 page edition (on sale for two weeks) we mark the Australia Day and year that celebrate 200 years of European settlement, two centuries stamped by achievements about which only the incurably churlish will feel no enthusiasm. At the same time we acknowledge our undoubted failures as emphasised by Manning Clark in his introductory essay. While not everyone will share all or even some of Professor Clark's disillusionment he is right to concentrate our attention on



today's dilemmas as much as yesterday's triumphs. In the articles that follow his introduction staff of The Bulletin and other celebrated contributors reflect on these themes, on what has happened to us in various fields of endeavor; suggest what our cities and the "bush" really mean to us and what, in fact, it means to be an Australian in 1988. We also look into the future believing that if the past 200 years have not been all they should have been, the next 200 will be better, provided the good sense and spirit of the changing Australian people endure.





Heads of Europe salute Australia.



THE BULLETIN

INCORPORATING THE ALISTRALIAN FINANCIAL TIMES









Our history

— the musical

Manning Clark's History of Australia — the Musical opened in Melbourne. Jan McGuinness reviews the first big theatrical event of the Bicentenary.

Page 74.

Crime – good as gold

The criminals who pulled Sydney's bank heist will be able to sell much of their booty openly. Philip Cornford looks at the open-door gold market. Page 55.

The privatisation of Senator Susan

Susan Ryan is not about to fade away like most ex-politicians. She talks to Kevin Murphy about her influential new job at Penguin books.

Page 54.

Now for the old foe

Cricket's oldest foes —
Australia and England —
are about to meet in the
Bicentennial Test. Ian
Chappell looks at the
chances of the Australians.
Page 47.

Regular Features

Sport	47
Ron Saw	66
David McNicoll	69
Phillip Adams	70
Sam Lipski	73
Theatre	75
Films	77
Television	78
Books	79
Speculator's Diary	88
Wildcat	93

 George Negus, Laurie Oakes and Dorian Wild are on holiday.



Lifestyle

Protecting Gold Coast swimmers from sharks is the job of Kim McKenzie. She is the only woman in the business, Martin Warneminde reports. Page 57.

Australia

The season of peace on Earth is over and the national wage case is on again. David Barnett says the federal government still refuses to bite the bullet. Page 44.

Business and Investment

An Australian company has triggered a gold rush in Japan. David Haselhurst looks at the impact of Austpac's "Ring-of-Fire" gold prospecting theories on Japan.

Page 84.

Newsweek

Israel's civil war

The ironies of the clampdown on unrest on the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip are not lost on the outside world. Yet, with national elections looming, Israeli attitudes merely harden. Page 308.



Taiwan has its first native-born leader following the death of Chiang Kai-Shek's heir but observers fear an era of instability. Page 318.

The rejoicing over a vastly improved US trade result has given way to more sober speculation: Can it last? Page 332.

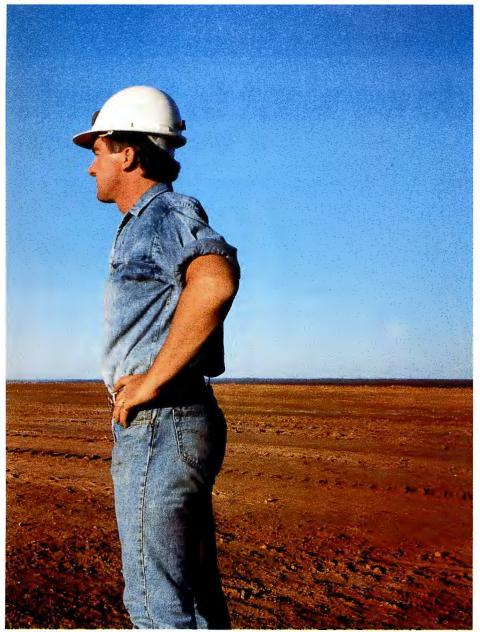
"The new frontier is fixing up the old frontier," declares a leading restoration ecologist. And it's happening. Page 334.



OUR SMALIN THE BIGGEST (SINCE THE



PART OLD RUSH 350's.



(091) 85 3966. Melbourne (03) 221 2466. Mt. Isa (077) 43 4840. Newcastle (049) 89 1255. Perth (09) 458 3331. Townsville (077) 79 6144. Wollongong (042) 71 3011.

It was in 1903 that Paddy Hannan, an Irish immigrant, first staked a claim here. Since that time, Kalgoorlie has had its share of ups and downs.

But the fabled "Golden Mile" is golden once more. It's places like this that may hold the key to Australia's export future.

Already supplying a huge 10% of the free world's gold, between 1986 and 1990 Australia will have doubled its annual gold production.

Our small part in the biggest gold rush since the 1850's is technology development, operating efficiency, productivity and service back up in drill rigs, underground rigs, compressor equipment.

Success here, around Kalgoorlie, and in other gold producing and exploration areas around Australia has been, and will be, due to the tenacity and raw courage of individuals and companies, large and small.

As long as they are here, helping Australia grow, Atlas Copco will be with them. All the time.

Air and fluid energy in mining, construction and industry.



WE'RE WITH YOU. ALL THE TIME.



What do we want to be and

MANNING CLARK confronts the

SOME time during the 21st century, a nation of borrowers has to become a nation of creators. But on how this will happen no one has any ideas. We are in a period of human history when no one has anything vital to say and the certainties have melted away. We have been liberated from our colonial past, from our dependence on the British for defence and capital. The revolutions in transport and communications have ended our isolation and material backwardness. We no longer need to be grovellers, have ceased to be spiritual exiles, ceased to yearn for the Old World as the place of "holy wonders", free of New World vulgarity, mediocrity and dullness. We have almost slain the giant of British-Philistinism, almost freed ourselves from the incubus of Puritan morality.

We now say with Henry Lawson that we are Australians, that we know no other country. But, if anyone asks us who we are and what we want to be, we lapse into the great Australian silence. We inherit from the past no professions of faith. No one has written an Australian Declaration of Independence. No one has drawn up for us a list of self-evident truths — that among these are the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We have had no Boston tea-party. As Frederick Engels pointed out, the Australian has built a bush hut;

there is no sign that he will start a Paris commune. We have been prepared to lay down our lives for foreign causes, to spill our blood on foreign fields. But so far we have displayed a vast indifference to any proposal that human blood should manure the soil of Australia for the sake of some future harmony. We are pragmatists, not ideologues, and certainly not revolutionaries.

Now, we have to decide what we want to be. We have to find our own solutions to our problems. That is the consequence of saying we are Australians. The difficulty is how to put forward answers when we do not know what we believe. How can a people who are wallowing in the greed and titillation encouraged in the Kingdom of Nothingness answer such questions? We live in an age of doubt about everything. We belong to a generation which put a man on the Moon, can keep beer icy cold west of the Darling during the Australian summer, can see the world's events as they happen on a screen, can play the whole of Bach or Mozart or Jerome Kern on hi-fi and can move from Sydney to London or New York or Moscow in just over 24 hours - but has no clear idea of what it wants to be.

We have been deprived of our Great Expectations. The horrors of the First World War — the insane "bloodspilling business" on the fields of

Flanders and France – the meaningless suffering inflicted on human beings during the great Depression, the trials and purges in the Soviet Union, the Holocaust of the Jewish people during World War II, the dropping of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August 1945 and the abominations of Vietnam - these have cast doubts on the two great faiths of humanity: that in a loving, forgiving, caring God and that in the capacity of human beings for better things - the capacity to steal fire from heaven and to create harmony on earth. We now know deep down in our hearts that too great a price can be paid for such harmony. We have not lost all interest in either faith. Both do great credit to the human heart - implying that a creature such as man is capable of love and forgiveness, mercy and justice.

But we do not know what to believe. Thomas Mann put the question quite simply at the end of the first World War: "What, then, can we believe?" T. S. Eliot put a similar question three years later: "... what branches grow out of this stony rubbish?" Robert Ross, the editor of the Melbourne paper *The Socialist* put a similar question to God: "Father, what did you do during the war?" God now took a high place on humanity's long list of missing persons. As Noel Coward put it in one



what should we believe?

problems of the celebrating nation

of his lyrics: "What is there to strive for, love or keep alive for?" Humanity had an acute attack of the 20th century Blues.

So now a nation of unbelievers, a people who have liberated themselves from the Judaic-Christian myth, and from the Enlightenment myth must face up to some awkward problems. We are all inheritors of the Australian Dream and that has at least two manifestations. One is that in Australia blood will never stain the wattle. The absence of civil wars and revolutions has been one of our boasts. That was relatively easy so long as there was one dominant group in Australia, so long as violence against the Aborigines did not

Now the Anglo-Celts and the Europeans recognise or almost recognise that there are at least two cultures in Australia - the Aboriginal and the Australian variation on themes composed by Europeans. That is a step in the right direction. But the Anglo-Celts and the Europeans are now being challenged by the Aborigines who claim they were the original inhabitants of the country and were brutally expelled from their land, leading to their degradation and apparent purposelessness – as though they had lost their consciousness of the meaning of life. The Aborigines demand land rights and some demand compensation; they demand that the Australian government should formally acknowledge that Aborigines were the original owners of Australia and Tasmania. It will require much wisdom and patience to transform an exchange of abuse - with the white man talking about "black bastards" and the black man complaining of "white lies" - into a real discussion of what should be done. At long last, the conscience of the white man has been aroused and he is acknowledging that the condition of the Aborigine since 1788 has been and is Australia's great shame. The removal of that shame concerns every human being in Australia. The white man is on trial.

There are other problems. The fight between the developers and the conservationists has not been resolved. Between them also there is a slanging match rather than a rational argument, with the conservationists portraying the developers as greedy vandals who would squander the natural wealth and beauty of Australia for a "quick quid," and the developers accusing the conservationists of being moral prigs — queer people who spend their time drooling over natural scenery even if that means more Australians being unemployed.

The argument over the type of society we should aim for continues — although some of the heat has gone out of

the exchange between the protagonists. Both of the principal antagonists have received terrible wounds. The defenders of capitalism have no answer to those who accuse them of attempting to defend the morally indefensible. The defenders of socialism or communism walk around like men with daggers in their backs. If this life is all we know, why sacrifice it for the sake of some future harmony? Conservatism has ceased to be formidable: communism or any radical political ideology has lost its earlier moral authority. The conscience of Australia now resides not in any radical political group but in individuals. The silence of a Patrick White or the scorn of a Judith Wright has more authority than any of the political performers.

The loss of faith and the loss of nerve will not last forever. All serious-minded people know there is a terrible infection abroad. To sweep it away, there may be a terrible blast or a cleansing fire may sweep over the continent. It may be that, underneath the present increase of violence and barbarism, a new civilisation is beginning. Who knows? But no one is showing us the direction of the river of life. The danger is that we may all end in a billabong, from the muddy waters of which we may see the majestic river sweep by. We may not even see that river.



KEITH WATERHOUSE, one of Britain's leading columnists, offers a Pom's-eye view of Bicentennial Sydney. On top of the world down under



KEVIN BROWN

SYDNEY is riveting — but really. As the sun rises over the city, the sound of piledrivers and pneumatic drills on 89 hard-hat sites around its sand-brushed bays and coves and rocky points is already ricocheting off the great single span of the Harbor Bridge — The Coathanger to its friends — as Sydney races to upgrade itself, a little belatedly, from a city to a world metropolis. With a little luck and some oiling of palms in the construction trades for working over the long Christmas holiday, it hopes to get the job done by January 26 — the date on which, two centuries ago, Captain Arthur Phillip sailed his first fleet of British convict ships into a cove a world away from home and named it after the then Home

Secretary who had sold the cabinet on a ready solution for the overcrowded prisons problem.

We may be sure that this bicentenary or bicentennial — Sydneysiders as they call themselves, are bilingual in English and American at this transitional stage in their evolution — will be marked not only by the First International Conference on Corrective Services and Penology at the Hilton Hotel in Pitt Street. The Tall Ships — the biggest armada of barques and brigs and schooners ever to sail under the Southern Cross — will glide into Sydney Harbor and it will be the grandest and most exuberant celebration of its kind since the United States, New South Wales' forerunner as host for convict

colonials, laid on a similar party nearly 12 years ago.

Then, as I recall, pushy New York hogged most of the bicentennial limelight. Though with admittedly more justification — this, after all, is where modern Australia started — Sydney is brashly determined to follow suit and for the same reason: that this is where it is all going on. Sydney, like New York, has unilaterally declared itself the natural capital of its own country.

Not so long ago this conurbation of endless redroofed suburbs sprawling ever outwards like spilt cream could lay international claim only to being the capital of NSW, a far-off territory of which the British knew little except that they named their postal districts after London railway stations and ate their Christmas dinner on the beach.

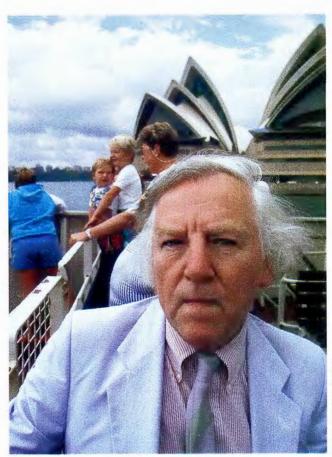
This globally parochial impression received a severe jolt when a group of citizens finally persuaded the NSW government to build a Centre for the Performing Arts on

the site of the old tram depot. Now perhaps better known as the Sydney Opera House, it was costed at \$7 million — a conservatively estimated sum which was to prove the wisest \$102 million (the Concorde-style cornucopia of cash being replenished by a series of public lotteries) ever invested in a growing city.

Captain Phillip, with a little help from Captain Cook, may have put Sydney on the map. The Opera House, that shimmering nouvelle cuisine meringue, that delicate fan of scallop shells weighing in at 27,000 tonnes, put Sydney on the postage stamps and travel posters and picture postcards — much to the envy of rival resorts still relying on koala bears and wallabies for their image.

Joern Utzon's much-photographed million-tiled confection, self-proclaimed eighth wonder of the world and undoubtedly one of the most beautiful modern buildings on Earth, not only symbolises Sydney's burgeoning self-confidence, it also helped to form it. "Without that bunch of ceramic tits out on Bennelong Point, we were Seattle," said a much-travelled Sydneysider. "With it, we're San Francisco."

So there she stands on the harbor's edge, already up there in the big league of classic landmarks along with the Golden Gate Bridge, the Statue of Liberty and the Eiffel Tower. And, as you



Author and "nouvelle cuisine meringue"

come in on one of the bobbing ferries named after the lady wives of forgotten governors and step out on jetty six at Circular Quay where an elevated freeway slashes across the mini-Manhattan shoreline, yes, indeed, you could be in San Francisco.

Or, turning a corner to discover a surviving clump of sandstone Victoriana flanked by statues of the heroes of commerce, learning and the law, you might be in Edinburgh. The former colonial settlement straddles the old and new worlds, with one foot more heavily in the new.

It is New York crossed with Newcastle-upon-Tyne, London's reemergent Docklands as they might have emerged in Denver, a ride on the left with American traffic signs. It is the Victorian arcades of the West Riding (complete with mad revolving tableaux of royal historical highlights, from King Canute stopping the waves to the execution of Charles I, as the Westminster chimes boom the hour) and the hitech shopping malls of the West Coast (complete with fountains and water lilies, cool-canopied cafe terraces, and armed cops).

There is Oxford Street and there is Broadway and ribboning the prosperous yacht-crowded bays across the harbor you have Miami Beach brushed with Ruislip. A sentimental observer of the Sydney scene sums it up: "She is a city of many moods and all that crap."

And, within this dovetailing conglomeropolis of styles and cultures and influences, all big city life is there, teeming like a sewer. Sydney has AIDS like everywhere else; it has crisis centres, helplines, prostitute collectives, gay bars, sex shops, drug pushers, hustlers, graft, cowboy taxi drivers, traffic jams, trash TV, graffiti, vandalism, muggings, loonies – all that the visitor from the northern hemisphere could look for. Playboy may come chastely sealed in clingfilm but on the same news stand you can pick up papers openly advertising Sydney's rich profusion of brothels, massage parlors, fantasy manors and assorted red-light services, from the discreet Shalene who invites gentlemen to the intimate surroundings of her home in Croydon, to the less demure Honeybelle - "Point your erection in my direction"

On the other side of the bronze Oz dollar (which Anglophile Prime Minister Menzies hoped would be

called the royal, prompting the irreverent republicans of Sydney to ask whether their cents would be known as commoners) it has everything other great cities could wish for had they not got it already: the mirror-glass skyscrapers, the smart atrium hotels with their lobbies of marble and polished granite, the rattling metro, the theatres, the bars, the restaurants (including two of the obligatory revolving ones), the department stores, the glitzy boutiques on the eucalyptus-tinted boulevards of the Beverly Hills-type chic suburb of Double Bay (known to cost-conscious Sydneysiders, who like to see change out of a dollar, as Double Pay - because that's what you need to afford the prices) where the pampered greatgreat-etc-granddaughters of the First Fleet chain gangs dress like Sloanes and spend like drunken sailors.

The difference is that everywhere else has had it longer. Thirty years ago, when the pubs closed at six and downtown looked like Sheffield during the Depression, the highest building in Sydney was 12 storeys. Now the bidding starts at 80 storeys and in North Sydney — across the Harbor Bridge — a shimmering satellite Dallas has mushroomed, a computerised cluster of sleek monuments to banking, insurance and the Australian money market which Sydney and its 50,000 yuppies have deftly cornered.

Twenty-five years ago, if you wanted to dine out, you had the choice of a few steak-and-egg joints, the Greek milk bars or eating Chinese style off oilcloth-covered tables.

Today restaurants ranging through the international gastronomic alphabet from Argentinian to Vietnamese take up 1650 column inches in the Yellow Pages and the Sydney Good Food Guide, now in its fourth year, sniffily demotes three-star-award establishments that fail to keep up to scratch.

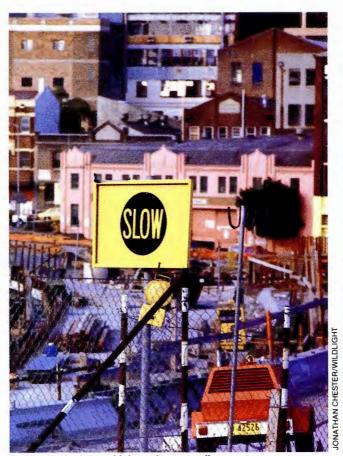
Twenty years ago, when pioneering dramatist Alex Buzo was trying to get his work on the commercial stage, producers would tell him, "Take it away - we don't do Australian plays." Today Australia is box office - and the wellspring of it all is a former redneck town now grown so cocky with it that at the Comedy Store (yes, Sydney has one of those too) American tourists dare only snicker when the fastswearing alternative COmedians fire off their tasteless

jokes about Reagan's colon and visitors from across the Tasman Sea smirk wanly at the night's Kiwi joke: "The difference between New Zealand and a jar of yoghurt, ladies and gentlemen, is that yoghurt has a living culture". Boom boom.

But of course all this energy and innovation did not spring at one kangaroo-bound out of a night at the Australian opera. The cosmopolisation of Sydney has many other strands — the most obvious being the rich mix of nationalities from the Pacific, Indian Ocean and Mediterranean cultures which swept in to breach the Pommie domination of the city when immigration policy was relaxed in the post-war years.

Chinatown apart, they did not huddle into ghettos but fanned out through the city to create a melting pot of cultures. You will find Greeks and Spaniards in the pleasant suburb of Canterbury, Italians and Yugoslavs in Liverpool, Mexicans and Thais now living in trim little bungalows with such names as Kosikot and Hildasholme. Their presence has effectively tempered what still is, among its more fossilised citizens, one of Sydney's less amiable characteristics — an insular bigotry verging on racism.

And with them they brought their cuisines. "The restaurants of Sydney were changed by refugees," explains



Darling Harbor: "too high a price to pay"

winery owner Max Lake, whose Lake's Folly cabernet sauvignon graces many a table. (And there's another jump: a generation ago, most Sydneysiders took water with their meals and daytime wine-bibbing was the preserve of derelicts. Now they drink the Hunter Valley dry or pinot noir and the Seaview champagne flows at every party.) "Every war or upheaval brought a new wave of restaurants — Malaysian, Korean, Vietnamese, Sri Lankan, Lebanese..." It seems a drastic way of getting fried eggs off the menu but it made Sydney think international.

Travel was the next thread. Give people a harbor and they want to go somewhere. Cheap flight from the international airport on Botany Bay opened the world to Sydneysiders who now have to book their package tours to Bali 12 months in advance. Flights to Tokyo, Honolulu, Singapore, London, Los Angeles are always full - both ways, for Sydney has become a major tourist centre with Nikon-clicking Japanese on every corner. And the trip from one hemisphere to another, in the global village era, is no longer a oncein-a-lifetime experience. Wherever Sydneysiders decide to go, they always boomerang back.

Back to the sound of riveting. Many Sydneysiders are not too happy — indeed many are furious — at the way their city is growing up, with the bull-

dozers dumping bits of their history in the skips daily. What's left of Sydney's oldest area, The Rocks, where Phillip and his convict carpenters set up the first settlement, is safely and picturesquely preserved - its warehouses and chandlers' stores in their trim brick courtyards given over to candle boutiques and craft shops. The Queen Victoria Building, a filigree-galleried shopping arcade where matrons indistinguishable from Dame Edna take their morning coffee and rock cakes at the G'Day Cafe, has been lovingly restored.

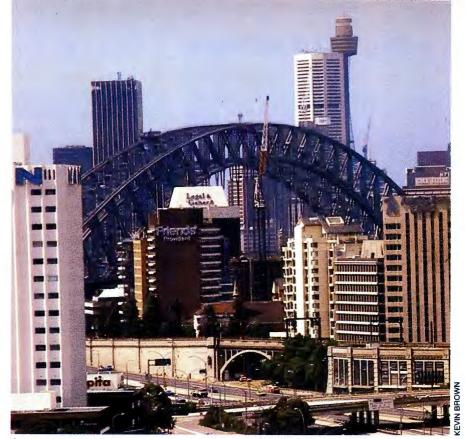
Surprisingly the fiercest apostles of preservation are the Builders' Laborers Federation whose demolition men flatly refused to take the sledgehammer to a splendid marble and extravagantly tiled art nouveau bar in the basement of one of the city's redundant hotels. It stands to this day, with a Hilton Hotel built over it.

But conservation is an uphill battle in a restlessly changing city where property barons dream of throwing up

the highest (115 storeys) building in the world and the council has been sacked by the state government (not unusual in these parts), mainly for dragging its heels over the bicentennial reconstruction program. This was presided over by Sydney's most unpopular politician, former NSW Public Works Minister Laurie Brereton — an ambitious, not to say ruthless, exponent of change who has the distinction of featuring in more graffiti (ranging in wit from "Brereton Must Die" to "Brereton has an edifice complex") than any person since Kilroy.

Mr Brereton's pride and joy was the controversial Darling Harbor project, a billion-dollar Disneyland of exhibition, entertainment and convention centres, fancy museums, Chinese gardens and other gewgaws - a so-called bicentennial birthday present to Sydney which the state legislature was so anxious to press upon the city in the run-up to election year that planning procedures standing in the way were bulldozed along with the old iron wharves. But public opinion polls showed Brereton was becoming a liability to the government. Late in November, he resigned from his job rather than be demoted.

A feature of Darling Harbor will be the biggest casino in the world, intended to mop up a demand which, in a town that would bet on two flies crawl-



"The sound of piledrivers ricochets off the Bridge"

ing up a windowpane, has nevertheless never been measured — at least not officially. "As we have no illegal casinos, how can we know the number of potential gamblers?" asked a highly placed official owlishly. He added, on a more helpful note: "But if there were any illegal casinos, I could put you in touch with the sort of men who would be running them."

The whole complex will be reached by a widely hated monorail, known as The Thing and judged by radio personality Mike Carlton to be as popular in Sydney as Colonel Gadaffi at an airline check-in counter, which snakes through the city at first-floor level like a twomile twisted girder. Darling Harbor, and particularly the monorail, which some of Sydney's political pundits believe will topple the NSW Labor government come election time, is looked on by a considerable body of Sydney opinion as a kind of rape of the city and - along with some of the more ambitious high-rise developments - too high a price to pay for Sydney's elevation to world-class metropolis.

"But this town has always been vulnerable to the developers. Standing there on the harbor, she was a beautiful maiden waiting to be ravished," said another high official, waxing fanciful as well as typically chauvinistic. He added, his eye falling on the drably functional length of monorail obstructing the view from his office window: "A beautiful maiden with a brace on her teeth."

Almost as pervasive as the sound of riveting is a sense of wheeler-dealering which permeates the city. In the hotel bars and restaurants around the state Parliament House - a perfect replica in miniature, within, of our own dear old Westminster, though accusations by the NSW Premier of having seen the shadow Education minister skinny-dipping in the parliamentary swimming pool are not quite the stuff of Hansard there is an air of bargains being struck, backs being scratched. Suddenly this big city seems a small town where everyone owes everyone else a favor. Sydney's businessmen, who effortlessly change roles as entrepreneurial opportunities present themselves, still have the backslapping hometown camaraderie of Main Street America at the turn of the century.

For the outsider, this self-interested gregariousness takes the shape of the most overwhelming hospitality. To know one Sydneysider is to be plugged in at once to an immense network of city-wide contacts. People you have met barely an hour ago will invite you to their place on the beach for the weekend.

The first-time visitor sheds preconceptions like the jacaranda shrugging off its blossom at the end of the November spring. Who would have thought I would need a black tie Down Under? In this supposedly most egalitarian of all societies — whose aggressively democratic taxi drivers expect you to sit up front with them and pick up anyone

going vaguely in your direction — there is a pecking order governed by money, position and birth.

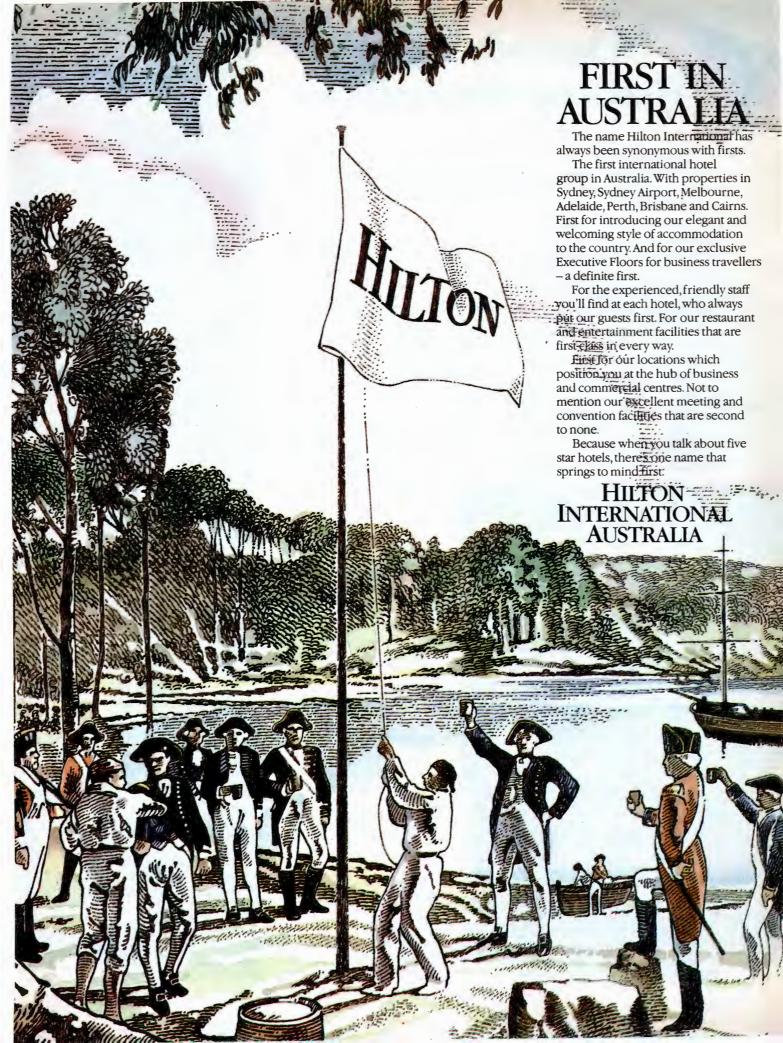
Convict chic is the in thing, with families once somewhat reticent about their origins now paying huge sums to have themselves traced back to some poor wretch who got seven years for stealing a cambric handkerchief.

Another social item is that the Aboriginal population is rising, not through natural growth but because it has become fashionable to claim Aboriginal blood. You are still unlikely, however, to encounter any of Sydney's 11,000 Aborigines in the gilded lobbies of the top hotels — unless they are emptying the ashtrays. A few work in the arts; the rest, living in the poorest suburbs and meagrely educated, are lucky to find work at all. It is still headline news when an Aboriginal is elected captain of a high school.

Notwithstanding the grande dame who leaned over to me at dinner and observed of a lady TV newsreader whose charms were under discussion, "She has an arse like a Javanese waterox," you do not hear much Oz talked in Sydney, either of the Clive James or Barry McKenzie varieties, and certainly not by the up-and-coming generation, re-orientated by TV, travel and the ethnic mix. Alex Buzo, who is minder of the Australian language among his other activities, records that it is 20 years since he last heard beers referred to as tubes. As for "Let's crack a tinnie" (Let's open a can of beer), it is the invention of satirists. If anything Sydneysiders talk like footballers, contracting every word that can be contracted - including Australian football itself, which is footy. A kindergarten is a kindy, a barbecue a barbie, the suburb of Paddington is known as Paddo and Buzo has an aunt who heard a workman refer to his overalls as his ovaries.

Contrary to perceived opinion, not every Sydneysider owns a yacht or spends the weekend surfing at Bondi beach. The average citizen is more likely to be found slumped on the sofa of a red-roofed bungalow in a landlocked suburb, watching the trotting races over a six-pack, or playing the poker machines (pokies) at one of the cavernous workingmen's clubs where Batley meets the bush.

But lest the far-flung denizens of the urban outback forget that they belong to a world-class city now, there is a joke map they can buy at their local novelty store. The antipodean equivalent of Steinberg's famous New Yorker cover showing the world beyond the Pacific as a mere outer suburb of Los Angeles, it is a map of Australia upside down — with Sydney on top — looking north, east and west. And the caption is, "No longer down under."



Who's who and what's up down under

Every megalopolis has its own flavor. KEITH WATERHOUSE continues his Englishman's appraisal of Sydney.

Photographs by WILDLIGHT. Research by CHERRY RIPE.

IF ANY ONE GROUP has come to symbolise Sydney's brashness and selfconfidence, it is the city's own brand of robber barons who increasingly find themselves at the centre of a business and political culture which encourages an entrepreneurial spirit and idolises the self-made person, American model. Ironically, it has been the rise of the Australian Labor Party (a lesson here for our own rose-tinted socialists?) which has done so much to help the enterprise culture. Labor politicians and business leaders mix with ease, a measure of the party's skill in befriending business by deregulating the economy. The country's nattily dressed Labor Treasurer and the manwho-would-be-Prime-Minister, Paul Keating, represents a working-class Sydney electorate in the national parliament and makes no bones about his enthusiasm for this new breed of entrepreneur. The "second most powerful man in the country", Keating collects grandfather clocks, Louis XV furniture and gives his address as a grand terrace in the fashionable suburb of Elizabeth Bay, a far cry from his electorate in the more desolate western suburbs.

These days, there are very few surprises for Sydneysiders in the personal dealings between politicians and business leaders. Their **chummy** relationship is taken for granted and has helped

Labor to shed its image as a

spendthrift party.

The city's politics have always had a very murky complexion, it must be said. The ₹ ambitions of the man who was charged with the governwas charged with the government's program for the redevelopment of the inner city, Laurie Brereton, are still hampered by 10-year-old allegations of his involvement in local government corruption. The former premier of NSW, Neville Wran, was known as "Nifty" because, his critics said, the mud never stuck. But what marks the current era in Australian politics is Labor's conscious efforts to replace the traditional establishment with a vigorous entrepreneurial class they hope will vote for them even though, of late, the stockmarket crash may have taken the gloss off some of their personal fortunes. Men perhaps like Rene Rivkin, leading Sydney stockbroker, often to be seen fingering his gold worry beads on the floor of the stock exchange. He is, according to a fashionable rag, just as likely to be worrying about the flowers for his legendary Christmas parties as the closing New



brefeton. hampered by decade-old allegations



Rivkin: what, me worry?



Belgiorno-Nettis: art patron, tunnel vision



Inset: opinion palis

York prices. Men perhaps like Franco Belgiorno-Nettis, patron of the arts, who wants to build a tunnel under Sydney Harbor. He spent a million dollars on a recent Papal visit to his factory and construction industry gossip has it that the "investment" has already paid off threefold in world publicity. Men like Malcolm Turnbull (Peter Wright's lawyer in the Spycatcher case) and Nick Whitlam, banker and wine-maker son of former prime minister Gough.

Before his move into private practice, Turnbull was the in-house lawyer for the media and business empire of Kerry Packer. He is also, according to the fashionable Mode magazine (Packer-owned, incidentally), one of Australia's 10 Most Wanted Men. There is just one actor (Sam Neill) and one sportsman (Pat Cash) on the list.

The rest are the likes of John Brown. former Minister for Sport, Recreation and Tourism, the man who celebrated his appointment by coupling on the ministerial desk, as his wife told the nation's media. He employed Paul Hogan to sell Australia to the Americans and talks about the bad old days of tourism BD, "before Dundee". John Elliott, great white Opposition hope, once announced his intention to "Fosterise" the world and is now busy translating his corporate genius into political clout. Ted Wright, general manager of Sydney's smartest hotel -The Regent - once paid \$5000 for 14 bottles of cognac. Required reading for the smart set: the social pages of the Sunday papers - the Sydney Sunday Telegraph (Murdoch) and Sun-Herald (Fairfax); and for the sharp set: Stiletto and Xpress, the local mag "for the young and culturally aware"! Xpress editor is Hannah Fink, daughter of Margaret (producer of My Brilliant Career).

In the waspish columns of Mode, the younger sprigs of famous families get as much attention as their elders. The 19-year-old Charles Fairfax has just bought, for \$85,000, "the ugliest house in the street" in Lilyfield, in Sydney's inner west. A 15-year-old Murdoch lad was recently spotted at an opera fundraiser with a two-carat diamond in his ear.



Sydney's monorail: a Brereton "baby"





Left: something for everyone

Big

Heat

Harpers & Queen this year noted the rise of Kangasnoot, the new Australian snobbery. "The Sydney establishment," it said, "does not yet admit exceedingly flashy types but the traditional inherited British disdain for brass over class is being undermined at an unnerving rate." Yet it is Perth, not Sydney, that proudly aspires to be the Dallas of Australia. Sydney's social register embraces Old Money and New, the beautiful, the bitchy, the famousfor-being-famous.

The visitor will quickly spot those with countless column inches to their names: Lady Mary Fairfax (best balls in town), widow of Sir Warwick; Susan Sangster, now Lady Renouf...; Glen-Marie Frost, glossy wife of property literary agent Jill tycoon Bob Frost; literary agent Jill Hickson, former director of Qantas and wife of former NSW premier Neville Wran; Wendy Heather, wife of rock star Marc Hunter (her formal invitations read "Black tie massive glam"); playwright David Williamson, proud new owner of a million-dollar harborside mansion; grande dame of Foodies, Vogue food editor Joan Campbell; clothes designer Carla Zampatti; and Sydney Dance Company's artistic director Graeme Murphy. No rent-a-guest list is complete without Marlene and Joe Bugner and Bryan Brown and Rachel Ward. Sydney Morning Herald columnist and gourmet Leo Schofield calls them the "Freebocracy". They call him "The Public Stomach". Queens of Sydney society (a contradiction in terms, says Barry Humphries) get their ballgowns from Christopher Essex or Mel Clifford. The city's Sloanes shop at Mosman and Double Bay, Sydney's version of LA's Rodeo Drive, in the most affluent of the eastern suburbs. Alexandra Joel, author of Best Dressed (Collins), a book on the history of Australian fashion, and a regular on best-dressed lists, goes to Linda Jackson for Bush Couture - draped, fluorescent fabrics, hand-painted with wara-



Done: no longer rare, well done

MARK LANG



Schofield: stomach for bikes



Robertson: news and insults

tahs (local flora), the New South Wales emblem. "Art to Wear" supremo Ken Done, affectionately known as **Done-to-Death**, now sells his tea towels, calendars, posters, aprons, beach bags, sheets, coasters, clothes and Christmas cards in New York, Dallas and Miami as well as in his shops in Sydney.

Oxford Street, from fashionable Woollahra to the edge of the city, is the territory of those born to shop.

Fashionable Sydneysiders are into salads, cycling in Centennial Park and swimming in the city pools or beaches: Whale Beach, Bilgola, Palm Beach, Bondi and Camp Cove.

The really fashionable thing to do is to fill in your pool and build a tennis court over it; or take up power walking — along the north side of the harbor, or from Cremorne to Mosman Bay and then around Bradley's Head or Watson's Bay or the Botanic Gardens or, very late at night, from the city to wherever you live (taxis are impossible to get).

Essential late-night viewing: Clive Robertson, enlivening the proceedings with opinionated ad-libs, comments on the world's news and insults to the camera crew.

Kangaroo is not eaten in Sydney. It

is only legal as food in South Australia and not in New South Wales. (Roo meat recipes emanate from Adelaide. So do takeaway jumbuck sheepburgers and damper buns — from Dinkum Tucker, the SA-based fast-food chain that serves historic Aussie nosh.) Anthropologically minded Sydneysiders can munch witchetty grubs and other bush delicacies at the original Aboriginal diner, Rowntrees Australian Restaurant, 188 Pacific Highway, Hornsby (02) 476 5150. Strictly for tourists is the 14-day "Gourmet Tour" of Oz, which costs \$US8100 a person, exclusive of the fare: organised by

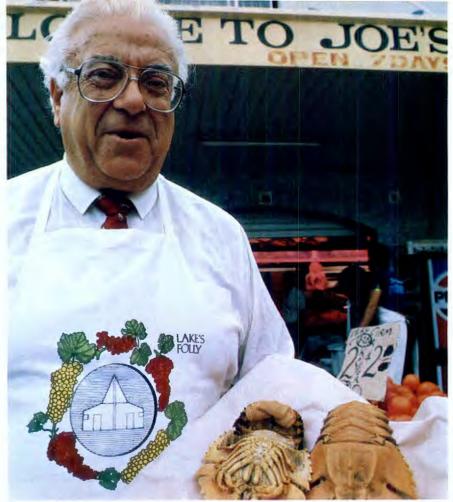
Trips of Australia, 163 Brougham Street, Woolloomooloo, 2011.

The lunch money can't buy is an invitation to take that meal in the garden of Joan Campbell who, in addition to being food editor of Vogue, is food editor of the voyeuristic quarterly Vogue Entertaining Guide which insinuates the reader into the houses of the well-to-do so you can see how they do what they do so well. Her Darling Point house is a place of mealtime pilgrimage for the city's Foodies. A recent gobble of chefs included: Anders Ousback of The Barracks and The Wharf Restaurant (Pier 4, Hickson Road, Walsh Bay), Damien and (the late) Josephine Pignolet of Claude's (Oxford Street, Woollahra; \$100 for two, without wine, booked three months in advance), Mark Armstrong of Pegrum's (36 Gurner Street, Paddington) and the Macleay Street Bistro (Macleay Street, Potts Point) and the best restaurateur in the southern hemisphere - Gay Bilson of Berowra Waters Inn.

Joan's own lunch: Thai prawn salad, tossed in coriander, lemon grass, ginger and chilli — a culinary acknowledgement that Australia is closer to Asia than to Europe — and mud crab.

Balmain bugs are unique to Australia. So is Max Lake. A retired surgeon, he is a noted winemaker (whose Lake's Folly in the Hunter Valley produces both reds and whites of real finesse) and wine judge (Oz has need of many of these for the fairs, fetes and festivals at which wine awards are made are frequent). Now he is expanding his little pamphlets on the senses into a full-scale book on pheromones. Called *The Essence of Excitement* (one chapter explains why oysters are considered aphrodisiac), it will be published in Britain in mid-1988.

The most **chic eats** (as opposed to the best food) are found at the Bays-



Lake: retired surgeon dissects oysters

water Brasserie, the Blue Water Grill, the Macleay Street Bistro and **Chez Oz**. This last (23 Craigend Street, Darlinghurst 332-4866) is the product of the imaginations of the Staleys, the Melbourne restaurant family who imported chef Andrew Blake and got him to collaborate with Malcolm and Helen Spry.

Together, they designed a menu reminiscent of Wolfgang Puck's Spago in Los Angeles and a room whose main

feature is Helen Spry's stupendous flower arrangements. Elton John and Ian Botham go there to be seen with Joe and Marlene Bugner. Australians of the restaurant-going classes, particularly Leo Schofield's "Freebocracy", care more about architecture than about food. The **view of the room** is more important than a sight of the menu.

Pier 4, for example, also houses the Sydney Dance Company's rehearsal and performance spaces. The building zooms out into Sydney Harbor, with the restaurant actually over the water. The designers have wisely left it as an immense naked space only minimally clothed by chairs, tables and a bar. The food couldn't be more different but a similar design statement is made by Kable's, the restaurant of the Regent Hotel (199 George Street, PO Box N185) secreted in a corner of the mezzanine floor which, in turn, is suspended in space on a floating gallery. Food's good, too.

The weirdest and most wonderful restaurant settings in the whole world are here. The first is Kinselas (383/387 Bourke Street, Darlinghurst), a corner site that used to be a very old, very large funeral parlor. You climb a staircase deceptively like that of an Odeon cinema (the funerals here must have been standing room only), to arrive at a



Chez Oz: chic eats



Packard: doing something right

nightclub specialising in 50s revival music and descend to a French-feeling brasserie with an absolutely correct menu. The formal restaurant is reached through a pair of heavy doors in what used to be the **embalming** room.

Second is the Incinerator, 2 Small Street, Willoughby 2068, which really was just that - a Walter Burley Griffindesigned 1930s municipal rubbish incinerator. The restaurant is extremely popular with media folk.

The only furniture you really notice at Oasis (495 Oxford Street, Paddington) is the table in reception, one leg of which is shapely, female and highheel shod. The walls are dark, the rest of the furniture minimal. Phillip Searle cooks stunning oriental/occidental food combos here, such as lobster consommé with mud crab and lobster won tons and re-cooked goose livers with aubergine as well as the most writtenabout pudding in all the antipodes: a chequerboard pattern of ice cream flavored with star anise, contrasted with pineapple sorbet and liquorice.

Real "Strine" food, of course, is not effete. Pavlova is toothacheinducing meringue, gooey on the in-

side, traditionally smothered with fresh strawberries but increasingly often now with passionfruit kiwis. orLamingtons — sponge cake dipped in chocolate and coconut - are favorites at ladies' tea parties. Vege-British counterparts

mite is Oz yeast extract spread, salty and savory as 170310-047

Punters all: Instant lotteries and Mental As Anything

(which Australians do not accept as substitutes for their own brown goo, which has a slightly grainy texture). The two most popular brands of beer in Australia are Foster's and Tooheys. Every Bruce and Sheila drinks on average 30 gallons (136 litres) a year!

They risk an encounter with the city's "Booze Bus", as the random breath-testing police van is called. The rule of thumb reckons that two glasses of wine in the first hour will take you to the alcohol limit and a further glass every hour after that will keep you there. Any driver who gets a positive reading on the breathalyser has a "free ride" to the local police station, stands to be fined \$1000 and will lose his or her licence for a year.

He may not then be requiring the services of Tony Packard, the man Sydneysiders are most likely to buy a used car from and whose television ads - "Let me do it right for yooooou!" have passed into local legend. And he may not feel like trying his luck on the state's Instant Cars 'n' Cash Lottery a Nissan or \$25,000 is yours for a \$1 stake. (The big one is Lotto, \$8 million tops in prizes, the results announced on TV twice a week.)

On Melbourne Cup day, the first Tuesday in November, the nation comes to a halt for three minutes and everyone has a flutter on Australia's biggest horse race. Even parliament is adjourned for the duration. It is also the one day of the year when Sydney is prepared to concede Melbourne's superiority in at least one area in the longstanding rivalry between the two cities. Sydney's Rosehill racetrack recently invited the rock band Mental As Anything to sponsor a race, hoping to attract a younger class of punter to the course.

Police and authorities appear to turn a blind eye to the city's flourishing



leads from the city centre through Kings Cross and out to the well-to-do eastern suburbs. "Massage parlors" aren't legal, either, but brothels are so long as they're not in residential areas. Zara Powell ("Zazzie" - the most famous madam in Australia) runs one such establishment in Chippendale. She used to manage Sydney's bestknown bordello, A Touch of Class, haunt of businessmen and politicians. Now she describes herself as an "entrepreneur", her girls as "entertainers" and her clients as "guests". Zazzie has prepared a pamphlet that she hopes will allay her clients' fears about sexually transmitted diseases, especially AIDS. There are 680 people with AIDS in Australia, 70 percent of them in Sydney. The disease is still largely restricted to the homosexual community.

Oxford Street used to be known as The Gay Highway or the Golden Mile and before AIDS you could see many gay couples walking down the street holding hands. That has all changed: some of the gay pubs have moved out to suburbs such as Newtown and Erskineville, though Oxford Street is still the main area. Sydney gays are a large and occasionally flamboyant community every year, in February, a huge gay Mardi Gras winds its way through the city's hot summer streets. Gay pubs to go to include The Albury, The Oxford and The Flinders, all around Oxford Street and Taylor Square. The Midnight Shift is the most popular gay disco, along with Kakadu, which is fifty/fifty (a straight/gay mix), and Patches (young, mixed). After three in the morning, there's the Taxi Club haunt of transvestites - just off Taylor Square, a late-night spot with bar and poker machines. A couple of the city's

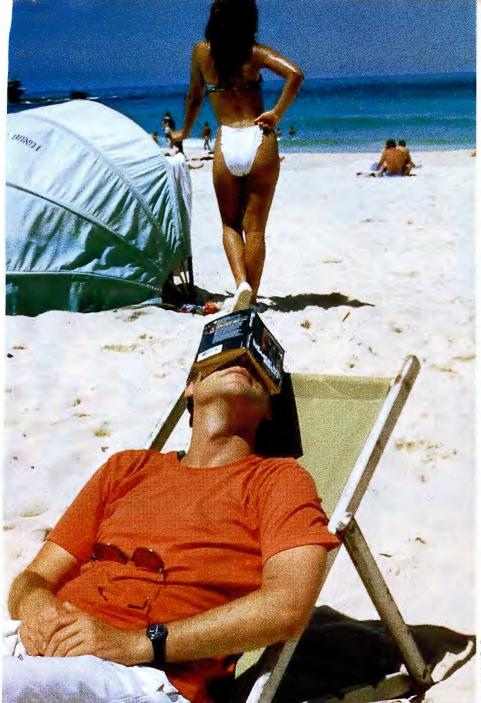
steam baths have closed. The ones that are left give out **free condoms** at the door; there are signs everywhere about **safe sex**. Kings Cross, as well as being the main red-light area, has always been home to Sydney's **artistic** set. But the face of the area is starting to change as the **trendies** buy up the impressive terrace houses and large apartments, many of which command **Manhattan-style** views of the city centre.

Miller: Mad Max mogul

Next-door to Kings Cross is **Darlinghurst** where a few of the latenight coffee shops double as alternative theatres. The Australian comedy scene is thriving. Venues, in order of merit: the **Gap** (part of the Trade Union Club in Surry Hills), for female comedians such as Tracey Harvey and Mandy

Salomon; the **Harold Park Hotel** in Glebe, for their Monday night "Comics in the Park"; and the Comedy Store in Jamison Street, which spawned comedians including **Rodney Rude** and **Austen Tayshus**.

Sydney usually has 20 to 30 productions to choose from. The **yarts** in general are thriving, despite Sir Les Patterson's efforts to enhance Australia's poor reputation for culture. The Opera company does a combined winter and summer season of 35 weeks at the Sydney Opera House; it is, on a per capita basis, the **most intensely supported** opera company in the world. For the Bicentenary, the free Opera in the Park in the Domain in January will be *La Traviata*.



Corris: cracking Hardy

Film-makers in Australia rave about the light. Locals complain that Australian films are boring and sentimental. There's a renewed interest in contemporary subject-matter in recent films such as Ground Zero, High Tide and The Year My Voice Broke.

Leading directors, such as Fred Schepisi, Peter Weir and George Miller, drift from Sydney to the States and back. Miller — the mogul behind the Mad Max movies and, most recently — The Witches of Eastwick — is back home running his company, Kennedy Miller, producer of TV mini-series.

Films to look out for: the cult **Dogs** in **Space**, directed by Richard Lowenstein, set in post-punk Melbourne in the late '70s and starring the pouting

Michael Hutchence of INXS – Australia's answer to Jim Morrison. Schepisi's new film, about the Ayers Rock dingo case, stars Streep as Lindy Chamberlain.

In fiction, the best-known names are Patrick White, Judith Wright, Christina Stead and Olga Masters. Booker Prizewinner Thomas Keneally's latest book, **The Playmaker**, is at least timely: it's about the man who put on the first play in the new colony 200 years ago. There's Peter Carey (*Bliss* and *Illywhacker*, Frank Moorhouse, John Sligo and the young fiction writers — Kate Grenville, Murray Bail and **Rod Jones** whose first novel, *Julia Paradise*, will be published in Britain by Cape on February 18. **Cliff Hardy**, hero of a series of

novels by **Peter Corris**, is soon to become a Hollywood celluloid hero. Corris' atmospheric mean streets have earned him a reputation as the "**Raymond Chandler** of Bondi Beach".

The pub scene, which threw up such bands as the Go Betweens and the Triffids, has declined since the late '70s. It features mainly guitar-oriented pop and "indie"-circuit bands like the Southern Fried Kidneys. But there are good dance clubs: the Hip Hop, God and Def Wish. Look out for the Rockmelons, a soul funk band which plays the club scene.

The painter Lloyd Rees, 93, is a National Living Treasure of the Australian arts world; **Brett Whiteley** has won every major art prize in Sydney at least twice and is now working on bicentennial projects, including a **2.4m** by **6m** picture of the harbor for the **Darling Harbor Convention Centre**. The best showcase for new artists is



In art, Aboriginal in

Paddington's Roslyn Oxley gallery. Artists to watch: James Willebrandt, Greg Townsend, Blake Twigden, Gary Carsley, Susan Norrie. "Aboriginal" now equals fashionable. Cultural preservationist Warren Fahev recorded Aboriginal music on his Larrikin label. The Hogarth Gallery in Paddington recently exhibited work by Aboriginal women artists, Western Desert paintings from clans in central Australia. Urban Aboriginal artists are also coming of age. Prices have risen dramatically in the past two years. Bicentennial consciousness thought to have made Aboriginal art suddenly desirable. Yet at least one percent of Australia will feel it has nothing to celebrate on January 26, Bicentennial Day. It is only 20 years since the Aborigines (or Koories, as they call themselves), were given full citizenship rights and allowed to vote. Only since 1971 have Aborigines even been counted in the national census.

These injustices, they would argue, continue. Since 1980, about 70 Abor-



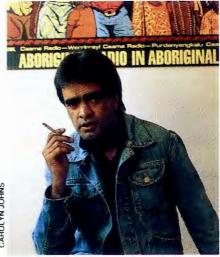
Aboriginal protest: royal commission to investigate "suicides"

OLIVER STREWE

igines have died in custody in police cells - some 20 of them last year. The more radical Aboriginal activists are rumored to be planning disruptions to the Bicentennial celebrations - such as throwing a few settlers back into the sea during the re-enactments of the First Settlement in 1788. Stunts such as this, the far more serious Sydney march to Long Bay jail (14 kilometres from the city), on October 10 and the resulting media pressure have embarrassed the federal government into setting up a royal commission to investigate the "suicides". As Neville Bonner, Aboriginal former federal senator, has 9 pointed out, suicide goes against Aboriginal culture.

Aboriginal activist **Gary Foley**, 37, 37 co-founder of the National Aboriginal Health Organisation (the **political arm** of today's Aboriginal movement), was one of Australia's most senior Aboriginal public servants until he resigned from his job as director of the Aboriginal Arts Board recently because of his disillusionment with Prime Minister Bob Hawke, whom Foley calls "a silver-haired, silver-tongued devil".

He lives in the Sydney suburb of **Redfern**, near the University of Sydney campus, along with 4000 other



Foley: activist

Aborigines. According to government figures, there are a total of 300,000 Aborigines in Australia (Foley claims the real figure is more like half-amillion).

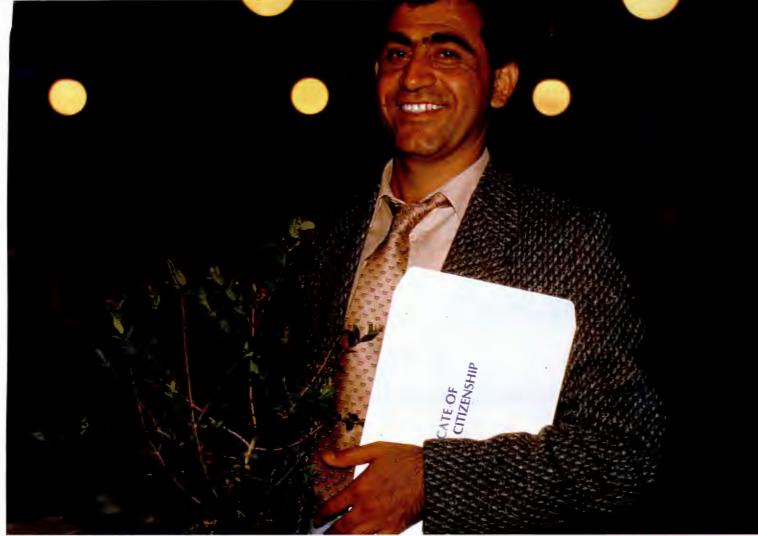
Non-Anglo-Saxon immigrants tend to congregate together. The newest "new Australians", as anyone who looks foreign is called, are the Lebanese and the Vietnamese — the "slopes". Thirty-two thousand Sydneysiders

were born in Vietnam and 44,000 in the Lebanon. Most live in western suburbs such as Cabramatta. The Italians have tended to congregate in **Leichhardt**, the Greeks in **Marrickville**; but the second generation often moves further out, buying quarter-acre blocks with swimming pools in places such as **Hurstville** and **Liverpool**.

There is still hostility to some groups of recent immigrants. It is not uncommon, for instance, for white Australians trying to **sell houses** in Sydney's western suburbs to stress that **Vietnamese need not apply**. And there have been angry complaints, also in the west, about the number of mosques being built by the Lebanese.

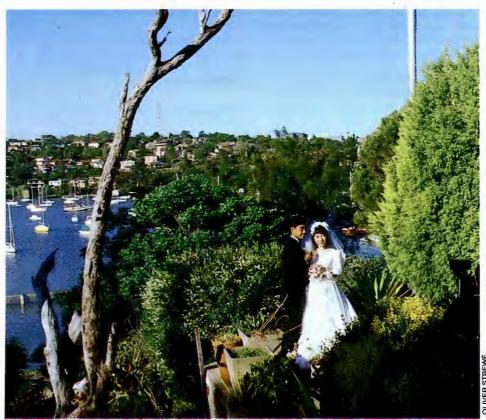
These **backlashes** — particularly the recent ones — are often against the Asian community, yet they form a **minority** of those taking out citizenship. The bulk of these are from Europe and nearly twice as many from the UK and Ireland as from Continental Europe. The most recent migration figures — for 1985-86 — show 82,000 have come from the UK and Eire, 13,000 from New Zealand, 6409 from South Africa, 3946 from Malaysia and roughly 3000 each from Hong Kong and China.

To qualify for citizenship, you



Most "new Australians" live in Sydney's west





For Japanese: Australian wedding "gimmick"

need to have been a resident in Australia for at least two years. At the naturalisation ceremony, migrants swear allegiance no longer to **the Queen** but to the Commonwealth of Australia. They have to **renounce** previous allegiances; whether they retain previous citizenship depends on where they've come from. They receive a certificate from a minor local dignitary, such as a municipal mayor, and **a native tree** and then pose for family shots.

More gimmicky even than the treepresentation performance is one of the latest ploys to attract Japanese tourists: the "Australian wedding". After Hawaii, Australia's the main honeymoon destination for Japanese couples. They get married at home and then go to Australia for a "second wedding": the most elaborate "Cinderella" package takes eight hours and includes a traditional but shortened "church" wedding, a **champagne picnic**, a "Brush with Good Luck" (a chimney sweep), a video and photographs of the ceremony, an Australian bridal doll and a diamond gift as keepsakes, and - big thrills - a visit to an Australian family. Some companies specialise in arranging the ceremony wherever the couple would like it - such as on the



Lifesavers bare buttocks for a reason

steps of the Opera House or on a "sky cruise" in Alan Bond's blimp.

Holiday-making (as opposed to honeymoon-making), Japanese arrive on flight JAL 7728 at Mascot at 6.45am and are bussed straight away to the bureau de change on Bondi Beach Pavilion, first stop on the sightseeing tour. Every moment is precious: from the money queue they click away at the home of Australian beach culture.

Nearly all Australians grow up within reach of a beach. In Sydney there are **about 70**. The old ferries chug across the harbor to Kirribilli, Cremorne, Mosman and the newly yuppified suburbs such as **Balmain**. Thousands of pleasure boats are moored on Sydney's waterways.

Even in the short winter months, the inlets and beaches are crammed with surfers and sailboards and the harbor with sailboats.

The Sydney yachting set, of course, has its clubs — the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron at Kirribilli and the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia at Rushcutters Bay.

On the "eastern foreshore" are the mansions of the city's millionaires, around **Point Piper, Darling Point** and **Vaucluse**. A house with access to a harbor beach plus a weekend retreat at a beach outside the city, such as Palm Beach or any along the **Pittwater** peninsula, is the ultimate status symbol.

Surfing is a way of life in Sydney. Some Bondi is the most famous surf beach. The best surf on the south side is at Cronulla, Maroubra and Bondi and on the north side at Manly and Narra-

been. Surfers have their own language to set them apart: "wind wankers" are sailboarders; anyone who doesn't live within sight of surf is called a "westie" (as if they came from the inland western suburbs).

Surfers telephone weather, wave and pollution reports into local radio stations.

Some surfing status symbols: Hot Stuff, Insight and Aloha thrusters (three-fin boards); Billabong, Quicksilver or 100 percent Mambo board shorts and T-shirts and Rip Curl wetsuits from Surf, Dive'n' Ski. Surf lifesavers bare their buttocks not for affectation, they say, but because skin grips the varnished boards better than Lycra swimming trunks. Most surfers are too young to drive so congregate around

their local beaches and create their own surf stars. At some beaches, girls don't get a look in but the recent competition success by Manly's Pam Burridge and WA's Jodie Cooper has encouraged the guys to give the girls a fairer go in the water. But the sea is crowded, so they must be aggressive to catch the waves. The beach boulevardes are lined with fish and chip shops, milk and ice cream parlors and coffee shops. The large number of migrants has helped to create a vibrant cafe society. The coffee everywhere is excellent, from the upmarket Eastern European coffee shops around the exclusive Double Bay area to the Italian espresso bars of Darlinghurst and Leichhardt. They are filled from morning to night and have made Saturday and Sunday brunches a feature of Sydney life. At Coluzzi's (cafe talk and croissants) and the Tropicana in Darlinghurst, Lamrock Cafe at Bondi Beach and Paddinghurst's Passion du Fruit, breakfast is a daily social event.

The smartest place for an after-work drink for city people is the America's Cup Bar at the Hilton. Yuppies hang out at The Oaks at Neutral Bay, mainly for its big outdoor char-it-yourself barbecue. Sophisticates go to the Regent Supper Club for cool jazz. Other bars and clubs: the Exchange Hotel on Saturday and Sunday nights, the Woolloomooloo Bay Hotel's Rockers Bar, the Berlin Club on Tuesdays, the Cauldron and the Kardomah Cafe at Kings Cross — excellent for up-and-coming bands.

Recommended to visitors: Horan, Wall and Walker's best-selling guides to the city, including **Cheap Eats** and **Inside Sydney**.

Wildlight team co-ordinator: Christina de Water, assisted by Rachel Knepfer and Sue Brown. Additional research by Andrew McCathie.



"Kangasnoot": the new Australian snobbery



HE BULLET

Acting Editor: James Hall Contributing Editor: Ian Frykberg Associate Editor: Lindsay Foyle Staff Writers: Tony Abbott:

Nigel Austin; Glennys Bell; Brian Hoad; Deborah Hope; Phil Jarratt; Stuart Kennedy; Lenore Nicklin; Ben Sandilands; John Stackhouse;

Bruce Stannard; Martin Warneminde Canberra: David Barnett; David O'Reilly

Melbourne: Jan McGuinness;

Kevin Murphy

Brisbane: Quentin Dempster Auckland: Selwyn Parker Contributing Writers: Emery Barcs; John Cargher; David Broadbent; Jennifer Ellison; Daphne Guinness; Sandra Hall; Richard Harding; Mike Harris; Patricia Rolfe Columns: Phillip Adams; Sam Lipski;

David McNicoll; George Negus; Laurie Oakes; Ron Saw; Dorian Wild Business Editor: David Haselhurst Chief Sub-editor: Terry Conroy Sub-editors: Charles Boag; Dudley Burgoyne; Glenn Russell

Art Department: Ulf Kaiser; Terry Oscar; Jill Revell

Editorial Assistant: Judith Pritchard

Publisher: Richard Walsh

Full text of political and economic articles in this magazine available online through ACI's AUSINET.

The Bulletin (incorporating

The Australian Financial Times) is published each Wednesday by Australian Consolidated Press. Head Office: Park House, 54 Park Street, Sydney. Telephone: 282 8200.

Postal Address:

GPO Box 3957, Sydney, Australia, 2001. Telex: CPHLTD AA 120514. Fax 02 267 8329. Send Nth American address corrections to Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. 25 Van Dam Street, New York, NY 10013, USA.

- · Advertising Sales Director: Graham Lawrence.
- National Advertising Sales Manager: Peter Miller.
- Advertising Sales Offices:
- Sydney: A. Bertini, A. Gower, M. Giugni • Melbourne: H. Damoulakis, P. Price
- Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. 150 Lonsdale St.

Telephone: 660 6000 • Brisbane: M. Udabage

Australian Consolidated Press Ltd,

Telephone: 252 8566

- · Adelaide: Symons Media Services Pty Ltd Adelaide, Telephone 315 135
- Perth: Aubrey G. Barker and Associates,

Telephone: 322 3184

• Auckland: Ron Cook Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. Telephone 39 0311

INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING SALES Newsweek International, sales offices worldwide

COPYRIGHT: All material appearing in The Bulletin is copyright. Reproduction in whole or in part is not permitted without permission in writing from the Publisher. Editorial contributions are welcomed accompanied

by a stamped self-addressed envelope. TYPESET:

Typeset by Photoset Computer Service Pty Ltd. of 195 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

PRINTING:

Printed by John Sands Printing at 14 Herbert Street, Artarmon, for the publisher Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.

of 54 Park Street, Sydney. DISTRIBUTORS:

Network Distribution Company, Sydney.

taken by James Hall, of 54 Park St, Sydney.

*Recommended and maximum price only. Responsibility for election comment in this issue is

Taxing patience

The imposition of a \$5 arrival tax is just what our growing tourist trade can well do without. First impressions are the ones most remembered and only fools get caught twice.

If the federal government *must* raise more tax this way, then simply raise the departure tax to \$25. After all, 99 percent of tourists do go home again mostly within a few weeks. To duplicate collection by taxing both departures and arrivals is typical of bureaucratic planning and must add to airport delays.

COLIN CLIFT Charleville Old

The party's over

I think the \$5 immigration clearance fee is stupid because I think it will upset tourists and make them think we are cheapies. It's like inviting people to your birthday party and charging them \$5 to get in. There was no warning. Even if it's not a lot of money, it's another annoying thing for guests arriving in Australia.

LUKE WHITELUM (aged 10) Oyster Bay NSW

Trade article 'misleading'

Bruce Stannard's article "Government threatens Japan links" (B, January 12), includes criticisms of the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade which are unfounded and unchecked. It is a shame that Mr Stannard did not at least seek comment from us.

In the interests of brevity and thus getting this letter published quickly, I will make only two points. The future of the Australia Japan Foundation and other like organisations has been under consideration with the twin aims of

making them more cost efficient and more directly accountable to the responsible portfolio minister. In times of economic restraint, this is not only consistent with overall government policy but a responsible effort to optimise output. Under past arrangements the foundation's administrative expenses have been a very significant element in its total expenditure.

It is also totally misleading to suggest that consideration of more efficient arrangements for the Australia Japan Foundation reflect a downgrading of Australia's relations with Japan. The connection drawn by Mr Stannard with construction of a new embassy in Tokyo is absurd. The building in Tokyo of a new embassy on the scale envisaged can also only underline how important the Japan relationship is. Officers of the department are enthusiastic advocates of that relationship.

The cheap characterisation of the department's competence on Japan and Asia generally is both unfair and a judgment not shared by most who know the department.

STUART HARRIS Secretary,

Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade, Canherra ACT

BRUCE STANNARD writes: What Mr Harris overlooks is that these criticisms come not from me but from Peter Sleigh, chairman of the Australia-Japan Foundation, who presumably knows what he is talking about.

Comparison shopping

The usually reliable Ben Sandilands must have a lot of people wondering if he has ever been to some of the places he mentions in his travel page (B, December 22-29) or has even spoken to





anyone who has. As a vagabond yachtie whose address is "somewhere in the south-west Pacific", I may have a different perspective to the average tourist but I fear for anyone who goes to Noumea for the "bargain basement pricing". It is outrageously expensive and is one of the least attractive and least friendly of Pacific towns. Even the meter maids carry sub-machine guns! Admittedly, some of the remote coastal areas are superb but your average tourist will never see them.

And, as for Fiji "has never been a bargain in terms of shopping and eating", what is the man thinking of? Yesterday, I had an excellent curry lunch for \$F1.40 — after which I went to one of several theatres and saw three recent films for 80 cents. Tonight, I intend to really lash out: I will go to a Chinese restaurant, equal to any in Melbourne, and pay about \$F6 for more than I can comfortably eat.

W. H. MOONEY Suva Fiji

A false note

As one of the many suffering from the ennui gathered by a surfeit of bicentennialism, I, on behalf of many Australian males, would like to beg whoever's in charge of printing/mailing our money to think again about issuing a commemorative \$2 coin that will mean the demise of the \$2 note.

I can cope with a bicentennial \$10 note, which (appropriately enough) is

made of plastic. That'll fit nicely in my wallet. But all that small change literally does make a hole in one's pockets. It was bad enough when the dollar coin made its unwelcome appearance but the thought of its \$2 companion fills me with heavy dread — or, to put it more succinctly, the dread of further heaviness.

DAVID HINLEY North Hobart Tas

The apron strings

1988 has arrived and yet, legally, Australia is still a colony of England. The States of Australia are separately colonies of England. During the recent debate in Queensland as to whether Joh would carry on as Premier after he lost the support of his party, the constitutional experts all appeared to be of the opinion that the Queen of England could intervene to decide who was premier of Queensland. What an amazing situation. When are our politicians going to have the guts to decide that we in Australia are one country and an independent nation? The state politicians are probably as much, if not more, to blame as the federals. Are we an independent nation or not?

BRIAN DAWSON Cairns Qld

Black massacres

Phil Jarratt ("Along the National Trail", B, January 5) is totally incorrect in his statement that "as a child, Jacob

Whose Chardonnays
have won the
equivalent of a medal
a fortnight
over the last 5 years?



APB6293/A SEP/13[]

Affordable Excellence & Tradition



from the G.D.R. Many Models

& Styles to choose from

AUTHORISED STOCKISTS

Downtown Duty Free, Fletchers Photographics plus: SYDNEY: Peters of Kensington. Binocular & Telescope Shop, 310 George St, Sydney.

MELBOURNE: Michaels Camera & Video, Elizabeth St. BRISBANE: Audio Optics, Turbot St. PERTH: Gateway Duty Free, Hay St. Plaza Camera Centre, Hay St. NORFOLK IS: Barretts International For more dealers, contact Gerber Optical Supplies P.O. Box C197, Clarence St Sydney, NSW, 2000

Suites for the smart

The S\$220* Mandarin Corporate Plan

Premier features

- An executive suite for one
- No charge for extra person sharing
- Free buffet breakfast
- S\$30 cash reimbursement of airport transfer costs upon check-in
- Free islandwide pager on request

There's more!

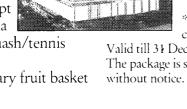
 Free use of Mandarin Recreation and Health Club facilities (except massage) plus a

waiver on squash/tennis court fees

• Complimentary fruit basket

- Chinese tea service in room upon check-in
- Welcome drink
- Complimentary coffee/tea making facilities in the suite
- Free shuttle service to Shenton Way daily
- No cover charge at The Library and Kasbah discos
 - Late check-out on request
 - Extended stay at same price Plus 50% off
 - these:
 - City tour S\$22
 - Zoo Express
 - * Plus 10% service charge and 3% tax

Valid till 31 Dec 1988 The package is subject to change without notice.





333 Orchard Road, Singapore 0923. Tel: 737 4411 Tlx: RS 21528 MANOTEL Fax: 732 2361 Cable: MANRINOTEL



had been the sole survivor of the Hornet Bank massacre when a mob came down from the tops and the troopers were set onto them".

The sole survivor of this massacre which took place at Hornet Bank Station on the Dawson River just before daybreak on October 27, 1857 – was West Fraser. Eleven other white people were murdered. West Fraser escaped from the station and, after walking 10 miles (16 kilometres) to Eurombah Station, alerted Second Lieutenant Powell and his detachment of six troopers who happened to be there. Powell's troopers caught up with the Aborigines concerned (in their possession were sheep, firearms and other property from the station), shooting five and dispersing the balance.

Powell was compelled to abandon pursuit because of the condition of his horses but it was taken up by other detachments under Carr and Moorhead (reference: Police of the Pastoral Frontier, Skinner).

Four months prior to the massacre, Hornet Bank had been unsuccessfully attacked. Six people had been killed at Eurombah earlier in 1857. There had been other attacks on stations to the north over the previous two years. Even the police camp at Rannes was attacked on September 23, 1855.

An even worse massacre took place at Cullin La Ringo on the Nogoa River on March 12, 1862 when 19 members of a Victorian party led by H. S. Wills were slaughtered. The party, which was travelling through the district, was attacked by surprise by apparently friendly natives who had been allowed into the camp. Only one shot was fired in self-defence.

Atrocities are not all one-sided. D. W. TAYLOR Point Vernon Old

Seasonal hazard

With so many royals gracing the red carpets of bicentennial Australia, many government front-benchers will be stricken with severe grovel rash.

GEOFF PAVEY Kensington NSW

Suffering stress

Nearly 40 years later and despite vehement protest to the contrary by a prominent newsreader in this state, the standard of spoken English has descended to abysmal depths. Quite apart from the verbalisation of many words (my pet hate is "as evidenced by"), the pronunciation of words has radically altered. A hypothetical news item would sound thus: "It is well nowan that lawn can be growan by spotplanting tufts of turf. Or it may be pos-

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY

sible to go back to the drawring boards and plant lawn by seeding. But creating a drawring board could be timeconsuming since it entails soaring up lengths of wood to join together to form a drawring board."

I must blame the media for perpetuating the mispronunciation of these words for they set the example to the gullible public who take pride in aping their favorite talk-back radio person, race-caller, politician or whoever. They are helping to create this new Australian language which in time will only be vaguely recognised as being of English origin.

I rest my case to suffer "with-drawral" symptoms.

JACK YIN Nedlands WA

Up in arms

Congratulations on a marvellous Christmas double edition of *The Bulletin* (December 22-29) which provided lively and imaginative reading. One whinge: an advertisement (page 105) for Pewsey Vale wines — while demonstrating a touch of advertising creativity — managed to re-visit a very old, very tired insult against our Italian community. The advertisement called for an experienced "assistant medal

polisher" and suggested someone associated with the US swimming team might fit the bill. The copywriter then suggests applications from the Italian Army, New Zealand Charm School and Central African Republic Surfing team are unlikely to be successful.

I can't speak for the New Zealand Charm School, which may well have a limited number of graduates, or the surfboard skills of the Central African Republic but I do take offence at the attempted perpetuation of the myth that the Italian Army was devoid of bravery.

Pewsey Vale may be a nice drop. But they ought to drop their advertising thrust before the product is seen as only good for a "cheap shot".

GRAEME ORR
Honorary Secretary,
Victorian Human Rights and
Community Relations Committee,
Melbourne

Memories . . .

I'd like to thank all the folks back home for the beaut little home video beamed live into my Hong Kong living roomette on January 1. How gorgeous, darlings, to see all the old faces and a few newies brought together as one happy little family, all having a ball

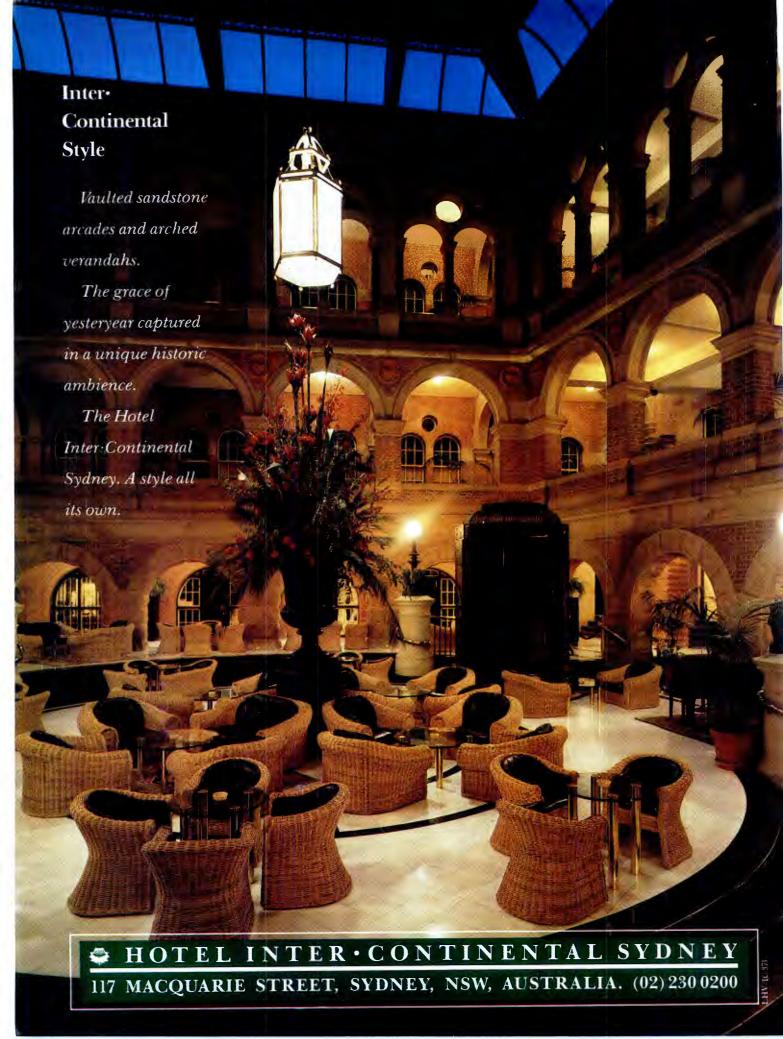


"The trouble with you kids today is that you expect a male cosmetic for everything."

Which winemaker's Chardonnay was chosen to fly British Airways?



B6293/A SEP/131)/



with the new Aussat toy. It was such a friendly four hours; no pretentions at all. One was delighted to see the family at the controls giving us all a little wave while the rest of the gang did three-minute ad libs. I feel culturally enriched by the experience and can say that for my part this birthday knees-up filmed out in the back yard helped me better know my country, just as uncle Bob hoped it would. It brought home to me memories long repressed.

My absolute faves were the shots from Antarctica, along with the moving sight of Tom's wobbly tooth, the beautifully filmed Italian wedding, the Aboriginal baby peeing on Ita Buttrose and the grand finale — Smithy's firecracker. I always read my family mail so, unlike Paul Hogan's family who retired to watch a professional video — Revenge of the Nerds — I settled in to watch the full four hours, although one (obviously un-Australian) fellow viewer cruelly suggested that this WAS Revenge of the Nerds. Someone else said the photography and direction wasn't good enough to be Nerds.

JANE CAMENS Happy Valley Hong Kong

Without tears

The whimsical attention given to fact in the article by Frank Bren (B, January 5) on the legal claim of the French to Western Australia indicates the lucidity of Professor Marchant's book is totally lost on at least one journalist. It is utter froth journalism to quote Professor Marchant as saying that de Gonneville was the first European to walk on "Terres Australes".

The book does not refer to Terres Australes but France Australe. It also makes it clear that de Gonneville was totally lost when he eventually landed at what he called France Australe and could not retrace his journey.

Apart from giving detailed evidence that de Gonneville did not land in Western Australia, he does say "the land ... he discovered is held to be in the Bahia region of Brazil" (P.18). In this context, France Australe was neither Terres Austral nor Australia.

G. OWEN Wembley WA

Pluses and minuses

John P. Yeo (B, January 5), with many others, is still on about who should be selected as recruits for our expanded immigration policy but Mark Bresnam (B, November 3) has it better when he questions the need for any immigration at all

Why do so many people think that a bigger population brings greater prosperity – that, somehow, we must be bet-

Seppelt. Australia's most awarded winemaker.



The ability of Seppelt as a Chardonnay maker is shown up again and again in their seemingly ceaseless accumulation of medals

Along with Seppelt Chardonnay's medal winning prowess is the fact that it continues to record wins of a different nature, such as Seppelt Chardonnay being selected for British Airways. However, such acclaim is only appropriate for a winemaker that has won the Most Successful Exhibitor Award at Australian Wine Shows over the last 7 years more often than any other wine company.

So when you're choosing a Chardonnay, select one from Australia's most awarded winemaker.

SEPPELT
Australia's most awarded
winemaker.

APB6293/A SEP/13D/3

BULLETIN SUBSCRIPTIONS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:	1 YEAR	2 YEARS
Australia	\$A72.00	\$A134.00
New Zealand	\$A100.00	-
	\$NZ120.00	-
Papua New Guinea	\$A100.00	-
Singapore, Malaysia, Brunei	\$A150.00	-
Hong Kong	\$A150.00	-
Vanuatu	\$A150.00	-
Fiji	\$A150.00	-
Solomon Islands, New Caledonia	\$A190.00	-
Tonga	\$A200.00	-
Indonesia, Tahiti	\$A200.00	-
China, Japan, Thailand	\$A240.00	-
Philippines	\$A240.00	-
USA, Canada,	\$A260.00	-
Middle East Countries	\$A260.00	-
UK, Europe, South Africa	\$A290.00	-
South America	\$A290.00	-
ALL ABOVE RATES ARE AIRSPEEDED Overseas Countries (Surface Mail)	\$A160.00	-

Please remit to Australian Consolidated Press, GPO Box 5252, Sydney, NSW 2001, Australia.

PLEASE NOTE: The subscription rate includes the cost of airspeeding to all interstate capitals and all destinations set out above. Newsagents and subscription agents are allowed 10 percent discount. Send cheque with order and deduct discount. Direct airmail rates on application. Rates subject to change. All amounts shown are in Australian currency except for New Zealand. Please ensure correct conversion when remitting.

ter off when there are more of us? And who got the idiotic supposition going in the first place? Probably the answer is found in the idea that "more people" seems to imply more clients for whatever our business or occupation happens to be, disregarding the obvious disadvantage of more competition.

But this — and the many other specious economic arguments — is refuted by one firm principle: each citizen, on average, has at his disposal a certain share of Australia's resources from which to produce wealth; to double the population is to halve the share of each. It's as simple as that.

A. H. R. ODLUM Dalkeith WA

A confusion of guns

Obviously, from their comments, many people and politicians do not know the difference between full-auto and semiauto guns. Maybe they have seen too many Rambo-type films.

To ban full-autos, I say, "fair enough". To ban semi-autos, "crazy, crazy". Semi-auto rifles are only marginally faster to operate than bolt-

action repeaters such as the old .303 military rifles, of which there are thousands around, or lever-action repeaters.

The three types have equivalent firepower with 10-shot magazines. Speed of action is not a valid, nor a logical, reason to ban semi-autos. Let logic and common sense triumph over emotion and politicking.

F. J. WILLIAMS Rubyvale Qld

Dutch treat

To my amazement, I find stated by David Barnett (B, January 5) that 51,000 Dutch refugees entered Australia during the post-war years. Now I migrated from the Netherlands in early 1951, paid my own fare, brought enough money to have a start and a liberal amount of personal possessions. My younger brother came some two years later, also without any support of the Australian government. I did not require any English language lessons as I have been able to speak it since 1942. My younger brother also didn't need any classes.

I came on a Dutch ship (*Groote Beer*) with 1200 others and there was not one Dutch refugee aboard. In fact, I have *never* heard of a Dutch refugee.

There was something about some Dutchmen coming from the Dutch East Indies (now Indonesia, for Mr Barnett's reference) but they always had the choice of coming back to the Netherlands.

Admittedly, I received some \$40 — three to four months after arrival — for being an ex-serviceman under British command during the war. I would like an explanation, as I am most unhappy about this loose statement about postwar refugees.

I have been naturalised for 32 years and I don't believe that I was ever a refugee!

H. CHAMENAAR Clayton Vic

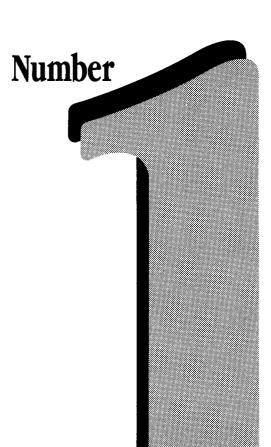
Perspective on AIDS

I was greatly relieved to read in the "letters" section of your Christmas edition Ita Buttrose on AIDS. I had thought that her view was something taken out of an American disaster incidents book I have which says that, for legal reasons, if there is a disaster, appoint a spokesperson to make any and all comment to the authorities and the press—but ensure that this person was not involved in the disaster, was not present and knows nothing about the subject... When the world looks at the statistics without the hysteria and later on realises that we were not all at risk if

tics without the hysteria and later on realises that we were *not* all at risk, it will be as easy to laugh off a Chairwoman, National Advisory Committee



"Don't you realise that when you look bored it reflects on me?"



for

Industrial Relocation

Property Development

Capital Growth

Commercial Gain

Government Investment

Over 500 companies have moved to Macarthur-Australia's fastest growing region.

With high population growth, above average disposable incomes and a highly qualified workforce, we're the No. 1 destination for the leaders of commerce and industry.

We're No. 1 for industrial and commercial land.

TALK PROPERTY WITH

MACARTHUR DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION

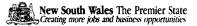
046-25 8055

A Division of N.S.W Department of Industrial Development and Decentralisation

Macarthur Place, Kellicar Road & Bolger Street,

Campbelltown. N.S.W. 2560.

Fax: (046) 25 7179.



on AIDS. (Or someone to promote an Australia Card, perhaps?)

I certainly feel sorry for the AIDS victims but I am sick and tired of being told that "anyone who is sexually active" and fails to take "safer sex" precautions or who shares needles is at risk. My overseas Christmas card list this year was about 450 and, between those and my local friends, I don't even know one person who uses needles—let alone shares them. What does Ita think we all do out here?

PETER NELSON Wahroonga NSW

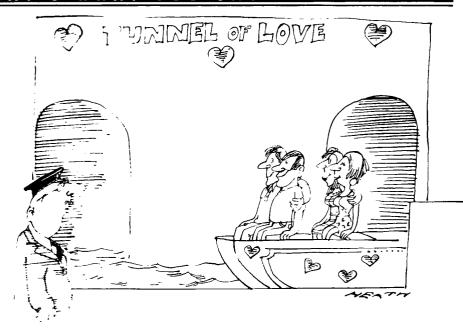
A new approach

Congratulations to *The Bulletin* (January 5) and thanks to Tony Abbott for heralding Australia's bicentennial year with that encouraging report from Broken Hill: "Consultation, not confrontation" is a timely theme for '88. The new attitudes of humans toward humans seen in Broken Hill are needed to mend broken relationships nationwide and build the "better Australia" envisaged by the Prime Minister as he and we welcomed in Australia's bicentennial year.

TOM GILLESPIE Collaroy Plateau NSW

Next stop: Profit

It is fatuous to compare NSW State Rail with other systems in Australian states as in the article by Robin Bromby (B, January 12). More passengers are carried on the Sydney system in one



day than in two years on the West Australian system.

The provision of public transport is a social and community service which is recognised by government subsidy in the vast majority of world railway services. Where it is not subsidised, distances are usually very short and the price of train travel inordinately high. Nevertheless our aims at State Rail are the same as those of the federal government: that is, to reduce deficits.

A new top-management group has taken the reins at State Rail with a new

set of basic priorities. High on the list is a serious assault on our long-term revenue supplement which has dropped in real terms by 48 percent since 1982-83.

The present NSW government took the bit in its teeth and ordered Tangara, the world's greatest train, to replace the 60-year-old single-deck carriages which have an unacceptably high level of mechanical failure because of their age. Tangara is the ultimate in new train design and has been a worthwhile economical investment.

State Rail's commercial freight operations compare favorably with other states' and a wide range of marketing initiatives introduced in this state has later been adopted by all other Australian systems. The successful Australia-wide container rail business has grown from its initial development by NSW in the mid-'70s.

State Rail is moving with the times, it is firmly in the high-tech computer technology era, while Mr Bromby's article apparently ended in 1985-86.

P. J. JOHNSON Chief Executive SRA of NSW

Trigger fingers

As Joseph Firth observed in relation to the current vogue for mass killing, "something has gone wrong with people" (B, January 12). More precisely, something has gone wrong with men.

Women do not take firearms into the street to slay strangers, nor use the family gun to kill their children and partners. If a referendum were held on firearms control, perhaps only women should vote.

CAROLAN STEWART
Pullenvale Qld

FIRST FLEET Australian Voyages 1988



Bicentennial



Share in the adventure on board the tall ships of the Bicentennial First Fleet as we sail the Australian Coast in '88. Be part of this spectacular event.

Between February and June the Fleet will visit Melbourne, Portland, Adelaide, Hobart, Newcastle, Brisbane and places of interest en route.

6 DAYS FROM \$688

O DAIS I KOM \$000 \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\
Limited berths available. No sailing
experience necessary. BOOK NOW
For a free brochure call Bounty
Voyages on (02) 241 3767
(Mon-Fri), cut out the
coupon and post to
us today or see
your travel
Limited berths available. No sailing experience necessary. BOOK NOW For a free brochure call Bounty Voyages on (02) 241 3767 (Mon-Fri), cut out the coupon and post to us today or see your travel agent. Agriculture of the coupon of the coupon of the coupon and post to us today or see your travel agent.
Bourd
The re rest de wife.
TA WIND WILLIAM AND



A new year's resolution for people who live in their car.

You really need a car phone, but you can't do without your car. Even half a day can be a problem.

So why not resolve to call Philips now? After all, if you can't spare half a day this time of year, you probably never will.

Philips has more experience in mobile communications than anyone. Our distribution and service network already extends to every capital city.

Our installation specialists are conveniently located, so there's almost certainly one near you. If you'd prefer them to pick up your car from the

Take a closer look. **Phone (008) 038 130**

office and bring it back, it can easily be arranged. Nothing is too much trouble.

If you've been thinking about a car phone, now is the time to take a closer look at Philips.

Because for anyone who lives in their car, there couldn't be a better New Year's resolution.

Philips. For people who <u>really</u> need a car phone.

AUSTRALIA

More working

AN early Australia Day present was the Bureau of Statistics' labor force survey for December reporting strongest monthly employment increase for nearly 10 years. The figures - the best since February 1978 showed an increase 114,200 in the number of employed in December, taking the total to 7,228,800. The unemployment rate fell from eight percent in November to 7.8 percent in December.

Bob longer

BOB Hawke last week became the longest-serving Labor prime minister in Australian history, chalking up 1763 days in office from his election on March 11, 1983. The previous record-holder was Andrew Fisher who served three separate terms: November, 1908-June, 1909; April, 1910-June, 1913; September, 1914-October, 1915.

Perkins call

CHARLES Perkins, controversial head of the Department of Aboriginal Affairs, came under fire over his call for curbs on Asian immigration, especially on the intake of Indo-Chinese migrants and refugees. Undaunted Perkins said he broke no law by criticising Australian immigration practice and that doing so was his democratic right.

Stone rolling

THE National Party's bluntspeaking senator, John Stone, has opened an office in the Oueensland electorate of Fairfax, increasing speculation that he will switch to the House of Representatives. He is said to have considerable backing for such a move. Last month Sir Robert Sparkes, president of the Queensland Nationals, was quoted as saying that a lower house seat would be found for Stone, and Fairfax "could be the seat to look at".



Filipino group Solidaridad performed at Sydney's Tom Mann Theatre

Thailand drowning

AN Australian tourist, John Bradley, 53, from Sydney is believed to have drowned when a boat carrying him and seven other passengers capsized on a river tour near the northern town of Chiang Rhai, Thailand after hitting a partly submerged rock. The others managed to reach the shore safely.

Lebanon death

AUSTRALIAN Army captain Peter McCarthy, 31, serving with the UN Truce Supervision Organisation in southern Lebanon, was killed after a jeep in which he and his companion, a Canadian major, were travelling hit a land mine while on a routine patrol in neutral territory. McCarthy was due to end his tour of duty in March.

Blacks move in

ABORIGINES have established a "tent embassy" at Sydney's Mrs Macquarie's Chair, a piece of choice land on the city's foreshore. They proclaimed to stay there throughout this year — their Year of Mourning" — to embarrass white Australia, and to "reaffirm (their) continuing title to all (their) lands and territory, waters and resources".

THE WORLD

Guns before butter

FIGURES compiled by Ruth Leger Sivard, former chief of the US Arms Control Agency's economics section, reveal that the world's military expenditure rose last year by \$50 billion to \$930 billion. US military spending swelled from \$280 to \$293 billion and that of of the Soviet Union from \$245 to \$260 billion.

President dead

PRESIDENT Chiang Chingkuo, 76, died of a heart attack in Taipei. The forces of his father, Marshal Chiang Kaishek, had retreated to Taiwan after the communist victory on the Chinese mainland in 1949. Vice-president Lee Teng-hui is the new president.

Whitelaw quits

LORD Whitelaw, 69, Leader of the Government in the House of Lords, resigned on doctors' advice and under family pressure. He had been in frontline British politics for about 30 years. His successor is Lord Belstead, a "greyish figure" in the Conservative Party ranks.

Gorbachev plea

IN an impassioned address to Soviet editors, publishers and cultural leaders, Mikhail





Melbourne's new National Tennis Centre hosted the Australian Open championships

Gorbachev depicted himself as an embattled warrior seeking allies in the fight for a great cause: a reform of the economic and social system. He said that overcoming resistance to reform was the main task ahead. He charged that some leftist critics were too impatient for changes and some rightists in the Communist Party did not want changes at all.

Spy fears

SHABTAI Kalmanowitz, 42,

reportedly has close links with senior Israeli political and military leaders, has been arrested on suspicion of spying for the Soviet Union. He arrived in Israel from the Soviet Union in 1971 as a penniless immigrant and is said to be a multi-millionaire.

Grenade attack

The administrator of the Embassy, Libvan Mutus Ayyad, was killed and French cultural attaché Daniel Neveu badly wounded when a Tel Aviv businessman who two attackers hurled hand

grenades at them in an office building in the Ugandan capital of Kampala.

BUSINESS

Job news good

EMPLOYMENT took a healthy jump in December after a November downturn caused by share crash uncertainty. The Bureau of Statistics reported seasonally adjusted job figures up by 114,000, a record 1.6 percent rise, which included 95,600 full-time jobs.

AIDS claims

THE Life Insurance Federation of Australia expects AIDS-related claims to hit \$1 billion by the end of the century and is negotiating with the federal government and the National AIDS Advisory Council to establish a code for testing insurance applicants for the presence of the AIDS antibody.

The other foot

FOLLOWING legal threats and six months of takeover action, legendary Adelaide bush bootery R. M. Williams Pty Ltd recommended that its shareholders accept the latest 90 cents a share offer made by Bennett and Fisher Ltd over previous bids made by the British-based Laura Ashley company.

Phone switch

TELECOM is expected to revise its proposal for the universal introduction of timed telephone calls to apply only to business users.

Wormald deal

WORMALD International Ltd boss Lee Ming Tee will step down as chairman and acquire the group's New Zealand subsidiary and Asian interests in a deal negotiated with the directors of Reil Corporation which recently took over effective management of Wormald.

SPORT

Cricket

GREAT fast bowler Dennis Lillee (38) made a comeback to first-class competition, joining Tasmania in the Sheffield Shield, and took a wicket with his first delivery against South Australia. He finished with four for 99 for the interwooden-spooners. state Meanwhile, the man who took his world record for most test scalps - England's Ian Botham - was playing Shield front-runners Queensland against its likely final opponent, Western Australia. And New Zealand's Richard Hadlee, who threatens Botham's mark, went wicketless as his team lost again to Australia in the triangular World Series Cup contest. The trans-Tasman sides are certain to clash in the final, with Sri Lanka missing out.

Athletics

CANADIAN sprinter Ben Johnson clocked 5.2 seconds to shave 0.02 secs off the world 50 yards record. Johnson holds the world marks for 100 metres, 60m and 50m.



Jaguar's Australia.

Three million kilometres of hot and dusty vehicle testing from 1984 through 1986 was Australia's gift to Jaguar, the famous British marque which this year celebrates 60 years of automobile production.



The SS100, Jaguar's first truly high performance car.

The multi-million kilometre test programme heralded the development of Jaguar's latest saloon car and marked more than 50 years of trade in Britain's best-known saloons and sports cars in Australia.

Whilst Jaguar has made a major contribution to the British motor industry, developing a strong sense of tradition and heritage, the Coventry company has also made a significant contribution to the development of the prestige car market in Australia.

Jaguar's strong links to Australia go back to 1934 when an SS1 saloon was shown at the Melbourne Motor Show on June 3rd of that year. From that time sales grew steadily with nearly 1200 cars sold here in 1950, rising to Jaguar's record year in 1971 when more than 2200 Jaguar saloons and sports cars were

delivered to Australian buyers.

In the interim Australia was very well known to Sir William Lyons and his team, mostly through motor sporting exploits by some of Australia's most famous racing drivers. Jaguar competition in Australia began with the first SS cars in the midthirties. They were popular for racing and hill-climbing because of their performance and agile handling.

According to Les Hughes, author of the book "Jaguars Under The Southern Cross," a Jaguar SS100 participated in the Australian Grand Prix at Bathurst in 1938.

Although many Jaguars raced at Bathurst over the years it was not until 47 years after the SS100's AGP appearance that Jaguar won perhaps its most stunning victory in contemporary Australian motor racing.

In 1985 JRA brought Tom Walkinshaw and his top-flight TWR team to Australia to contest and win the James Hardie 1000 endurance race at Bathurst. This feat augured well for racing Jaguars, as TWR went on to



The D-type, 30 years on it is still one of the world's most desirable cars. develop a potent V12-powered sports-racing car which won the World Sportscar Championship in 1987.

This is the first time Jaguar has been world champion in this category, despite its almost total dominance of the famous Le Mans 24 Hour race throughout the fifties.

The models which swept all before them in France were the famous C- and D-types – many of which found their way



The winning Jaguar XJ-S at Bathurst in 1985 driven by Australian John Goss.



The XJ40 Sovereign at Cobar in outback NSW during the 3 million km long development programme.

to Australia to be raced, and cherished.

Former Jaguar managing director and racing manager in the fifties, F.R.W. (Lofty) England visited Australia in 1981 and told Jaguar club members he could not believe either the interest or enthusiasm for Jaguar cars which stemmed from Australia.



"The Grey Pussy", a 3.4 Mark I, winner of the Australian Touring Car Championship in 1960.

In the past "Lofty" had supplied many famous Jaguar racing cars to Australian owners, among them David McKay.

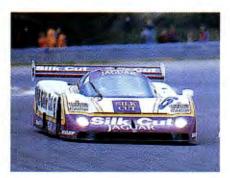
In fact McKay went to the Browns Lane Factory to take delivery of a 3.4 Mark I saloon in 1959.

England refused to give him a car with high-compression pistons, because they suspected the quality of Australian petrol was poor. It mattered not — McKay took the car to a string of victories including the Australian Touring Car Championship. The car, nicknamed "The Grey Pussy", is now owned by the Jaguar importer and distributor, JRA Limited, and after lavishing restoration dollars on it, it is now brought out for special occasions.

The most recent showing of the 3.4 saloon was the Australian Grand Prix meeting in Adelaide, where the famous touring car joined a cavalcade of sporting Jags led by the famous XJ-13.

The graceful XJ-13, which lapped the Adelaide circuit, was the car designed to take Jaguar back into sports car racing.

It was powered by the 5 litre, quad overhead camshaft V12 engine — an engine which



The XJR8, winner of the 1987 World Sportscar Championship with nine victories in eleven events.

ultimately became a commercial success with twin overhead cams in the E-type and XJ-12 saloon.

It is history now that the XJ-13 never raced.

The Australian Grand Prix appearance marked the only time the XJ-13 has been allowed to travel so far out of England, and it is a tribute to Jaguar's regard for the Australian market and enthusiasts that they allowed the car to "star" in the Grand Prix activities.

Jaguar in turn, has a special place in the history of motor racing in Australia, and in the development of the luxury car market.



The new Sovereign, regarded by many observers as the best car in the world.

Indeed, initial shipments of the long-awaited new XJ-6 and Sovereign were spoken for long before they reached the nation's showrooms. The fact that they were regarded by many in the industry as being the best cars in the world further fuelled the demand.

It's a pre-eminence Jaguar have every intention of maintaining both in Australia and overseas for many years to come.



Wages bullet reloaded, not bitten

By DAVID BARNETT

SUBMISSIONS are due for the Conciliation and Arbitration Commission's re-listed hearing of last December's national wage case. The unions asked for \$7 a week. The Hawke government suggested \$6.50. Industry bodies said that, in the wake of the stockmarket crash and its resultant uncertainties, the case should be adjourned. They are saying that again at the relisted hearing but without any great expectation that, this time, they will be heeded.

The Confederation of Australian Industry (CAI) wanted the adjournment to be until May, when the commission is to begin a review of national wage fixing principles, a process which has

been proceeding at enterprise level in the wake of economic realities and the New Right revolution in national attitudes.

The commission, under Mr Justice Barry Maddern, shocked both the Australian Council of Trade Unions and the government by taking heed of employer arguments. It did not go all the way with the CAI but a whiff of New Right apostasy obviously has crept into a body which once placed the preservation of industrial harmony above all other considerations.

"It is plain that even greater pressure has been placed on the four interrelated factors that dominate Australia's economic outlook - the substantial depreciation of the exchange rate, the highly adverse balance of payments, the sharp deterioration in the terms of trade and the enormous rise in the external debt," said Maddern. He added: "It is of critical importance that no step be taken now that may handicap Australia's ability to cope with the rapid adjustments in the world economy now taking place. Additional time is needed to allow an assessment to be made of possible adverse effects on the

Setting January 28 for the hearings did not make a lot of sense. Comparatively little has happened in the meantime, because of the holidays. Important economic indicators which might



Willis: prefers stability

serve as a guide have not yet appeared. As a result, the submissions are all saying much as they did last year. The CAI and the Australian Chamber of Commerce, which put in a joint submission with the National Farmers Federation, again argue that uncertainty continues with further volatility in London and on Wall Street in the US. Industrial Relations Minister Ralph Willis is just as resolute in asserting this week, as he was last year, that an increase should be paid. Willis used to talk about "industrial realities", a euphemism for union power which is no longer fashionable. Nowadays, he prefers "stability".

Nevertheless, the old industrial realities are still about, which might be why the commission adjourned the case until this month instead of May. ACTU president Simon Crean is talking about pulling the unions out of the system if they do not get their increase and secretary Bill Kelty is talking about a national strike

Willis argues that the federal budget forecasts hold up — indeed, that they more than hold up in the light of Treas-

Tough times ahead in world trade

ALL AUSTRALIA got out of the recent visit by US trade envoy Clayton Yeutter was the message that the US was determined to fix up its trade balance, no matter who got hurt.

Yeutter made this clear after a reporter had asked some questions he did not like: Why was the United States continuing to subsidise its wheat exports under the Export Enhancement Program after the international wheat market had improved? Why was it, for instance, selling wheat to Russia for perhaps \$20 a tonne less than the Russians would have to pay on a free market when, if there were no subsidised sales, we would all be better off?

Why indeed? Foreign Minister Bill Hayden, Primary Industry Minister John Kerin and Trade Minister Michael Duffy had raised that very point, during their private discussions.

The answer is that the subsidies are

worth \$30 or \$40 billion a year and that US farmers like that sort of money and that President Reagan's administration is not about to take any of it away during the run-up to presidential elections which he wants his vice-president, George Bush, to win.

Yeutter did not mention this, but his answer still was blunt. The US trade deficit of about \$170 billion was too high. It would be eliminated and this would mean some very painful adjustment for America's trading partners. "We are now the largest debtor nation in the world," he said. "There is no way to service that debt except by running a surplus in our trading account."

In private with the Australian ministers he made clear that by trading partners he meant Japan, Korea and Taiwan, whose rapid economic expansion had been financed out of exports to the United States. Japan, he noted, was urer Paul Keating's revised forecast of a surplus of \$580 million and that there is no reason not to grant an increase.

The commission, on the basis of its record, has been very brave to stand up not only to the trade unions but also to the government for six whole weeks.

Deep in their hearts, the industry groups believe that that is about it and that the commission will now award the \$7 — having, at least, given them some sort of respite over the holiday period.

Despite the stock and currency crashes, the federal government is doing its best to foster a mood of optimism in the run-up to the NSW elections. This mood is based primarily on the modest decline in interest rates which the Reserve Bank has created both by supporting the \$A through the sale of foreign exchange and through its operations in the bond and money markets. The optimism is not soundly based.

The Australian market analysts Syntec argue that the October crash came during an upswing in world (and particularly American and Japanese) production and that this depleted stocks and kept commodity prices firm. When inventories are used up this year, the impact on international supply and demand and on commodity prices is likely to be sharp.

On this basis, Syntec argues, Hawke government policies are inadequate -

and inadequate to the point of recklessness in the area of wages policy. When the downturn comes, the Australian economy will be exposed once more with a labor cost trend one-third higher than in the rest of the trading world. The opportunity to reduce the pace of wages growth in the wake of the October crash was passed up and, Willis so emphatically makes clear, it will be passed up again. With it will be passed up the opportunity to consolidate an optimism based on a reduction in interest rates which is probably not sustainable for more than a few months and which, in any case, is overhung by the risk of a second wave stock and currency slide.

None of these possibilities has been discussed in federal cabinet.

Wages policy is something which Prime Minister Bob Hawke and his colleagues do not even like to talk about, except with Crean and Kelty.

Perhaps Maddern and his colleagues are entitled to a certain cynicism — to go back to industrial harmony and to stable progress along the path of substantial depreciation of the exchange rate, a highly adverse balance of payments, a sharp deterioration in the terms of trade and an enormous rise in the external debt.

National leadership is, after all, the responsibility of the government and not of the commission. □

growing during the current quarter at the rate of about 0.8 percent, but on the basis of its own production. It had to be on the basis of sucking in imports. That is to say, American imports. Just how pain of this sort might affect Australia, as a major supplier to Japanese industry, is not something to which the Americans seem to be giving much thought, or, for that matter, the Australians either.

Yeutter has cabinet rank in the US administration which is in its final phase, and he will be around only for the rest of this year.

However, this is quite long enough to club the Japanese over their beef quotas, if not long enough to wipe out the US trade deficit.

Nevertheless, and regardless of whether President Reagan is succeeded by a Republican or a Democrat, the policies which Yeutter espoused, like the situation for which they have been devised, have an enduring look to them. The US has to wipe out the budget and trade deficits which produced the stock and money-market crashes which continue to reverberate around the world.

In trade terms, the US intends the economic powerhouses of East Asia to feel most of that pain, but some of it inevitably will be felt by Australian exporters and when it comes to agricultural trade, the US will stick to its Export Enhancement Program. It will put American interests first.

In the end, the world will benefit from balanced US trade and a stabilised US dollar, and Australia would benefit strongly should agricultural trade return to unsubsidised normality. In the meantime, the road will be unpredictable and sometimes rocky.

- David Barnett

PUBLIC OPINION

Labor dips but still safe in Victoria

LABOR still holds a winning lead in Victoria, the latest Morgan Gallup Poll finds. The state government would have retained office in December. The party's support dipped by one point to 47 percent while the Liberals improved their standing. Opposition leader Jeff Kennett's approval rating rose by two points, to 31 percent, and Premier John Cain's was down three to 52.

Trained interviewers personally asked 1082 electors throughout Victoria during December which party would receive their first preference "if a state election were being held today"? Five percent did not state a preference.

	VOTI	NG P	REFE	REN	CE			
	Elect	*						
	Mar '85	Jan '86	Aug '86	Aug '87	Sep '87	Oct '87	Nov '87	'87
	%	%	%	%	%	%	%	%
ALP	50	51	43	48	45	48	48	47
Aust. Dem.	-	5	7	7	7	7	9	6
Liberal	42	36	41	35	38	36	34	36
National	7	5	7	8	8	6	7	7
Others	1	3	2	2	2	3	2	3

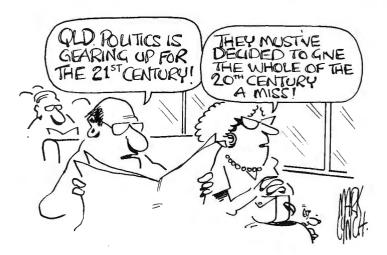
preferences

	APPR	OVAL	OF	EAD	ERS			
	Mar '85	Oct '85	May '87	Aug '87	Sep '87	Oct '87	Nov '87	Dec '87
	%	%	%	%	%	%	%	%
Opinion of Cali	n:							
Approve	56	49	63	59	61	59	55	52
Disapprove	35	44	28	32	31	32	36	39
Undecided	9	7	9	9	8 -	9	9	9
Opinion of Ken	nett:							
Approve	35	30	27	28	27	27	29	31
Disapprove	53	58	60	61	60	60	60	56
Undecided	12	12	13	11	13	13	11	13

Cain won approval from 74 percent (down four) of Australian Labor Party voters and 33 percent (unchanged) of Liberal voters. Kennett got three-point increases on each side — to 22 percent and 45, respectively. However, fewer than one in five expected that he would do a better job than Cain as premier.

	KEN	NETT	AS P	REMI	ER			
	Mar '85	Oct '85	May '87	Aug '87	Sep '87	Oct '87	Nov '87	Dec '87
	%	%	%	%	%	%	%	%
Opposition								
leader would do:								
Better	22	20	16	15	17	16	17	19
Same	27	27	28	29	28	27	27	30
Worse	41	44	46	46	47	48	46	41
Can't say	10	9	10	10	8	9	10	10

Of Liberal voters, 34 percent (down one) said Kennett would do better; only five percent (up one) of Labor supporters said he would.



QUEENSLAND

Fitzgerald takes aim at SP bonanza

By QUENTIN DEMPSTER

THE multi-million-dollar illegal starting price betting industry in Queensland is to be exposed when the Fitzgerald Inquiry into organised crime and police corruption resumes on February 1.

An expanded commission staff returned to its desks in January to be confronted with even more information in the search for "proofs of evidence" against police, businessmen and politicians named and implicated in corruption. Extra barristers hired over the Christmas break are being assigned to specific lines of inquiry. Through state and commonwealth legislative amendments, the inquiry has access to Taxation Office and other records.

The shock waves from the inquiry's revelations have been felt throughout Australia's police forces. Fitzgerald's use of indemnities from prosecution broke the institutional stone wall. Frightened of being "scapegoated" by the force, key police in the Licensing branch sought indemnities in return for evidence of their own corruption.

The biggest catch through the indemnities was Assistant Commissioner Crime and Services Graeme Parker whose evidence tended to confirm the pattern of Queensland police organising the crime, not fighting it. Before the inquiry took a break, one witness' evidence had indicated where it was headed next. Bill Harriott, general manager of Queensland Totalisator Administration Board, testified on November 16 that TAB turnover was up \$8 million — 20 percent — over the previous three weeks, probably due to publicity about SP bookmaking. The SP bookies had gone to ground. Harriott said investigations into SP activities had produced negligible results since procedures were changed from written complaints to over-the-phone liaison in 1981. Licensing police carried out only five prosecutions against SP bookmakers in the past five years, compared with an average of 15 to 20 every three months before 1981.

Ahern lifts Nats

SUPPORT for the governing National Party in Queensland rose by four percent in December following the muddled departure of Sir Johannes Bjelke-Petersen and the appointment of Mike Ahern as his replacement.

This is shown by the latest Morgan Gallup poll of 697 voters throughout the state. Ahern's approval rating was 58 percent statewide, 62 percent in Brisbane and 55 percent in country areas.

The poll put support for the Nationals at 34 percent, Labor 41 and Liberals 18. Support for Labor leader Neville Warburton fell two points to 34 percent and liberal leader Sir William Knox's approval rating was unchanged at 37 percent.

Only 11 percent of voters surveyed felt Warburton would do a better job as premier than Ahern.

Harriott also told the inquiry that the board's yearly takings would be pushed past \$700 million, an increase of \$83 million on the previous year.

Premier Mike Ahern has been advised that, if the state's SP operators had been able to corner about one-fifth of the betting market — worth some \$80 million a year — such an extensive and well organised illegal operation could only continue to exist with the knowledge and support of someone in authority. An SP operation on such a massive scale would have had the scope to have been far bigger in money bribery and corruption terms than either brothels or backroom casinos.

The Police Department's annual report to state parliament has paid lip service to the SP problem in recent years. The latest (1986) departmental report says: "Unlawful bookmaking is being carried on in certain areas of the community but on a small scale.

"Usually, bets are accepted by the operator only from persons known to him and many methods are used to conceal and record the bets. It would appear that the high penalties under the Racing and Betting Act have been a deterrent in reducing unlawful bookmaking."

Harriott's evidence has exposed this as another of Queensland's now famous institutional lies, like the Valley casinos which "do not exist".

Exposing just which senior police officers organised the SP network should be relatively easy. The commission will not confirm persistent speculation in Queensland that some SP operators have come forward. But sources have told *The Bulletin* that a key witness has dictated many pages of evidence-in-chief dealing with the police network over many years. That, coupled with the "money trail" could produce another evidentiary breakthrough.

The whereabouts of alleged police bagman Jack Reginald Herbert, named repeatedly by indemnified corrupt police, is unknown. No charges have been laid yet against Herbert on which extradition proceedings could be launched. He and his wife left Australia soon after the inquiry was set up last July.

Some people in political circles are saying that Herbert will never return to Queensland because he is "too hot". He left behind substantial property assets — now frozen, along with all bank accounts, by the courts on application from the taxation offices.

The questions before the inquiry, Interpol and police are: After seven months in voluntary exile, how are the Herberts managing to survive? Is someone in Queensland sending them money to keep them safe and quiet?



SPORT

New-look Aussies have edge on the old foe

By IAN CHAPPELL

THERE HAS been a lot of turbulence in the 11 seasons between the Centenary Test at the Melbourne Cricket Ground and the up-coming Bicentennial Test. However, despite all the changes one thing remains constant: the rivalry between Australia and England. As that cricket fan Sir Robert Menzies once said: "Great Britain and Australia are of the same blood and allegiance and history and instinctive mental processes. We know each other so well that, thank heaven, we don't have to be too tactful with each other." This fact was highlighted at the Melbourne Centenary Test when even though it was a grand celebration, the match was a fiercely fought contest.

For many of the cricketers involved in the Centenary Test it was their last endeavor as a pacifist player before becoming a revolutionary World Series cricketer and they made every effort to ensure a memorable changeover. When that Test at the MCG ended with Australia having won by 45 runs, exactly the same result as the 1877 match they were celebrating. Doug Walters, always the laconic wit, observed: "The Poms haven't learnt much in 100 years."

Nevertheless, cricket administrators the world over quickly learned the value of a well marketed and promoted special event Test. Since that 1977 Test, there has been a Golden Jubilee Test in Bombay between India and England, the Centenary Test at Lord's in 1980 and the MCC Bicentenary match at Lord's in 1987.

The Bicentennial Test at the Sydney Cricket Ground and the limited overs International at the MCG will help celebrate 200 years of white settlement in Australia. The SCG match will be the third of these "one-off" Tests between Australia and England, but there's no guarantee it will out-do the drama and ceremony of the first one at the MCG in 1977. Apart from the remarkable coincidence of the result there were some fine individual performances. I thought Dennis Lillee's 11-wicket haul was the highlight, closely followed by Derek Randall's entertaining knock of 174.



There was Rod Marsh's century, the first by an Australian keeper against the "old enemy" and David Hookes' explosion on to the Test scene with five consecutive boundaries off England captain Tony Greig.

The Centenary Test at Lord's (celebrating the first Test played in England) lacked the excitement of the preceding celebratory match. It finished in a draw with Geoff Boycott defending grimly; not the ideal way to conclude any celebration, but it did feature some excellent batting. Graeme Wood completed a skilful century and there were two brilliant innings from Kim Hughes. In the second knock he pounded an enormous six on to the second tier of the members pavilion from the bowling of Chris Old. The game was spoiled as a contest by rain and the occasion was marred by an irate MCC member, resplendent in his red and yellow striped tie, who took a swing at umpire David Constant. Aggressive spectators are not normally expected to be a constant worry in the members pavilion at Lord's.

The match in Sydney should provide enough good cricket to please the crowd as the wicket generally favors a result. The SCG has been Australia's happiest hunting ground under Allan Border's leadership and with the confidence the team has gained from the World Cup victory and the series win over New Zealand there's no reason why they can't continue that trend. Allan Border will relish any opportunity to extract retribution for the two recent hammerings he has received at the hands of England but he will also be mindful that in some quarters his team started the Brisbane Test as favorites last season and proceeded to run a poor second. But these days things are different in the Australian camp and Border leads a confident combination who look as though they expect victory when they walk on to the field.

For England captain Mike Gatting the match will provide light relief after the catastrophic tour of Pakistan. Gatting will be glad that his team is not facing spinners with the skill and experience of Abdul Qadir and he personally will be more relaxed knowing he isn't going to be accused of cheating by an Australian umpire. This will be a wonderful opportunity for him to rediscover the joys of international cricket.

It shapes up as a grand occasion and the match should be fought in typical Australia-England spirit. Despite what Doug Walters said back in 1977 cricketers really are fast learners and in the case of Australia and England they have plenty of skilled and competitive predecessors to emulate. □

MOTORING

The car thief gets a good run for our money

By DAVID ROBERTSON

CAR theft now costs each man, woman and child in Australia \$15 to \$20 a year. The number of cars stolen annually has doubled in the past 12 years from about 50,000 to more than 100,000 and the cost to the community has jumped to some \$260 million a year. The cost of

this crime adds about \$80 to every comprehensive carinsurance premium written. Its impact on the community and the dire need to do something positive about it is being recognised belatedly. Despite the recent flurry of attention from politicians, police and insurance companies, a national approach is still years away.

In NSW and Victoria, where the bulk of the thefts occur, committees and task forces have focused on the problem in the past three years and at a national level car theft is on the agenda of the Australian Transport Advisory Council. ATAC and the Australian Police Ministers' Council have formed a working party on the reregistration of stolen vehicles.

Registration authorities are starting to co-operate on standardising procedures including exchange of data, incorporation of chassis numbers as well as engine numbers on rego forms and the formation of a national "wreck register" to make the interstate transportation of insurance "write-offs" — which police say provides a substantial percentage of the "legitimate" vehicle identities that thieves use — more difficult.

A task force last July presented a report to NSW Police Minister George Paciullo containing 29 recommendations for combating the problem. Only a few have been acted on, so far.

The move to recruit "minders" for high-risk locations under the Youth Employment Scheme won most media attention.

But about \$1 million of stolen car parts are still being shipped around the western and south-western suburbs in Sydney every week. To Des Liddy, deputy general manager of the National Roads and Motorists' Association (NRMA), the astonishing thing about this illicit trade is that it "seems to leave no detectable trace and very little is known about how it is done".

It is the organised-crime aspect of car theft, especially in NSW, that disturbs most experts in the field. David Biles, deputy director of the Australian Institute of Criminology in Canberra, says it is hard to find significant differences between Australian jurisdictions (the Northern Territory excepted) in most areas of crime but, with car theft, the differences between NSW and the other states are "mindblowing". "How can you possibly explain, for example, that over the past two years the vehicle



theft rate in NSW has been consistently over 1000 per 100,000 of the population while in Victoria it has been around 500 to 600 and in Queensland it has always been around 400?" he asks, adding his view that such abnormal differences "must reflect some element of an organised car-theft industry" with a network — more likely networks — of mechanics and spraypainters who change engine and other numbers in the classic "chop shops" for stolen cars.

He says the Sydney situation requires a different dimension of law enforcement, with undercover policing to break into the networks and a large number of detectives assigned to locating the criminals' workshops and garages. "Probably even more importantly," he said, "it would be necessary for police to be even more involved in the murky business of paying informers in order to identify those who are running the businesses. I recognise that this approach always creates the potential for police corruption but there are strategies that can be used to reduce this

possibility." Biles says car theft ought to be one of the easiest crimes to control, for authorities have more information on it than any other crime: all the ingredients necessary for improved prevention are there.

The loss from "joyrider" damage or theft accounts for about 21 percent of dollar losses. But the biggest target group for theft is the older, popular, Australian-made models, such as the Holden Kingswood or Torana and the Ford Cortina or Falcon. Ford and Holden models account for 74 percent of the estimated dollar total losses in NSW and the situation is similar in other parts of Australia.

The biggest dollar loss - about 50 percent - is caused by professional thieves and "strippers", with 33 percent of cars stolen broken up so that their panels and mechanical parts can be recycled and sold. About three percent of stolen cars are "reborn" - given a complete respray and a new identity, often that of a "written-off" insurance wreck of the same model - and sold, usually interstate. This business accounts for about 11 percent of dollar losses.

About six percent of reported incidents, involving 14 percent of the dollar losses, are the result of deliberate attempts to defraud the insurer.

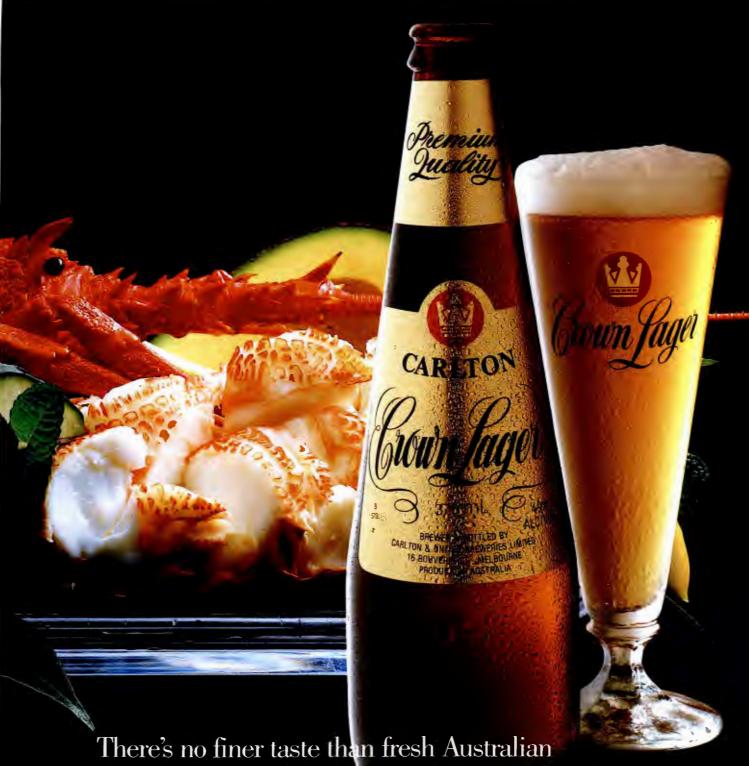
Detective Senior Sergeant Ralph Stavely of the Victoria Police Stolen Motor Squad attributes the growth in car

theft to "a laxity on the part of a number of bodies associated with the motor vehicle industry" and, like many critics of inactivity by authorities, says the task now is to ensure that the many recommendations made over the years "are put into effect before the problem assumes overwhelming proportion".

Mike Griffin, managing director of a Sydney car-wrecking company and chairman of the NSW Motor Traders Association's wrecking industry subcommittee, believes theft rates can be slashed by making it an offence to leave one's car unlocked; forcing car-makers to fit electronic alarms that are set automatically when the ignition key is removed; introducing a national "vehicle identification number" system marking at least 10 parts of the car, including etching all window glass, under the Australian Design Rule Scheme; ensuring that police from the stolen vehicle squads inspect every repaired insurance write-off before it is reregistered; and introducing harsher, mandatory, minimum sentences.

AUSTRALIA'S FINEST.

APB2408/A



There's no finer taste than fresh Australian crayfish and icy-cold Crown Lager: Australia's finest.

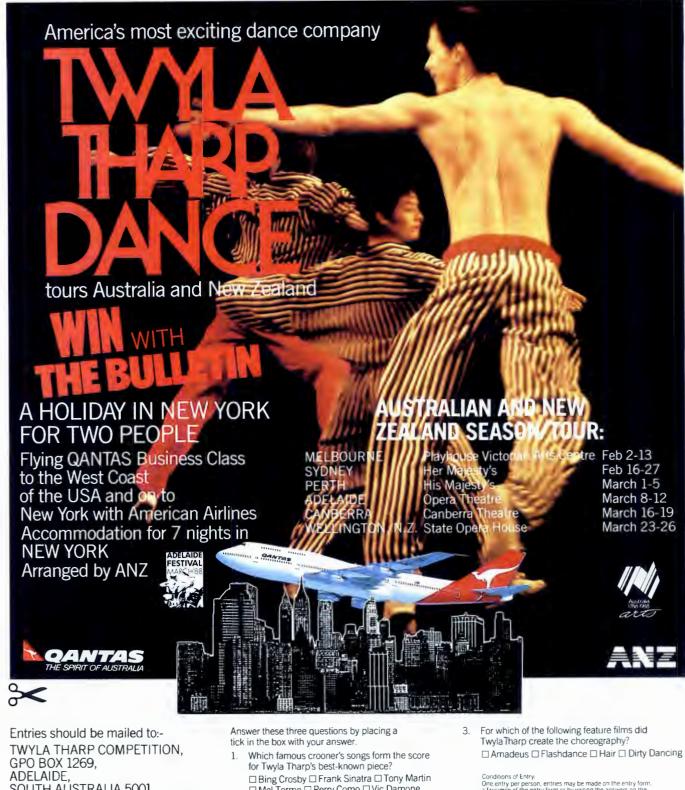


Elle Macpherson. Cardmember since 1985.

Membership has its privileges™



Don't leave home without it. Call (008) 23 0100 or 886 0666 in Sydney to apply.



SOUTH AUSTRALIA 5001.

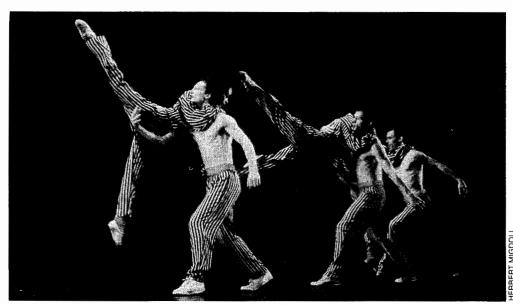
Competition closes February 10, 1988. Winner advised by mail and published in The Bulletin on February 24, 1988.

- ☐ Mel Torme ☐ Perry Como ☐ Vic Damone
- Which ex-Soviet dancer has both starred in a film choreographed by Twyla Tharp and presented a TV program created for him by Tharp?
 - ☐ Mikhail Baryshnikov ☐ Rudolf Nureyev
 - □ Alexander Godunov.

Conditions of Entry.

One entry ber person, entries may be made on the entry form, a facsimile of the entry form or by writing the answers on the back of an envelope. The first correct entry drawn will be the winner. Didges decision is final, no correspondence entered into The prize must be taken at a time agreed by Dantas and excludes major holiday periods. The prize must be taken within twelve months, and is not redeemable for cash. Employees of ANV Group, Qualsa Airways and the management and staff of the prize must be taken within the Australasian Order on conditionated by the Adecide Festival in association with the Australian Bicentennial Authority.

Name:			
Address:			
	Postcode:	Tele:	



Twyla Tharp's dance company: "doing forbidden things"

FESTIVALS

Tharp and the art of the split-second crime

By SUSAN ANTHONY

THERE'S one thing Richard Colton really wants to know about Australia. "Is it true," he asks in a tone of wonder, "that the flies there stick to your face? We've heard there are two kinds of cities in Australia — one where the flies stick to your face and one where they just hover around. But we don't know which cities are which."

Colton and his colleagues in Twyla Tharp's dance company in New York will have plenty of time to find out for themselves in the next few weeks when they perform at festivals in Melbourne, Sydney, Perth, Adelaide and Canberra as well as in Wellington, New Zealand. The company — one of the most innovative, energetic and admired in America – will give Australians their first real taste of the maverick choreographer's work, as well as a chance to see why one American critic says that watching it is like "gorging on a large pizza with everything on it, all in one sitting.

The group will also premiere two dances Tharp has created for the visit — The Human Race and Down Under. Like the rest of the Australian program — which includes Tharp's popular Bad Smells — the new creations are dazzling collages of dance styles which can cover everything from ballet to ballroom to moves based on boxing.

In addition to her pioneering choreography, which for years has blazed trails in American dance, Tharp has always used music considered a little unusual in the performance context. She has made dances to the music of Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton, Haydn, Mozart, Bach, The Beach Boys and Bruce Springsteen and has commissioned scores by contemporary American composers including David Byrne and Philip Glass. The late Dennis Wilson, the Beach Boys drummer, once said: "When I saw the dancers moving to our music, I just sat there and cried. It was the greatest moment of my life."

Her Australian premiere numbers are no exception: *The Human Race* is choreographed to a range of styles from songs by Michael Jackson to scores by Spike Jones while *Down Under* is set to a work commissioned from Australian composer Bruce Smeaton.

Tharp, 45, was named (so the story goes) after a winning farm pig at a country fair in her childhood home in Indiana. She began choreographing in 1965, when she formed her own company. About 10 years later she was beginning to become one of the most talked about and controversial figures in the American dance world. Her ingenuity and daring were a breath of fresh air in a milieu at the crossroads of change. In addition, she began to make dance popular with a mass audience an achievement which, naturally, won her both friends and enemies. She has become known since for her work in film, television and the theatre as well as on stage and has about 750 videotapes of performances of her choreography available for her dancers to study when she can't be with them in person.

Tharp has choreographed for the world's leading dancers, the American Ballet Theatre, the City Centre Joffrey Ballet in New York and the New York City Ballet. She has also worked on four feature films including Hair and Ragtime. As well, she has created TV specials and theatre pieces and directed and choreographed the Broadway version of the musical Singin' in the Rain in 1985.

While her output is tremendous, she insists that it is the result of hard work and not revelation: "I'm not a big one for mystery. I like things to be very clear. You put in hours on a daily basis over a lifetime and work is accomplished. I hate the word 'in-

spiration'. It's more mundane than that. I like motivation."

She has clear ideas about dance and art. "Dance," she says, "is like a bank robbery. It requires split-second timing." And: "Art is the only way to run away without leaving home." And again: "Serious art does not have to torture to be serious art."

And others have clear ideas about her. Ballet superstar Mikhael Baryshnikov, for instance, says: "How refined and delicate and impossibly difficult her vocabulary is... you feel like a fish in sand. Twyla pushed me and encouraged me. I always had the feeling I was out in a boat that had no sail, doing forbidden things."

Meanwhile Colton — who has been dancing with and for Tharp for 11 years — says that, although doing her works is sometimes exhausting, it is always exhilarating. In an attempt to explain just what the experience feels like, he quotes a line from the writer Vladimir Nabokov, describing the style of the Russian writer Gogol: "Imagine a trapdoor that opens under your feet with absurd suddenness and a lyrical gust that sweeps you up and then lets you fall with a gust into the trap hole."

"That," says Colton, "is about the closest I've ever been able to come to saying how it feels to dance Twyla's work." Colton is waiting to find out about those different cities and looking forward to seeing the "Aussie salute". Indeed there's every chance that this involuntary swishing movement at the flies could end up in a Tharp dance. After all, she is a woman who videotaped herself every day during her pregnancy to see how her movements changed. And she knows a good new movement when she sees it.

PUBLISHING

Polly to Penguin: the privatisation of Senator Susan

By KEVIN MURPHY

LIKE ageing boxers, few politicians know when to call it quits. It often takes a serious thumping to convince them that their footwork is sluggish and their punching power gone. But fortunately for Susan Ryan, ex-minister for Education and special minister of State, a better game has come along.

"People can stay too long in politics," says the new publishing director of Penguin Books from the vantage point of her new lease on life, a position some insiders call the plum job in Australian publishing. "They stay because it's always a bit of a risk to make a midlife career change." For Ryan, 44, whose political star was no longer rising, the only risk was in not phoning back fast enough to take the offer. Not many jobs in Australia offer more potential influence than heading a federal ministry. Ryan's job with Penguin is one that does.

When the sub-dean of Melbourne University's Arts faculty, Dinny O'Hearn. says: "Over the past 10 or 12 years, Penguin has become the clear centre of the growth of our Australian culture,' few would accuse him of hyperbole. Penguin, under the guidance of Brian Johns who departed to become executive director of the Special Broadcasting Service, led the way in publishing Australian writing. O'Hearn says that Penguin, the second-largest publisher in Australia after Collins, "nurtured and propagated Australian writing and culture fearlessly. It made Australia aware that we had writers in our midst."

Penguin's local publishing turnover grew from \$700,000 in 1979 to about \$12 million last year. Other publishers had to follow the lead. New writers came to the fore. Bookstores expanded their Australian fiction sections. And the homegrown talent began garnering international acclaim. Ryan steps in to captain a winning team. The news that she had beaten

highly qualified literati for the job took many in the incestuous publishing community by surprise.

However, according to Michael Webster who publishes Australian Bookseller and Publisher: "There's extraordinary respect in the market for Penguin and its managing director, Peter Field, who hasn't put a foot wrong in six or seven years. There's cautious optimism, a 'Let's wait and see' attitude around." He also says it's not unusual to go outside the industry for new blood, "as long as it's not for a toothpaste manufacturer".

Although Ryan hopes that publishing differs from politics — she looks forward to a change after 12 tough years in the public eye — she believes in a "natural progression" from her political concerns to Penguin's "legacy as a major cultural and educational institution".

It's too early to tell exactly what role Ryan will play when she moves to Penguin's Melbourne headquarters in suburban Ringwood next month. A company spokesman says of the job: "To a large degree, it's what she makes of it." Observers believe that Penguin doesn't need another Johns but, instead, someone who can manage and consolidate the momentum he created. Says one:

"They published indiscriminately. Johns commissioned books left, right and centre. He went off on tangents. There's a tremendous need to take control, shape and mould the list."

Ryan envisions a "hands on" approach to determining the publishing program and intends to build up the fiction list. She is keen to find out "why some of our fiction writers have strayed away and if, perhaps, they'd like to come back". She adds: "Naturally, I'll be a bit of an empire-builder in terms of talent."

Developing non-fiction publishing that reflects Australia's place in the region is also a concern. Ryan likens putting together the right combination of best-sellers and worthy esoteric and specialist books to government ministers hooking less popular but necessary provisos to popular programs or reforms — something of which she has experience.

Her career change brings with it a long-awaited return to private life and, of course, more time for reading. The years of high public profile, clashes with the press, being a woman in a predominantly male world and nicknames such as "The Minister for Tokenism" won't be missed. But she is proud of her achievements on behalf of women's

rights, education and her part in Labor's regaining power and maintaining it since 1983. Says Ryan, fondly: "A lot of people have taken the time to write to me recently. It makes me feel my 12 years of national service was well spent and people really appreciated it."

Approval in Melbourne's publishing community will be at least as hard to come by. The switch occasions a move from Canberra – her home since 1971 - learning a new business, meeting people and deciding (delicately) which Victorian Football League team to support. Despite years of masking her private thoughts from a prying press, she is openly excited about a new start. "We are on the crest of a new wave of recognition and appreciation of the Australian experience. The best that can come of the bicentenary is a renewed demand to know more about all things Australian. It's a very good time to be moving into a dynamic publishing house that has a real commitment to promoting our culture. And I'm keen to play a role in that promotion." □



Ryan: mid-life change risk

CRIME

Chinese takeaway 'good as gold'

PHILIP CORNFORD looks at the ironic aftermath of Australia's record bank raid.

THE NSW Police don't like to admit it but they have little likelihood of a lead on whoever pulled Australia's biggest bank heist in Sydney's Chinatown by turning over those traditional, albeit sleazy, middlemen of crime - the "fences". Those who blow-torched their way into the Haymarket branch of the National Australia Bank over the New Year weekend and stole the contents of 80 safety deposit boxes can sell much of their loot openly - and legally. This lessens the risk of their being stood over by other criminals or "shelfed" by middlemen feeling the weight of police pressure. They may have sold it already.

Much of the bounty was in ingots and bars of fine (99.99 percent pure) gold which could be resold at about \$670 an ounce to the same reputable and long-established city merchants from whom the Chinese bought it in the first place — cash up front, no questions asked. The anonymity of gold is one of its big attractions to those who wish to conceal wealth from the tax collectors and it is a none-too-gentle irony that the victims are being hoist with their own petard.

A lot of it will be in scrap gold from melting down necklaces, wrist chains, bangles and ring settings and artefacts. Many of the same reputable dealers will pay cash or cash cheques over the counter on production of no more than a driver's licence, that most laughable and easily obtainable of identification papers — hardly a challenge to criminals whose total haul is estimated at a minimum \$10 million and perhaps 10 times that amount. No one but the thieves will ever know.

I telephoned, anonymously and at random, five of the 28 gold buyers and/or refiners listed in the Sydney Yellow Pages and suggested that I had scrap gold to sell but only for cash. Two said they would pay immediately the purity of the gold was determined by acid assay tests performed on the spot. A third, asked to pay cash, said: "Sometimes we do, sometimes we don't. It depends on the purity and the quantity. Bring it in and we'll see."

A cost was involved, however — a markdown of 20 percent in one case and 30 percent in the second, inflicted under the euphemism of "brokerage fees" but really a hedge against risk because the acid assay tests are not 100



Mallard: "you need moles"

percent accurate. Even so, that is a small cost compared with the 50 percent take of "fences" and avoids all the risks inherent in dealing with the underworld, which preys on its own with unmitigated venality.

The two other gold buyers I rang were willing to accept scrap gold on the basis that they would refine it into fine gold and pay accordingly after charging a fee — a better deal because it gets a higher price. This, however, involved waiting — five days with one, three weeks with the other — for payment. And hanging around can be risky.

The haul is all the more tempting because Chinese almost exclusively buy only 22- and 24-carat gold settings and jewellery, the best. They love the soft yellow color and, more importantly, admire the readiness with which it can be turned into cash. All the thieves need for smelting is a small oxy-acetylene torch (with which they have already demonstrated their expertise) and a graphite crucible, both obtainable at your neighborhood hardware store.

The robbers will need to be more careful in disposing of the diamonds: they will have to trade with dishonest jewellers. But the hazards are still infinitesimal because only a microscopic percentage of stolen diamonds is recovered. One of Sydney's leading insurance loss adjustors, who handles about 15 percent of the jewellery market, says: "We had about 1200 jewellery burglary claims last year and there were

TH BARLOW





no more than two or three cases in which the stolen gems were recovered."

Private detective Warren Mallard, 39, of Lyonswood Investigations, specialising in insurance and corporate fraud, says: "Ninety-nine percent of jewellers and gold merchants are straight as a die but the one percent who aren't leaves a hell of a lot on the take." And the risk to the thieves is lessened hugely by the absence of the most important factor in recovering stolen gems - reward money. Mallard recently paid \$5000 of insurance company money "no names asked" for information which led police to raid premises and recover stolen diamonds and artefacts valued at \$150,000. He says: "You need moles, underworld informants and you don't get them unless you pay. There's nothing wrong with this. The police do it all the time. But who's going to put up the reward money for this job? Not the banks, because they can't substantiate what was in the security boxes. Not the insurance companies, because most of the stuff in security boxes is hidden wealth and not insured. That leaves the police.'

Rewards are being offered by Chinese to private investigators who are being asked to "keep an eye out" for valuables which will never appear on the police inventories of stolen goods. One particular agony is the fear that the police will recover wealth which the owners cannot reclaim without exposing themselves to the ruthless scrutiny of taxation investigators. Far better to pay up under the counter. That way, they get at least some of the value back.

Mallard — who was a successful goldsmith for 20 years and whose business won five Australian Design awards — believes that most of the gems will go to South-East Asia which has a huge market selling to tourists.

In that transaction, the thieves would realise only a small proportion of the "value" of the gems — which is hugely inflated by the time the stones get to decorate a bosom or a hand, sometimes by as much as 300 percent.

And artefacts will be more difficult to dispose of. They will be mostly of jade and of Oriental designs, both unattractive to Australians. The best market, Mallard says, is Hong Kong and a middleman would have to be involved. Artefacts are more easily identifiable but, Mallard says, the market is huge. It would be a chance in a thousand if one piece were traced back to the thieves.

Mallard believes that the robbers did not get a lot of cash. Money is bulky and gold more easily concealed and transported — a big factor with Chinese people, many of whom have been refugees at some stage. Gold is the currency of the dispossessed. Mallard points out that a 400-ounce gold ingot is worth \$280,000 yet measures only 26 centimetres by 10 by seven. Fine gold is produced in bars and ingots from one ounce up. It also comes in leaf, granules and wire and is literally worth its own weight to the thieves, who got it for nothing.

Despite speculation that some of the safety deposit boxes might have contained heroin, Mallard thinks it unlikely that any substantial quantities of the

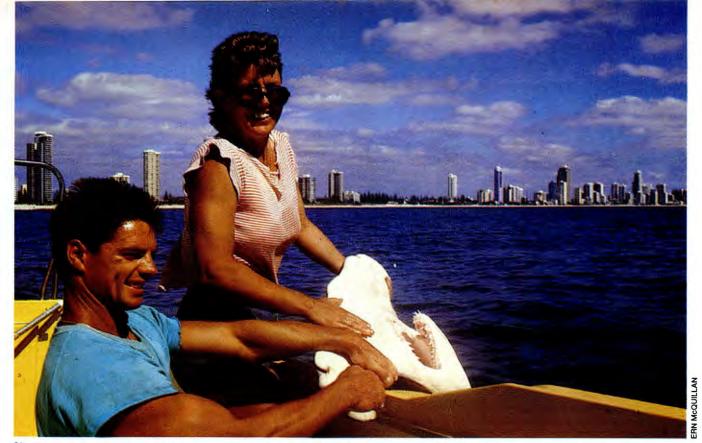
drug would have been involved. Heroin is bulky, the illicit trade is well organised and the turnaround very quick — so there is no reason to hold on to it.

If there was heroin, though, it was a "bonus" — even more valuable than the gold and just as easily got rid of. □

Five-minute Quiz 42

- 1. What is the family name of Prince Rainier of Monaco?
- 2. Australia's currency has 100 cents to the dollar. The Soviet Union's currency has 100...to the ...?
- Name the character in Jules Verne's novel who wagered that he could go around the world in 80 days.
- 4. What was the title of Elvis Presley's first movie?
- 5. Name the four US states beginning with the letter A.
- 6. Basenji, keeshond, puli, rottweiler and shar-pei are all...?
- 7. Who was the last British viceroy in India?
- 8. What were the first names of Napoleon Bonaparte's two wives?
- 9. What is a neon tetra?
- What does Wal, the farmer in the comic-strip Footrot Flats, call his sheepdog.

Compiled by Kevin Schluter Answers on page 86



Shark net contractor Kim McKenzie and deckhand Bruce Mortley set out to clear the Surfers Paradise nets

WILDLIFE

Kim versus the sharks

MARTIN WARNEMINDE meets a huntress on the Gold Coast.

WHEN she slit open the belly of a 3.9metre (13ft) tiger shark netted off the Gold Coast just before Christmas, meshing contractor Kim McKenzie found what could be human rib bones. Having to report the grisly discovery to Harbors and Marine Department officials at Southport upset her. News of such finds causes unnecessary distress to the relatives of people missing at sea. "Anyone lost out there is likely to be eaten by fish - large or small - and their family would realise that," she says. "It seems needlessly cruel to hit them with the more definite horror that pieces of a body have been found in a shark.'

But part of her job of keeping Gold Coast surfers safe from shark attack is to report what each one she catches has been eating. Along with descriptions of species, length and water temperature, the information goes toward building a statistical picture of Australian sharks and their habits. And this is not the first time McKenzie, 36, had found suspected human remains in a shark. It has happened on "three or four" occasions in the 14 years she has been Australia's only government-hired woman shark killer. For 12 of those years, her terri-

tory was the Sunshine Coast north of Brisbane. She was undercut in price by another tenderer three years ago and lost that contract but won her present one, the most important in Queensland, after six months "on the beach".

She is "sure from my own knowledge" that those earlier discoveries were human. This time, she is not certain. The bones might have been from a large dog or other animal, possibly a dolphin or even dugong. But, as it was only a few days after human hip and leg bones were found in a shark caught off the NSW coast near Nowra, she reluctantly decided to hand them in.

Summer weather has brought the usual boom in shark numbers off Gold Coast beaches. The same day she found the tiger shark in one of her 11 nets, she also caught a 2.7m hammerhead. Two days later, the nets held a 3.7m hammerhead and a small black-tipped reef shark. The larger hammerhead's swollen belly contained more than a dozen small shovelnose sharks. The following day, shark alarms were still chasing bathers from the surf.

McKenzie is contemptuous of conservationists who criticise beach meshing as an unnecessary danger to dolphins and turtles. "I'm not proud of what I do but it does seem to keep beaches safe from shark attack," she says. "And baby dolphins and turtles are among the more common things we find in sharks." This, she suggests, means that meshing saves more of these creatures than it kills. Four or five dolphins a years have been trapped and drowned in her nets. But a makeshift warning system she is testing this year, using empty beer cans, may be keeping them away from danger. The cans are strung in pairs along the float lines and the top of nets and the leadlines at the bottom. The theory is that the cans bounce back the sonic signals the dolphins use as a guidance system. It seems to work but "needs more time". What McKenzie would like more is a system for keeping trawler fishermen away. Their boats have wrecked many of her nets while making inshore runs for prawns after dark. She had the same trouble on the Sunshine Coast but, after some often heated confrontations, the trawlermen there made an effort to keep clear of her gear. "I went to school with many of them, so that made it easier to sort things out," she says. It has been a different story on the Gold

Coast. She had to enlist the aid of departmental officials recently to scare off fishermen there. An occasional net is still found slashed by knives to free it

from a propeller.

While McKenzie believes that her ploy of getting help from government heavies has worked, there is little sign of forgive and forget when she talks about the trawlers. "They should realise that, just like them, I'm out here to make a living," she says. Though not naming any names, she gives the impression that slitting open the bellies of one or two particular fishermen would give more satisfaction than disemboweling a shark. She says, however, that she tries to avoid face-to-face arguments and an incident on one of her patrols provided an example. Spotting a professional fisherman with an illegal gill net strung across a patch of reef off Palm Beach, she altered course to demand: "What do you think you're doing?" When an aggressive "What's it to you?" was shouted back, she broke off the confrontation but noted the registered number of his boat.

"It's not my job to police things like that but I'll report it when I get back," she says. "That guy's been in trouble before for doing the same thing. Using nets like that cleans out a reef and ruins things for the amateur fishermen."

The easy way McKenzie handles her 26ft Cougar Cat, with its two 150horsepower Mercury outboards, and casually deals with the razor-toothed monsters she nets might suggest a woman a bit butch. But she blushes beneath her golden tan as she recounts the feminine social embarrassment the job at times has caused. "When I was younger, especially - a bit of a flibbertygibbet - I'd be going out at night with someone and take all sorts of care showering and doing everything right. But as soon as I met the guy he'd take a sniff and say, 'I see you caught a shark today, Kim'. It was very upsetting. The smell is hard to get rid of, especially if a shark has been dead a day before you find it."

A former women's surfing champion, McKenzie started work with her fisherman father when she was 16. She worked, at 18, as his deckhand when he won the Sunshine Coast shark meshing contract. In those early days, she was irritated by media stories describing her as an amazon. She has mellowed a little. She says she would not mind a break to do a little yachting. She lives on a 38ft sloop moored at the Southport marina. At the moment, it seems a tossup whether she goes sailing or takes up a four-year option to continue looking after the 11 nets and 24 drumlines that protect the beaches.



McKenzie and Mortley about to haul aboard a hammerhead shark



The contract calls for her to check them 14 days a month. The government supplies the nets, bait and hooks for the drumlines and any other equipment needed. McKenzie — as do the other seven shark contractors on the Queensland coast — provides the boat, fuel and labor. The nets, each valued at \$1700, are made by members of the Queensland Blind Institute. They last a maximum of seven years.

McKenzie has lost count of the number of sharks she has caught but Harbors and Marine headquarters in Brisbane says that, since netting started on the Gold and Sunshine coasts on November 1, 1962, 29,780 have been snared on government nets and drumlines. These now cover 42 beaches, going as far north as Cairns.

On the Gold Coast, more than 7500 sharks have been caught since the program started. Departmental statistics show that tiger sharks are the most frequent catch — between 300 and 350 a year from all netted beaches. Whalers and hammerheads each make up an average of 200 to 300 a year.

McKenzie may not know just how many sharks she has caught but she does remember the biggest. It was a tiger, netted off Bribie Island, that she says was 7.9 metres long. That would have made it a world record. "Unfortunately, it had been in the net a few days when we found it and started to fall apart when we tried to tow it back-to port," she says. "But we measured it along the backbone and gave the length in our official report."

She gets more satisfaction from recalling a much smaller one she netted off a Sunshine Coast beach. It had attacked a friend on his surfboard a few days earlier, grabbing him by the buttocks. "What saved him was the legrope attaching him to the board," she says. "When he was pulled under, the board went too and the extra drag made the shark let him go. Other board riders got him ashore."

McKenzie found pieces of the surfboard in its stomach. "I had the jaws mounted and gave them to him," she says. "He was disappointed the shark wasn't bigger when he saw them — but it was the last time he went surfing."

The bones she found in the tiger caught off the Gold Coast may have come from a less fortunate swimmer. Harbors and Marine district officer Dave Oelrichs told *The Bulletin* that mammal bones found in sharks were sent to experts in Brisbane to determine whether they were human. "I didn't handle this lot but one of the lads mentioned they had been handed in," he said. "To my knowledge there's been nothing come of it."



Whenever you're feeling like a winner, don't get caught without a Henri Wintermans on hand.

Like Scooters.

The international small cigars.
The perfect size for any occasion.
With a flavour that's
absolutely champion.

Just one of the Henri Wintermans range of fine cigars.





NEXUS 07/461

ELECTIONS

Lange builds on his margin for defeat

By MALCOLM MACKERRAS

THE NEW Zealand general election on August 15 exhibited some similarities to its counterpart across the Tasman on July 11 but there was one striking difference between the two patterns of voting.

Both the Hawke Labor government in Australia and the Lange Labour government in New Zealand suffered adverse overall swings in two-party terms. Yet, in each case, the uniform swing needed to bring defeat next time has increased by about one percent.

In Australia's case the reason for this paradox was explained by my recent article on that election (B, September 15). In New Zealand's case the explanation lies in the peculiar behaviour of the North Island general electorates.

Before analysing trends, some points about method need to be noted. Under first-past-the-post counting, the only sensible way to measure swing is to use the two-party vote. This means adding the Labour and National votes together to produce a two-party total in each electorate. Calculation of each party's percentage of that total enables the construction of the accompanying Labour versus National pendulum.

The top two votes were Labour and National in 88 out of the 97 electorates. Minor parties failed to win a single seat in 1987 but they did come second in nine seats. Swings needed by minor parties to win seats where they came second are set out in Tables Four and Five (over page).

For example, Wanganui had three candidates and Labour's Marshall won

7458 votes, the Democrats' Heffernan 7300 and National's Anderson 6089. So National needs a 5.4 percent swing to take Wanganui (see pendulum) but Democrats need a 0.9 percent swing (see Table Four).

For another example: in Northern Maori there were four candidates and Labour's Gregory won 7760 votes, Mana Motuhake Rata 4231, National's Albert 1079 and the Democrats' McKay 329. Hence the swing figures shown as required by National on the pendulum and Mana Motuhake in Table Five.

Note that the party now known as Democrats was Social Credit.

Mana Motuhake is a Maori party which makes a serious effort only in the Maori seats.

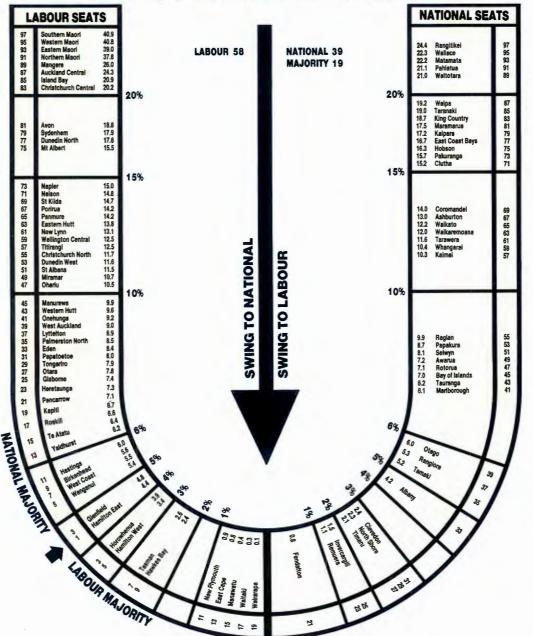
In 1984 the aggregate twoparty percentages for New Zealand as a whole were 54.5 for Labour and 45.5 for National. In 1987 they were 52.1 for Labour and 47.9 for National, a swing to National of 2.4 percent.

So far as the swing distribution is concerned, that in the South Island and in the Maori seats is simple of explanation.

The South Island swing of 3.6 percent yielded National one seat more in 1987 than it had won in 1984 (see Table Three). The reason for such a paucity of National gains lies in there being so few Labour marginals in the South Island after 1984.

The position of National in the South Island is now relatively fortunate. Four La-

NEW ZEALAND ELECTORAL PENDULUM



bour marginals could fall next time: namely Waitaki (0.3), Tasman (2.6), West Coast (5.5) and Yaldhurst (6.2).

In past decades, West Coast was one of Labour's safest seats. Even after the 1984 election it needed a 13.6 percent swing to fall to National. Following the 8.1 percent swing in 1987, it now needs only 5.5 percent.

In the Maori seats there was a slight swing to National but the swing to Mana Motuhake was quite substantial.

In 1984, Mana Motuhake had secured only 11.1 percent of the twoparty vote with Labour. In 1987, it won 19.5 percent – a swing of 8.4 percent. The swing was especially great in Northern Maori where the Mana Motuhake share rose from 21 percent in 1984 to 35.3 in 1987.

Taking New Zealand as a whole, the explanation for Labour's strong postelection position lies in what happened in the North Island general electorates. There was a slight overall swing against Labour but a slight swing in the most marginal seats.

On the post-election pendulum, the median seat is Hamilton East which needs a 4.4 percent swing to fall to National. Interestingly enough, Hamilton East was also the median seat on the pre-election pendulum which I pub-

lished in The Bulletin, of May 26. It then needed a 3.5 percent swing to fall. The 0.9 percent swing to Labour in 1987 was fairly typical of what happened in the North Island marginal seats.

Some of the above sounds a bit like a description of the Australian election but there was one striking difference.

As I noted in my September 15 article on Australia, the Sydney conurbation was notable for its universal swing against Labor. The same was not true on the other side of the Tasman in the "Sydney lookalike" metropolitan area of Auckland.

Safe Labour seats recorded marked swings to National in Auckland. That, however, was offset by large swings to Labour in a few formerly safe National seats occupied by the rich.

For example, Remuera is the Auckland equivalent of Wentworth. As recently as 1975, its National share of the two-party vote of 80 percent made it the safest in all New Zealand. Even after 1984 it was 65 percent.

Today, it is one of National's most marginal seats.

It would seem that the Auckland rich have a love of the policies of Finance Minister Roger Douglas which the Sydney rich do not have for those of federal Treasurer Paul Keating.

Total vot	BLEO				Laha	1000	BLET		ntages
Party	1984					-		,,,,,	Swing to
Labour	43.0	48.0		5.0			1984	1987	National
National	35.9	44.0		8.1	-	Island	51.8	50.4	1.4
Democrats	7.6	5.7	- 77	.9	100000000000000000000000000000000000000	Island	56.6	53.0	3.6
New Zealand	12.3	0.3	-13	2.0	Maori		91.6	89.6	2.0
Other	1.2	2.0	+	0.8	New 2	Cealand	54.5	52.1	2.4
Party	No	orth Isl		Seats	THREE won	Me	ori		Total
	19	200	987	1984	1987	1984	1987		-
Labour	3	- J	40	15	14	4	4	56	
National	2		28	10	11	-	-	37	
Democrats		2	_	- 11	=	21	-	2	10.0
Total	-		68	25	25	4	4	95	
	ABLEF	OLIB				7	ABLE	FIVE	
Swing nee	The second second		-	rate		wing r	noode	d hu	Mana
	ueu b	y De			-		Aotuh		mana
Electorate				%	Electo		notal	IANG	%
Wanganui				0.9	A-21/00/00/00 OF				
East Coast Bay				21.00	Northern Maori				14.8
Pakuranga				6.4	Western Maori Eastern Maori				34.4 34.5
Coromandel				13.5		n Maori			38.8
Rangitikei									-16.6



If you'd rather be at the U.S. Masters, instead of just wishing you were there, the makers of Henri Wintermans fine cigars are giving you a sporting chance. But it's not just the U.S. Masters we could be whisking you away to. Every time you pick up a pack of Henri Wintermans, you've a chance to win one of 4 return trips to major world sporting events. The Monaco Formula One Grand Prix at Monte Carlo, for instance, or a spot of smashing tennis at Wimbledon, or the British Open Golf at Royal Lytham & St. Annes. The consolation prize list features dozens of goodies such as sporting videos and books. Enter wherever you

buy Henri Wintermans Cigars.



The fashion in mini-politics

JUDGING by the masses of young women striding around in miniskirts, it seems that many of us may not literally want to "wear the trousers". However, I doubt most of us feel that exposing our legs automatically disenfranchises us from the power that goes with them. Miniskirts are no longer worn only by the extreme or the ultra-trendy — even Marks and Spencer in Britain is doing it: "This season, we are offering an extra short length 21 inches (53cm) — two inches above the knee." Wow!

At the American collections, full of Calvin Klein "slips" and the "Shortest, Briefest Dresses of Them All", we saw what New Yorkers mean by High Rise. International buyers rushed back home "to get all their existing stock chopped into minis".

So what does all this mean? Does it have to mean anything? Maybe not but, unlike many items of fashion, the miniskirt is generally perceived to signify something — whatever it may be...the '60s, sex or success. It now acts almost as a vacuum, pulling every and any potential meaning into itself. People who denounce fashion, and particularly women's clothes, as superficial or regard it as merely decorative have poured into this insignificant garment so many meanings that it brims over with possible clues to modern behaviour.

This iconic status allows it to be taken outside the closed world of fashion and read against the economic and political climate. Desmond Morris (who should really stick to talking to monkeys), has a go at this in last month's *Elle*, telling us

that, while short skirts signal liberation, long ones mean "female subjugation and peasant toil". The only thing, he says, that has delayed the return of the mini has been the uncertainty in the *Financial Times*' index. Such glib determinism ignores the variety of styles available and fails to explain how they change so rapidly.

To put it crudely, as London columnist Julie Burchill always does, "You cannot take the temperature of a culture by measuring a hemline, the collective whim of 15 French fag (sic) dressmakers says absolutely nothing about the shift in status and sensibilities of western womanhood".

Yet fashion isn't just about designers. Some styles filter down and become acceptable to the mass market. Others don't. Short skirts have cropped up regularly in the designer shows of the past few years with clothes inspired by physical activity, dance and sport. We've had the tutu and the skating skirt, among others. On the streets, the adoption of the miniskirt in PVC or rubber by female punks was a deliberate rejection of the long, floaty and "natural" skirts of the late '70s. It was all very synthetic, suggestive and full of shockability.

Now, it's no longer just smarties or punks who want to wear miniskirts. Which is why it's also tempting to read them as a sign of a post-feminist consciousness. Is this perhaps why there is a difference between the flimsy and skimpy clothes of the catwalk and the way that short skirts are actually being worn? In the collections, the clothes were all little girlish; on the streets they are far more businesslike and practical and worn with black tights against the cold wind.

Further, it seems that power dressing now can incorporate the short skirt into its corporate identity. The boss as well as her secretary can wear it. Looking like she means business in a miniskirt and tailored jacket, she can display her perfectly-toned body and sexual confidence. It's no longer a distraction but a "tangible asset". This may be anathema to some feminists who feel that this mythical world of women "having it all" is still far away for most of us and that the tyranny of fashion still excludes all but the adolescent and the anorexic. But fashion is about pleasure as well as pain. About playing with the boundaries of the body. About the constant negotiation between what is public and what is private.

For women, these are always political as well as aesthetic decisions. Can I wear that to work, on the bus, in the pub? We might think that we are signalling sexual autonomy in our "look, but don't touch" outfit but for every sophisticated Tom and Harry who understands the rules of the game, there's a Dick that doesn't. For some men, autonomy dressed up is remarkably like availability. Like all those snarling models in the ads — defiance is just another kind of provocation.

The move toward more blatantly sexualised women's

clothes, which provides an overall context for the shorter hemlines, is also seen by some as an imaginary working through of some of the dilemmas posed by AIDS. For women — and men — taking refuge in monogamous relationships in these days of safe sex, the message is "Look erotic but don't deliver" as designer Antony Price says: "If the product is the same, then the packaging had better look thrilling."

Yet, of all the meanings we attach to the mini, its '60s connotations are the most powerful.

Many of the recent fashion shows had a strong '60s feel. One was completely derived from '60s styles, right down to the psychedelic colors. But it's all very knowing — a million miles away from innocence. For how we perceive the '60s has largely been influenced by Thatcherite discourse; the '60s is what has been repressed in the '80s. Thatcherites talk of the '60s as the time when everything started to go wrong; so it's interesting that designers should visually reclaim the era. But the '60s refracted through '80s sensibilities means something quite different, especially for women.

pecially for women.

The freedom the miniskirt symbolised in the swinging '60s was the freedom to say "Yes".

In the late '80s, it symbolises the freedom to say "No". □



Leather mini by Joshua Berger: meanings

The Australian Bicentennial Official Plate and Tankard



Australia — An ancient land of vast spaces — yet also a land of intense cultivation with large modern urban centres revealing our European Heritage.

Founded in 1788 as a struggling British colony, we have emerged during our 200 years of white settlement as a significant Nation of free men and women, committed to the principle of equality and jealous of our democratic rights.

We are above all a land of people - some of whom have led the world - from Nellie Melba to Joan Sutherland; Howard Flory to Macfarlane Burnet; Henry Lawson to Patrick White; and Don Bradman to our most recent sporting hero, Pat Cash.

We are certainly a land of the future, won for us in part by the sacrifice of our renowned fighting men and women in a number of conflicts (including two world wars), and consecrated by our determination to preserve the free ranging spirit that their memory evokes.

To celebrate Australia's Bicentenary, International Historical Foundation has produced one of its famous Historical Plate & Tankard Series. We have been authorised to use the magnificent Australian Coatof-Arms (an honour rarely granted), as a high-relief centrepiece, superbly recreated here by Emil Hafner.

Limited to just 3,000 & 7,500 examples respectively and each inscribed with the major events in Australia's history, this Plate and Tankard are destined to become superb tributes to this historical occasion, and are collector's pieces of lasting significance.

THE PLATE: A grand showpiece measuring 10" across with beautifully mirror - polished surface deeply engraved with the historical legends of Australia; each plate is accompanied by display stand and is delivered in a handsome, lined presentation case.

THE TANKARD: Weighing 18oz (more than twice the weight of commercially available tankards) with a capacity of 1 Imperial pint, a traditional glass bottom and mirror - like silver - polished finish, these uniquely designed tankards are at once a superb display piece, and also a practical drinking tavern pot. The milestones of Australia's history are also engraved on the tankard's back.

Each Plate and Tankard are inscribed on their bases with their edition number and the touch - marks which certify them as genuine pewter. Because of the high standard of workmanship involved and the exacting specifications laid down by IHF, with reasonable care they can be expected to pass from generation to generation as family heirlooms. At \$195 per plate and \$95 per Tankard (inclusive of all charges), these Official Bicentenary commemoratives are exceptional value and will be eagerly sought after, particularly as the strict edition limits can never be

As demand for the Bicentennial Plate & Tankard is expected to be very high, to avoid disappointment we recommend an early order direct to International Historical Foundation*. Should your order be recieved after *A Division of the Library of Imperial History Pty. Ltd.



Creditcard holders may phone through their order immediately without completing this coupon. Ring from anywhere in Australia for the cost of a local call - the balance is charged to us. Callers living outside the Melbourne area dial 008 33 1005. In Melbourne dial 882 1326.

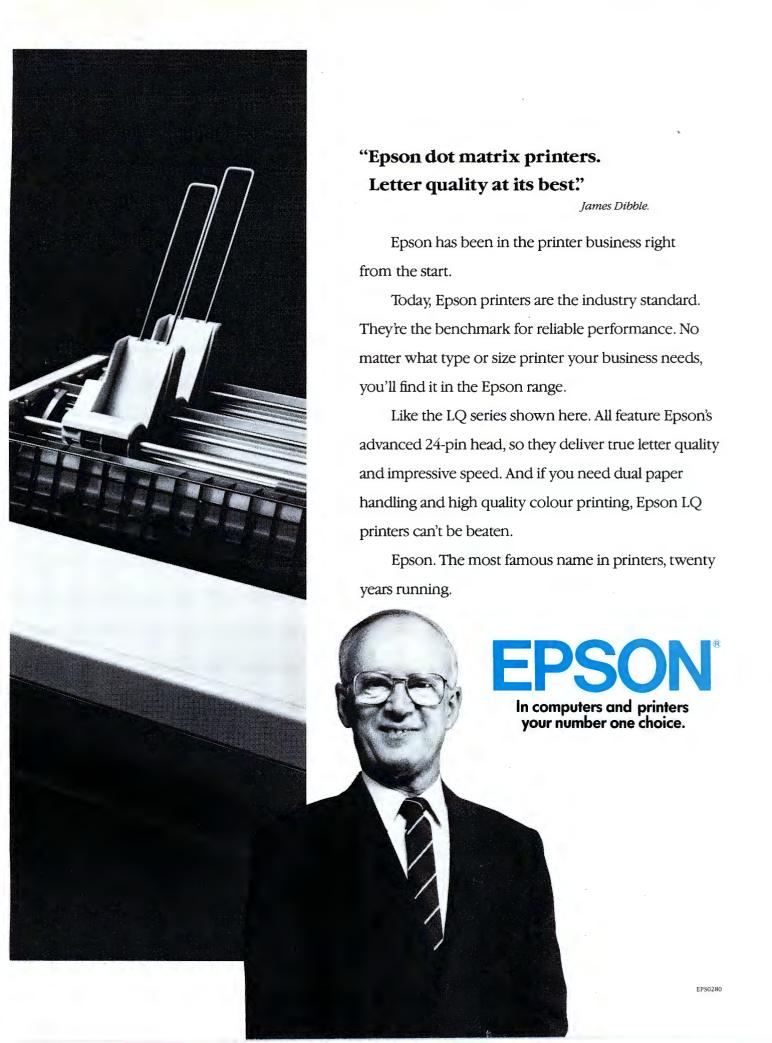
OR If you prefer to pay by cheque or money order, take advantage of our FREEPOST service. Simply fill in and cut out the order form and mail it with your

FREEPOST 271, International Historical Foundation, 269 Auburn Road, Hawthorn, Vic., 3122.
You do not need to place a stamp on your envelope if you use this service.

ORDER FORM	FREEPOST 271 (No Stamp Required) INTERNATIONAL HISTORICAL FOUNDATION 269 Auburn Road, Hawthorn, Victoria 3122
☐ Plea	ALIAN BICENTENNIAL OFFICIAL PLATE & TANKARD se send me (No.) Australian Bicentennial Official Plate(s) at 5 each.
☐ Plea	ise send me (No.) Australian Bicentennial Official kard(s) at \$95 each.
□lend	lose my cheque/money order for \$
OR pre	ofer to pay by crediticard the sum of \$
□Ba	nkcard □Visa □Mastercard Expiry date
Signature	
Mr, Mrs, Miss, (Block Letters Address	MsPlease)
L'	P/code



For your nearest dealer telephone Epson, Sydney (02) 436 0333, Melbourne (03) 543 6455, Brisbane (07) 832 5400, Adelaide (08) 373 1377, Perth (09) 325 1744, Auckland (09) 598 499.





Correspondent in confusion

THIS time it was different. For years I'd worked for newspapers, going from one to the other to the next only because proprietors kept firing me: from Packer to Fairfax to Murdoch and back to Packer who sold me back to Murdoch... then something had snapped. I had sold my house, paid my debts and gone for a sail around the world. Well... I'd made half way. In Egypt I'd realised that I'd run out of money, that I wasn't really very good at round-the-world sailing and that I wanted to go back to fulltime work. So I wrote to David McNicoll.

Now Kerry Packer was the proprietor of Australian Consolidated Press and I'd known him since he was just an embryo executive in advertising, so I might have been expected to write to him. But McN was the best editor I'd ever worked for — Zell Rabin was pretty near as good, but not quite — and it was McNicoll the editor-in-chief who, the mornings after Sir Frank Packer fired me, always settled things down, told me not to be a silly ass and rehired me.

Besides Kerry was still an unknown quantity. Sydney journalism knew was that he didn't drink. Not a wowser mind you: didn't mind if others had a go at the singing syrup, but just didn't like the taste of the stuff. Proprietors like that tend to make newspapermen nervous. So, supposing McNicoll still to be editor-in-chief, I wrote to him. At the time I was on reasonably good terms with Anwar el Sadat, the great Egyptian president, and an interview with him I reckoned would go well in The Bulletin. Also a few hundred

miles east the Israelis and Egyptians? Lebanese? Palestinians? Syrians? Saudis? were at war; and though I'd won few Pulitzer Prizes as a war correspondent in Vietnam I thought I might as well do it again.

thought I might as well do it again.

Back from McN came a charming letter saying that Kennedy was keen to run the interview with Sadat... Kennedy? Obviously Buzz Kennedy. He'd been with Consolidated Press, off and on, even longer than I had. He was my oldest friend in Sydney — but, good God, he was a columnist, not a shinybum executive, and he had always been McNicoll's junior. Still... you never knew with journalism.

I wouldn't get to see Sadat, his secretary told me, for about a month, so I decided to go to the war first — and there was another problem: I couldn't travel freely between the Arab world and Israel. I needed some neutral country for a spring-board ... The Saw cerebellum, humming like a well-oiled motor, decided on Cyprus. With a liberal advance from Kennedy — how good it was to have friends — Ellie and I flew to Cyprus and rented a sweet little walled cottage in the pretty northern port of Kyrenia; and I booked a seat to Beirut. And three days before I was due to leave another war broke out — the Cypriot civil war.

For 10 days we were under shot and shell: half the population of Greece trying to shoot me, half the armed forces of Turkey trying to shoot the Greeks and half the tourist population of Europe and Scandinavia hollering and demanding to

be rescued. Now this, I thought, is the kind of work a chap should be doing for Australia's oldest, most distinguished magazine: shot and shell, terrified civilians, guns, choppers, jets, battleships — and the copy must get through . . . I beat out two longish pieces — wartime diary from the front lines — made half-a-dozen copies of each and pressed them upon tourists who were still getting out. Would they deliver or mail them to Australian Consolidated Press, Fleet Street?

The war produced some pretty good copy of the kind the trade calls "color stuff": bodies, blood, bullets, a Greek slug smacking into a wall six inches from Ellie's head; Sabri, the restaurateur made famous by Lawrence Durrell (Bitter Lemons) first rubbing my sore back with incandescent Cypriot brandy, then drinking the stuff in a farewell toast before we fled from Turkish tanks; Ellie whispering excitedly that the Turks must have occupied, and hoisted their crescent moon over, a building across the road, only to discover that the crescent moon was the real thing; a white-and-gold-and-

ebony-swagger-sticked captain, RN, walking insouciantly through the hot stuff to assure British and Soviet refugees that he'd get them off and out of trouble... He did, too: them and a couple of petrified Australians.

Anyway we got to London and I bought some clothes and went to see Kerry who, with Kennedy, was staying at the Savoy. He was wearing blue jeans and no shoes or socks. "Ar there, son," he said. (I should explain that Kerry is younger than I, but he calls everybody "son" — even D. R. McNicoll who

could be his father, give or take a few white mustaches.) "Ar there, boss," I said. "And where's that born-again shinybum, Kennedy? By God, the sandgropers are really taking over now, eh?" "You reckon, eh, son? Yeh, I suppose you are.

Hey, Trevor, here's another of your lot."

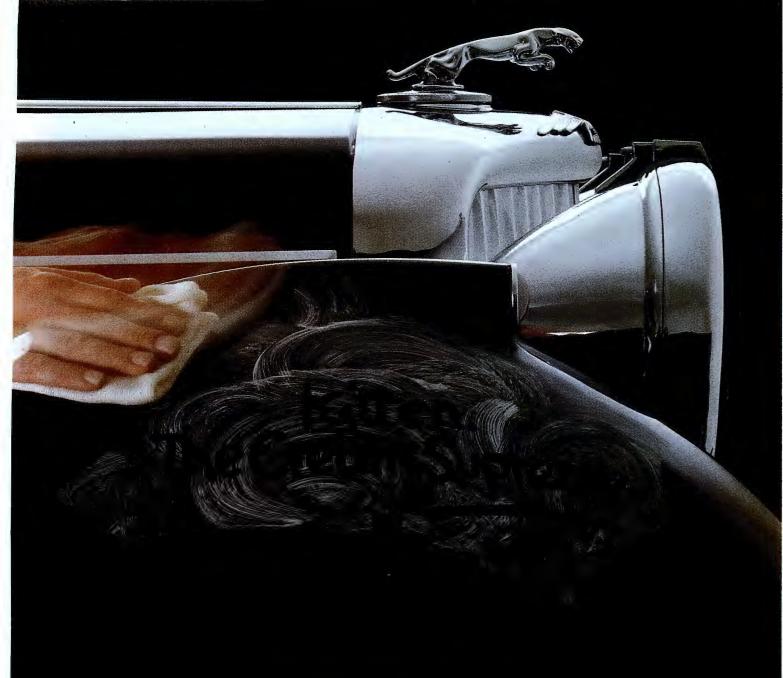
From a sofa arose a stocky, bespectacled young bloke, also blue-jeaned and barefoot; and from a hole in the top of my head arose a great, shining question mark. This was not Robert Rawdon, better known as Buzz, Kennedy, the reborn shinybum, the sandgroper from Leonora, 6438. As it turned out it was Trevor Kennedy, from Albany, 6330, later to become a big deal executive indeed, but then editor of *The Bulletin*. I made suitable noises.

I was still making them a few weeks later in Sydney when I ran into Dorothy Drain, the editor of *The Australian Women's Weekly*. "That was good stuff from Cyprus," she said. "Good-oh. Glad you liked it." "Gave me a terrible time. In your second par you had a quote saying that the Cypriots were 'industrious bastards'. We don't use words like that in the *Weekly*. I really sweated over that one, then I thought, 'The hell with it, why not?'"

"Er ..." Another cerebral question mark ascendant; a headlong rush to the files; another light of blinding clarity:

This time it really was different. My first piece for *The Bulletin* had been as a war correspondent for *The Australian Women's Weekly*.







The very finest in car care. The finish and long lasting protection of a cream, <u>but</u> with the easy and even application of a liquid. Kitten Supreme. Doesn't your car deserve a superior polish?

INTER CONTINENTAL, AGAIN AND AGAIN.

At good hotels, guests come and go.

At great hotels, guests come and go and then return again and again.

At Inter-Continental Hotels, three out of four guests are so impressed with the luxury of our service, dining facilities and exquisite rooms that they return again and again.

So come to Inter-Continental.

For unsurpassed staff, for unforgettable meetings, for marvelous locations, for beautiful restaurants, for an incredible vacation, for real relaxation and a genuine welcome ... Inter-Continental, again and again.

INTER CONTINENTAL HOTELS

For reservations, please call any one of our 100 hotels worldwide or see your Travel Agent.

HONG KONG

We're able to give our guests the best of Hong Kong. Great food, great views and a downtown location that puts them in the centre of the action.

Gerd Koidl General Manager Hotel Furama Inter-Continental Hong Kong

SINGAPORE

The Pavilion Inter-Continental's fine reputation is a result of the friendly, courteous and efficient service provided by our employees, it is for this reason that 70% of our guests return again and again.

Andrew Quinlan General Manager The Pavilion Inter-Continental Singapore

BOMBAY

Our people make the difference. After they welcome a guest for the first time, they say "Welcome back" to a friend. The best of all reasons for our guests to return. Again and Again.

Subir Bhowmick General Manager Taj Mahal Inter-Continental Bombay

TOKYO

Guests tell us they return to the Keio because we are a 'friendly' hotel. Not 'courteous' or 'hospitable', qualities which everyone expects in Japan, but 'friendly' What a great feeling that gives us.

Yoji Kawatsuma General Manager Keio Plaza Inter-Continental Tokyo



Unsworth in their sights

1 CAN'T believe that NSW Premier Barrie Unsworth is keen to take a seat on the Opposition benches but that's where he's headed if he goes on with these drastic and illogical gun law changes. I talked to a lot of country people during the holidays and heard from each of them about the smouldering resentment there — not merely from farmers and graziers but also from town dwellers.

The Unsworth knee-jerk was brought on by recent shooting rampages by mentally disturbed unfortunates. The killing rate, particularly in Sydney, has been fairly steady since but kitchen knives seem the preferred weapon. Will Unsworth make a move on knives? He might do better to realise that one of the main villains is the person who issues a driving licence to insufficiently some incompetent, trained "driver" and lets him or her loose on our miserable roads. We all know that hundreds of drivers are not sufficiently experienced to justify a licence, yet they're out there - licensed killers.

Just as an aside: in Switzerland, the young men joining the army are issued with automatic weapons which they keep at home during their years of service. It doesn't seem to have brought on any mass killings by the

young Swiss soldiers.

Unsworth, a shrewd man, must know that (a) a determined criminal will always manage to get a weapon and (b) a preponderance of gun owners will simply disregard what they see as an outrageous proposal and refuse to surrender their weapons.

Few things can be more damaging to a government than to introduce a law which the population flouts.

ARE the Aborigines (or, rather, their manipulators) overdoing things a bit? Unpleasant demonstrations have probably made scores of young Australians alter their feelings about the blacks from pleasant acceptance to rather bewildered dislike.

The Aborigines have had a pretty awful time in the past 200 years but isn't it time they stopped moaning and started counting their blessings?

Just suppose that they'd been colonised by the French, the Belgians, the Germans, the Spaniards, the Dutch or the Japanese instead of the Brits. I doubt they'd be receiving hefty welfare payments - their situation could be far worse than it is.

In some of the possibilities I've mentioned, there might have been very few Aborigines left – and they certainly wouldn't stir the same compassion as our Aborigines do from their "conquer-

SO MUCH has been written about that disastrous television merry-go-round that further condemnation is unnecessary. I was holidaying in the far south and next day took a mobile survey of opinion. The universal thumbs-down was quite remarkable. Even Hoges lost some of his worshippers.

The program, of course, was a technical masterpiece. I was full of hope at the start and ready to expect anything when I saw Phillip Adams dressed as a rustic rabbi seeking a way out of the Sinai. But from there on the program lapsed into consistent dreariness.

WHY are we beset daily by a sort of Bicentennial Cringe? Every day in the papers and on television appear items

calculated to turn what should be a time of pride and enjoyment into one of introspective uncertainty and guilt.

Just to buoy your spirits, read about some of the early wonders that emanated from our far-off penal settlement. These are awards from the prestigious Royal Society, the great institution for propagation of the liberal arts, sciences, manufacturers etc.

■ 1820, Vol 33 — Premiums for finest sample of NSW wool and import of greatest quantity of fine NSW wool.

■ 1822 - Premium for finest wine imported from NSW.

- 1822, Vol 40 Gold medals to J. Macarthur for finest sample and import of greatest quantity of NSW wool and to Starkey, Buckley and Co. for manufacture of fine cloth.
- 1822 Silver medal to J. Paine for importing 400 tons of sea elephant oil from NSW.
- 1822-23, Vol 41 Premium for import of greatest quantity of tea from NSW (ditto dried fruit, ditto mimosa bark). Silver medal to G. Blaxland for import of finest wine from NSW.
- 1823-24, Vol 42 Gold medal to D. Maclean for cloth manufactured from NSW wool. Gold medal to J. Macarthur for import of 30 tons of fine wool; H. Macarthur for wool import.
 - 1829-31, Vol 48 Gold medal awarded to Sir John Jamison of NSW for method of extirpating stumps of trees.
 - 1832-33, Vol 49 Gold medal to W. E. Riley for import into NSW of Cachmere-Angora goat.
 - 1835-37, Vol 51 Silver medal to J. King for discovery in NSW of sand suitable for manufacture of finer kinds of glass.

And so the amazing records of the society's association with NSW go on. Enmities did not enter into calculations with the Royal Society. Captain W. Bligh became a gold medallist (and later was elected a member of the society) for his successful shipment of breadfruit trees from the "South Seas" to the West Indies.

His arch-enemy Macarthur was receiving gold medals for his work in our infant wool industry a few years



John Macarthur: golden fleeces



Antipodean aristocrats all

IT'D be a soda doing Debrett's in the UK. English society is so nicely stratified, from the peerage to the steerage. At the top of the pile, Her Majesty, Phil the Greek and the crownencrusted kids. Beneath them, arranged with the precision of toy soldiers, the nobility. No doubts, no dilemmas. Debrett's is a stud book for human thoroughbreds. To these ranks of various degrees of exaltation Debrett's had simply to add the upper echelons of the military, a few prominent politicians, some bepedestalled academics, respectable actors and knighted jockeys. And, as an indication of the publication's sense of tolerance and modernity, a few sundry entertainers sanctified by generations of middlebrow acceptance. Im-

DISGRACEFUL

A PAPERBACK

WITH A SEALED

SECTION ??!!

agine then the difficulty when attempting to publish Debrett's in our down-under democracy. For a start there's a significant shortage of Royal Majesties, although the odd Australian has cracked it for the Palace.

No country with the possible exception of post-revolutionary France has fewer aristocrats than Australia. Oh there might be a few lords a-leaping about the colony, having been banished here for various scandalous reasons. But the only dukes we have are those you put up while "duchess" has translated into a Canberra verb, "duchessing", meaning "to con or flatter". For a time, Ita Buttrose was the virtual Queen of Oz. But, when she abdicated from the Women's

Weekly, the title passed into abeyance. I suppose ladies Kerr, Fairfax and Bubbles Fisher might have laid a claim but the

moment passed.

Thus, in Australia, apart from filthy lucre, about the only thing that's hereditary is a tendency to baldness. No grand titles, no ancient castles. Worse still, when it comes to tall poppies, Australia seems to adopt a burnt-earth policy. Thus an Australian Debrett's is forced to focus on the mercantile dynasties, on fortunes gathered together in the past century, through such vulgar pursuits as retailing and newspapers. One can imagine the editorial people at *Debrett's* shuddering with distaste as arrivistes such as Rupert and Kerry had to be acknowledged. Still, if you haven't got barons, press barons will have to do.

A few knights were left over from the days of imperial honors, fortunately, so they're in like Flynn along with admirals and generals. Admittedly, there's something of a cloud over some Queensland knights who seem to have won their titles in a local variation of Lotto. Then came the senior pollies who, while leaving much to be desired, (like class or distinction), not only were inevitable but also added some bulk to the book. Then came a few Nobel laureates in this and that, including that awful bounder who writes books, and a few dozen dames.

Poor old Debrett's. They were now moving into uncharted waters and decided to apply a means test. If you were dra-

matically and disgustingly rich and hadn't been arrested for anything lately, in you went. But, even before the crash, this only added another 30 pages which was still 1500 too few. And that, in turn, would have a very depressing effect on book sales. For the wonderful thing about Debrett's is, of course, that it sells at least as many copies as there are entrants. Normally, a publisher can be assured of flogging a few copies to the author and his closest relatives but *Debrett's* is like the phone book in that anyone with their name in it simply has to have one. Then the richly gilded, scarlet-covered volume is left lying casually around on the coffee table, along with such things as A Day in the Life of Australia. Quite clear-

> ly the sights would have to be lowered if the sales were to be

raised.

THE CARTOONS

BAD ...

AREN'T TOO

Now, when you examine the establishment of our nation, you don't find a shining beacon beckoning all the huddled masses yearning to be free. Free didn't enter into it. Our incorporation was based on incarceration. On the convict, the crim, the conman. And not la crême de la crême of them but only those silly enough to get caught. The penny must have dropped like a crim falling through a gallows trapdoor. So, swallowing deeply, Debrett's decided to forget net respectability and opt for gross notoriety. So they put in John Singleton. From that moment it was plain sailing, albeit downhill, all the way.

Australia's Debrett's consequently isn't a poncy rollcall of inbred twits but a vibrant, record of our rambunctious young nation. Instead of thoroughbreds, brumbies. Instead of effete bluebloods, redblooded Aussies who sit in the front seat with the driver and keep their tinnies in the bath while embracing the cultural beliefs - particularly as they apply to Pommies of that great if mythical Australian, B. McKenzie. The downunder Debrett's is to be applauded for the way it rethought its basic assumptions about what signified status. Instead of nobility, notability.

Nonetheless, it's sad to observe that certain of Australia's most notable people have been omitted. Where, for example, is Norm Gallagher? It would be hard to be more notable than Norm. And where, I hear you cry, is Lennie MacPherson or Abe Saffron? Admittedly, Rex Jackson cracks it (although they list his old domestic address and not his new, compulsory domicile). So one suspects he isn't there because of his status as a felon but because of his prior record as a mere runof-the-mill pollie.

I hope that the second edition takes the idea the next few steps. For a really appropriate Australian Debrett's would be chockablock with modern convicts, listing their records instead of the conventional CVs; their modus operandi instead of their hobbies and their prisons instead of their clubs. Even if they didn't sell a lot of copies, you can imagine how many

would be shoplifted.

HAPPY 200th BIRTHDAY: IT'S TIME TO SAY "THANK YOU."

Toyota congratulates the people of Australia on their Bicentenary.

We sincerely appreciate your support and the close relationship that exists between us today.

We are also grateful for the fact that over one million Toyota cars and over half a million Toyota commercial vehicles have been bought by Australians.

We look forward to continuing our friendly relations over the next 200 years.

TOYOTA



Thank you for the flowers.

In recent years, reading the press has indeed become very gratifying for us. Because they keep publishing results of opinion polls and surveys, taken among frequent travellers. Which so often show Swissair ahead of the rest. We'd like to thank everyone who voted for us and assure you that we don't intend to rest on our laurels. You'll see what we mean the next time you fly Swissair.



A haven, better than we know

THE AUSTRALIA into which I was born was preparing to celebrate its 150th birthday. The newspapers of late January 1938 do not record my arrival but other matters are noted.

The Minister for External Affairs, William Morris Hughes, had embarrassed the Lyons government by expressing publicly his private view that to return the colonies Germany was demanding would be "to provide a snack for a tiger". Italian planes bombed Tarragona, 80 kilometres south-west of Barcelona, and General Franco increased his shelling of the beleaguered Loyalist stronghold. Employment in Australia, it was announced, was back to pre-Depression levels. The Australian Lawn Tennis Championships began at

the Memorial Drive courts in Adelaide with Donald Budge serving so hard the netcord snapped. The British Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, left London for Geneva to attend the Council of the League of Nations. At the Capitol Theatre in Melbourne, Marlene Dietrich was starring in Ernst Lubitsch's Angel; at the Hoyts Regent, Janet Gaynor and Fredric March were in A Star is Born and on stage was "America's famous hillbilly, Bob Dyer"; at the Metro, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy were singing in Maytime and at the State it was Love is on the Air with Ronald Reagan and June Havoc. The Japanese army moved 30,000 troops from Nanking to the Soochow River because the Chinese re-

sistance in Shanghai was stronger than expected. There was a rare picture of Chancellor Hitler in a top hat, attending a dip-

lomatic reception in Berlin.

When I was four days old, the Melbourne Argus reported on the sesquicentenary festivities: "Arising this morning to a glorious dawn, residents of Sydney and the city's thousands of visitors beheld scenes unprecedented in the Commonwealth when great events associated with the birth of Australia were enacted.

Hitler returned to his native Vienna less than two months later; a plebiscite gave him 99.7 percent approval and 67,000 people were arrested. In the anti-Jewish terror which followed, the 82-year-old Sigmund Freud was forced to sign a document attesting to the good treatment he had received from the Gestapo. In a scrawl beneath his signature, Freud added: "I am recommending them to all my friends."

When I was six months old, the representatives of 31 countries met at Evian-les-Bains on the French shore of Lake Geneva to discuss refugee problems. Most governments did little or nothing. Among the few positive results was the agreement by Australia, which had permitted few immigrants, to receive 15,000 Jewish refugees over the next three years. Headlines in the Sydney and Melbourne press reported that the "rush of Jews" had brought with them "gold bars and diamonds" and false rumors spread that they had been given preference on ships over British ex-servicemen. The

Bulletin ran grotesque cartoons of refugees with captions accusing them of depriving Australians of their place in the sun.

Historical memory is not a guarantee against anything. But it does remind us that the recurring theme in the Australian story since 1788 has been the ambivalence between wanting to live as if, in the vastness of Terra Incognita, we were alone in the universe and the reality that we have never been an island unto ourselves.

Historical memory is also useful in making the celebration of a 50th birthday (and, I hope, a 200th) just a shade more meaningful. I should like to think that it does two things: it prevents us from being indifferent to the plight of refugees

and other newcomers to Australia and it makes us just so much more sympathetic towards the grievances of the Aborigines. But being more sympathetic is not being more guilty. Guilt - especially irrelevant and retro-active guilt for what others have done is a useless and unproductive emotion. Those who brand Australia as a racist country ignore what has happened here in the past 25 years, let alone the past 50. Australia's achievements in overcoming intolerance against minorities in the past 50 years make me optimistic about what it can do for Aborigines in the next 50.

Why the optimism? In Geoffrey Serle's biography of John Monash is a picture which shows the general lead-

ing the Anzac Day march in Melbourne in 1927. Soon after arriving from Palestine in the same year, my father was taken to see that march. He did not know who Monash was and, when told that the resplendent-looking general with the shiny leather boots and the ceremonial sword was not only a Jew but also the first president of the Zionist Federation of Australia, he was stunned. Having been born in Poland under the Czar, my father regarded the idea that a general with leather boots, a sword and medal in the shape of a cross around his neck could be a respected Jew as totally novel.

When he wrote in 1945 to his brother in France who - as an officer in the French Foreign Legion - had been the only European member of the family to survive the Holocaust, my father told him the story of that first Anzac Day march to try to convince him to immigrate. Europe was a vale of tears, he wrote. Leave it. Come to Australia. This was a country where Jews had found a haven and where every man was free to achieve the highest positions in the land. It was true then and remains more so of Australia than of any other country I know.

My father was not, by definition, a refugee. But his was the quintessential refugee experience, that of the migrant who leaves to seek freedom and a better life. When the history of Australia in the 20th century comes to be written, the saga of immigration and integration will loom much larger than it does today.



THEATRE

To the tune of the history of Aust — roughly

By JAN McGUINNESS

HISTORY of Australia, The Musical, opened in Melbourne to the sort of response usually reserved for successful football teams but expressed in bravos and a standing ovation that brought the audience, including the Prime Minister and at least one local critic, to its feet. This was a sympathetic audience consisting of Labor Party politicians, bureaucrats, academics, journalists, literati, actors and arts leaders - most of whom would subscribe to Manning Clark's brand of patriotism and republicanism. Most would have even dipped into some or all six volumes of Clark's A History of Australia on which the show is based. Many would have known of the tortuous history of the show itself - more than four years in the making and then nearly aborted due to the stockmarket crash.

History is a most courageous project. The Australian musical is an almost unknown artform and one celebrating the life and thoughts of an academic, one of the least celebrated species in Australia's 200-year history, is a rarity indeed.

Yet was the hugely enthusiastic firstnight response deserved? Strictly speaking, no. With the best will in the world, one can't pretend the musical works. The main problem is structural. It is obviously a bit much expecting the subject (Australia, from discovery to the 1950s) to have a strong developing narrative like a conventional piece of musical theatre. History is full of highs and lows and sidebar events. But this *History* does start conventionally and quite successfully.

Clark (Ivar Kants), in pyjamas and dressing-gown, appears with a rubbishbin before a huge venetian blind painted with a patch of suburban green and a Hill's hoist. It's rubbish night in "the kingdom of nothingness - Canberra" and Clark is wondering how he got there. Cook (Terry Bader) arrives talking baby-talk to the Aborigines -"finders keepers, me take this land for King George, good fella" - with a floral-frockcoated Sir Joseph Banks ordering up local plant specimens like a shopaholic. Sons of the Enlightenment is a clever, rousing number delivering the 18th-century English justification for colonisation; then it's off to London where Clark seeks the "origin of his species" in the back streets and on the gallows.

And so on, with much musical embellishment. Early events follow chronologically and at a pace to cause anxiety about the show's eventual length. Clark moves from observer to playing his puritanical, anti-Papist ancestor the Reverend Samuel Marsden. Then confusion sets in. For what follows is a series of selected historical sequences enacted as cabaret, musical comedy or small dramas. Willie Went-

worth (Jonathon Biggins), for example, better know as an explorer and statesman, breaks up "another monster Macarthur do" at Camden Park with a snazzy flying-down-to-Rio routine worthy of a Peter Allen.

Then it's back to the convicts and on to Oxford with a young Manning Clark and it becomes obvious that his life is to mirror the History. Sequences are linked (sometimes tenuously) by themes in Australia's development, depending for dramatic effect on anachronisms and scrambled chronology. Presumably one is meant to ponder the links between various characters found improbably together. But one doesn't, or only fleetingly. Mental agility is reserved for keeping track of who's who and what's what. Intermittent scenes from Clark's domestic life seem meant to hold everything together. Despite the success of the Dymphna Clark (Michele Fawdon) character, however, the idea doesn't gel.

And yet there are flashes of thoughtprovoking promise and moments of wit, dramatic strength and pace. A slow Irish jig becomes a frenzied mating dance between convicts and new arrivals broken up by Governor Phillip with threats that include sending sodomites to New Zealand. The bushranger myth is parodied with a stuttering brigand who keeps breaking into snatches of The Wild Colonial Boy. (Why does this sequence also send up Caroline Chisholm when Louisa Lawson [Jenny Vuletic] and Dymphna Clark are two of the strongest, bestrealised characters?) But there are no belly laughs and little of the irony expected of such an Australian production. Could the Kelly gang's punk shoot-out, so redolent of West Side Story, and a wedding scene recalling Seven Brides for Seven Brothers be comments on our absorption of American culture? More likely they are just another example of it. This is a commercial production after all, even if it was scripted by former academics Don Watson and Tim Robertson and playwright John Romeril.

The two main Clark characters aren't singers but the 35 songs (with a few exceptions) are catchy, rousing anthems in the We are the World Band Aid style. Eighteen cast members do an energetic job of portraying some 76 characters and ringing imaginative set changes in a nice tribute to the Australian tradition of "pitching in".

If you are strong on patriotism, jin-

If you are strong on patriotism, jingoism and republicanism, like a bit of a love story and happen to be of Irish/Catholic extraction — this is the History for you. A basic knowledge of events wouldn't go astray, either. □



"A most courageous project - which doesn't work"

THEATRE

Africans and Irish show the way

BRIAN HOAD reviews Sydney's first festival offerings.

THERE ARE more major contributions from Africa than from Black Australia featured on the arts festival circuit this year: Perth, next month, has three; Adelaide two in March; while Sydney launched the year and two months of festival "distractions" with a production of Mbongeni Ngema's Asinamali! - which means, in Zulu, "We can't pay the rent". It is a fierce, fast, furious production by the Committed Artists (an off-shoot of Johannesburg's famous multi-racial Market Theatre) in which five black prisoners offer some vivid impressions of life under apartheid. Australia has always seemed more interested in the racial problems of South Africa than of its own. The Sydney Festival people have not invited any black Australians to give their im-

pressions of life under white Australians. Perhaps they thought there would be enough unofficial contributions. Probably they didn't think at all.

Mbongeni Ngema and Percy Mtwa made their first highly successful visit here in 1985 as actors in their jointly created work Woza Albert! Now, as their international success continues to grow, they are authors and directors, each with his own group of actors. In Perth and Adelaide the Earth Players (another off-shoot of the Market Theatre) will be presenting Percy Mtwa's Bopha! (Arrest!) which considers the difficult and at times disastrous position of black policemen in South Africa. As the exclamation marks in the titles might suggest, they are works of political protest.

The polish and power of their individual style of theatre continue to grow too. By necessity, the style is derived in part from ideas of the "theatre of poverty" developed by the Polish director Jerzy Grotowski 20 years ago. So, in Asinamali! there is a bare stage, five plain wooden chairs and five actors with shaved heads in basic prison uniform. Yet beneath such simple exteriors lies that vast, rich, African heritage of song and dance which is continually breaking through. Here, as five men tell their individual life stories in tight and



Asinamali! fierce, fast, furious

complex ensemble, words turn into chants and chants into song while acting and mime and dance are similarly merged in a constant flow of theatrical power which is both irresistible and somewhat overwhelming as laughter leads to horror and anger is dissolved in laughter.

Their main purpose is to bring a sense of hope to their own people. For us it is a rare display of the indestructibility of the human spirit.

THERE IS yet another marvellous company of "committed artists" to be found, at Sydney's Seymour Centre. Very pale and white and Irish, the Druid Theatre Company from Galway is committed to ameliorating the troubles back home.

The Druids first visited here a year ago with a contemporary play by Tom Murphy, Conversations on a Homecoming. They return with a powerfully raw and realistic production of one of the great classics of the Irish stage, J. M. Synge's The Playboy of the Western World, from 1907. Both plays are set in a pub; and both in their different ways set out to investigate just how the Irish, fired by their gift of the gab and their fondness for the poteen, tend to bog down in their illusions, particularly those illusions of the past which have

become the tragedy of the present. As Ireland's senior playwright, Brian Friel, recently pointed out: "It is not the literal past, the 'facts' of history that shape us, but images of the past embodied in language."

So to Michael James' pub in a remote, depressed and bored little village on the west coast on an autumn night at the turn of the century comes young Christy Mahon who claims to have split his dad from top to middle with the swipe of a spade. The villagers, particularly the women, are thrilled by such excitement – a great and courageous deed they say, and with much imaginative blarney transform the scared and whingeing would-be parricide into a conquering hero, a fine and fiery fellow full of wild poetry. Comes the dawn, comes the dad, bloodied but unbowed, seeking vengeance. The lovely illusion is shattered and the villagers turn against Christy. Yet that wild night of fancies has changed him for the better, has given him courage; and in a final ironic twist, Pegeen, who fancied him the most, and so rejected him the most, realises her loss.

This is far from being the charming, folksy romantic comedy which some suppose it to be. The company's founding-director, Garry Hynes, strongly emphasises the poverty and

squalor of these people's lives and the gulf that separates their reality from the rich, wild world of their imagination. Here are bitter themes of wasted lives, muffled hopes and impossible dreams, yet acted out with such an intensity of emotional commitment that at the same time it becomes an affirmation of life.

The Africans and the Irish are indeed hard acts to follow. Australian theatre rarely reaches such heights of compelling intensity — being rather short of "committed artists". Yet, with A Singular Voyage, by actor/director (and now author) Peter Collingwood, it

darling Betsy 100 times each Sunday. The highlight of the first hour occurs when some malicious tar tosses Clark's yappy little lap dog overboard. As for the climactic arrival: "The tents look pretty amongst the trees," he observes, and that, thankfully, is that.

Tony Sheldon works hard and long at trying to put some life into this stuffed shirt, but it is an impossible task. We can only be grateful that it wasn't turned into some maxi-series for television.

Sweeney Todd did not think Botany Bay at all pretty. He left just as soon as

vide a nerve-tingling psychological study of vengeance toppling over into madness. On stage, however, there are neither thrills nor chills, no curdling of the blood, not even a sense of menace. Instead there is a disparate rag-bag of acting styles tottering between melodrama and farce, burlesque and Brecht, with actors who aren't too good at singing, and singers who aren't too good at acting, and some who aren't much good at anything.

It has a few hilarious moments, as when Sweeney's victims, having just had their throats cut, promptly leap up to join in some lusty chorus. This is a pared-down, economy production, and as tasty as a dog's dinner.

The Sydney Theatre Company first tackled music theatre back in 1981 with a brilliantly brassy production of Bob Fosse's *Chicago*. It has since had its ups and downs in this area of theatre, but has done nothing finer than its current new work, Darlinghurst Nights, written by Katherine Thomson with music by Max Lambert. Thomson has set out to evoke the very special world of the Kenneth Slessor journalist/poet (Ronald Falk) who, detached from "time that is moved by little fidget wheels", meanders back down all the memory lanes of Darlinghurst, through the 30s to the 20s, meeting up again with the old friends and acquaintances who inspired his poems.

From the bottom of the harbor, from Slessor's finest poem, Five Bells, comes Joe Lynch (David Sandford), the cartoonist with the haunted eyes who quietly slipped from the Mosman ferry one May night in 1927 and, weighed down by the bottles of DA he always kept about his person, passed quickly into eternity. And from Slessor's collection of lighter verses, Darlinghurst Nights, comes The Green Rolls-Royce Woman (Valerie Bader) and Kimono Cora (Kaarin Fairfax) and her pimp The Gunman (Kerry McKay) and Mabel from the country (Julie Haseller) and The Iceman (David Whitney), all brought together with a sense of gentle harmony in an evocative, dream-like setting by Jack Ritchie.

Thomson has woven much of the poetry and its marvellous imagery into her text. And it is the style of the man and his poetry (detached, humorous, compassionate) which director Terry O'Connell captures so perfectly in this production. The poet and his poetry and his characters, the setting and the music and the performances fuse into a play of atmosphere, charming, lyrical, cool, nostalgic. The finest poet of Sydney and its harbor and its people could not have been more eloquently evoked. \square



Darlinghurst Nights: detached, humorous, compassionate

reaches new depths of bland boredom. It is the first example of bicentennial tokenism to be dished up — would it were the last.

Collingwood has cobbled together a two-hour monologue from the diaries of Lieutenant Ralph Clark who set sail for Botany Bay with the First Fleet on HMS Friendship (a volunteer hoping for more rapid promotion) leaving behind his beloved wife, Betsy Alicia, and their baby son, Ralphie. Being just an "ordinary" Englishman, as Collingwood claims, Clark spent the next eight months talking to his diary about the weather, his endless aches and pains, his darling Betsy and dear little Ralphie. Prig, prude, snob and hypochondriac, rude reality does occasionally intrude upon his cosy cabin of selfpity, as when the captain gets drunk or, horror of horrors, when "the damned whores" break through the bulkheads with glad cries of "Kiss my quim" to fornicate with the sailors. He preserves his virtue by kissing a portrait of

he could and returned to London round about 1846 with black vengeance in his heart for the judge who had sent him there on trumped-up charges. So he set up business again as a barber above the pie shop of Mrs Lovett in Fleet Street; and they settled down to a busy session of butchery and baking. The legend of Sweeney Todd the Demon Barber of Fleet Street became a favorite blood-curdler among 19th-century melodramas. Transformed into an extraordinary piece of music theatre by Stephen Sondheim in 1979, a production staged by the Melbourne Theatre Company last October has now transfered to Her Majesty's, Sydney for the festive season.

This is the first time that the MTC and its new artistic director, Roger Hodgman, have tackled music theatre, and they make the beginners' mistake of largely ignoring (or misunderstanding) the music. Sondheim conceived it as a "musical thriller" and the music, which never ceases, does indeed pro-

FILM

Life and love in Britain - the knickerless view

By SANDRA HALL

WHETHER she likes it or not, Mrs Thatcher has been a great boon to British cinema. She has given its practitioners a Dickensian sense of grievance and a new set of issues to play with. These days the British make films about political conspiracies, middle-class hypocrisy and how rotten it is to be poor and living in the East End of London and the north of England. What saves these films from being as dreary as they sound is their sense of humor and their blunt and nonchalant disdain for the safely respectable. The latest of such bleak comedies, billed as "Thatcher's Britain with her knickers down" is Rita, Sue and Bob too! whose author, 26year-old Andrea Dunbar, still lives on the Bradford housing estate where she grew up and where her screenplay is set.

Rita, Sue and Bob too! had its beginnings in two plays written by Dunbar and produced at the Royal Court Theatre during the Young Writers' Festivals of 1980 and 1982, after which Dunbar was asked to turn them into a script. The resulting film was directed by Alan Clarke, a television director known for two harrowing visions of teenage life: Scum, about life in borstal (which reached the big screen after being banned by the BBC), and Christine, the story of a 14-year-old heroin addict.

There is nothing too harrowing about Rita and company, although their very hearty view of sex has already offended sensibilities in Bradford while the triangular relationship which gives the film its title has attracted the criticism - ironic in the circumstances but understandable, too - that it plays like a male sex fantasy. Andrea Dunbar, meanwhile, answers her critics by maintaining that she is only writing about life as she knows it.

Rita (Siobhan Finneran) and Sue (Michelle Holmes) are in their last year at school

when they meet Bob (George Costigan). They're the babysitters and he's looking for fun, since he gets very little at home with his prissy wife. This suits the girls very well. They think he's smooth, they like his clothes and respond to his enthusiasm when he stops the car one night while taking them home and makes love to each of them in turn - although "love" is not quite the word for it. Nobody is pretending that it is. Bob is offering experience and the girls are accepting it with pleasure and with only the slightest resentment at having to share it with one another. It's only when Bob's wife, the girls' parents and assorted relatives find out and start spoiling things that jealousy comes into the equation.

Finneran and Holmes are large, lumpy and endearingly awkward girls. Alongside them, Bob – the mutual sex object – looks almost pretty in his slick white suit and silk ties. He may seduce them but, once the weight of Bradford's disapproval has begun to assert itself, all that matters to him is peace and quiet. From then on the girls are the ones who make the moves, face the crises and fight the battles. And there is something peculiarly phlegmatic and

De Vito, front, and Crystal in Throw Momma from the Train

dispiriting about this process — a lack of fire and bite which is not entirely explained by the meanness of the setting.

Clarke's direction is so heavyhanded, so infected with documentarymaker's gloom, that even the ending which is supposed to be upbeat, a celebration of friendship's triumph against all the odds - seems like the latest in a series of passionless compromises. Life in Thatcher's Britain seems grim indeed.

WITH Danny De Vito, one of the funniest screen villains around, playing a nice guy in his latest film, Throw Momma from the Train, the most sardonic thing about this comedy is its title. Happily, though, it's not all sweetness. Anne Ramsey makes a legitimate monster of Momma and Billy Crystal contributes a nice portrait in chronic frustration as a writer fixated on his exwife (played with consummate bitchiness by Kate Mulgrew) having stolen his only successful manuscript and published it as her own. It's a situation which provides some good tart observations about celebrity behaviour as well as giving Crystal some very funny scenes with the creative-writing class he

is forced, by failure, into teaching.

The stars of this class are working on fiction of such inspired awfulness that it's possible they deserve a film of their own.

I could have done with more of them.

I could have done with more belly laughs, too, and the De Vito character - who wants his horrific mother dead but can't bear the thought of her dying - would have worked better if he had been less childlike and a lot nastier.

He performs one craven, devious action which gives the film its most hilarious moment and shows the way things might have gone.

The script, by Stu Silver, has a simmering sense of fun and a lot happening in it even so. It's definitely not a onejoke farce and while De Vito's direction might have been sharper the whole thing has an easy, good-humored swing to it.

Good holiday stuff. □

RECOMMENDED

Татроро Prick Up Your Ears Dark Eyes

Our cup runneth over

By MIKE HARRIS

PAUL HOGAN, in the first of his two brief but mordant stints on the longest four straight hours in the history of Australian television, said: "I think in the next few months we're going to get so sick of the Bicentennial. It'll be like the America's Cup; we'll be glad we lost

it." And the nation's television networks seem bound and determined to prove him right.

The ABC's four hours of Images of Australia - as seen by Russell Braddon (Thursday, January 28, et seq) is an early runner and it's already clear that our nation's documentary makers have been overworking poor Ray Edmondson and his National Film and Sound Archive. Perhaps if the negative of Norman Dawn's epic movie For the Term of His Natural Life had never been found and painstakingly restored, the obligatory shots of convict life with which we will be faced over and over for the next 12 months might have shown some variation.

I fear that we're going to see a lot of footage of those specially imported Americans roaming around the 1926 Aussie bush thesping their little hearts out. Just as I fear that we're going to have shown and reshown many of the same familiar warts and provided with information about ourselves that we half-knew but couldn't be bothered to confirm. At least Australians are to be spared the effort of doing any of their own research.

How convenient. How typical.

Braddon, of course, is an apt choice as someone who can be relied upon to take a cold-eyed view of what we are and where we're placed in the universal scheme of things. He has written and narrates the series and takes seriously his role as the Great Deflater. It takes a while to get used to but, as the four hours progress, Braddon's highly literate pungency becomes more pointed. And his final conclusion, about Australia's future as a commercial satellite of Japan, I suspect contains a great deal of careful and conscious thought from

a man who in *Who's Who* listed his education as being "Sydney C.E.G.S., Sydney Univ. and Changi Gaol".

The episodes are named after books: Great Expectations, Decline and Fall, Pride and Prejudice and Brave New World. The opening of the initial hour makes some unlikely and unfunny observations on the various possibilities had we been colonised by other than the Brits, but don't be put off by the heavy-handedness. Lying deep within the ABC is a strong Germanic streak that tends to surface whenever the current affairs people get to feeling like injecting levity into something.

Braddon is good at myth-bashing. He starts by expressing disdain for the



"Good evening and welcome to the evening roundup of worldwide bad news. Tonight, things are in a pretty pickle in Paris, a really fine mess in Moscow, a knotty tangle in Tel Aviv and utter chaos in Kathmandu..."

prevailing local tendency to dress up and re-create something ("third-rate theatricals," he calls it). But he's right—because it's true, isn't it? How often do we see on the television news otherwise stable members of society awkwardly bedecked in ill-fitting and unsuitable clothing, standing around in clusters while someone rather more splendiferously garbed rings a bell and shouts. This may be supposed to be an historical representation of our colonial heritage but I can't think of anywhere else that it happens with such dreary regularity.

I strongly recommend the Braddon series in its entirety but especially the final two episodes which deal realistically (and with some poignancy) with the Vexed Question of the Aborigines, those earlier immigrants to this country, and what for all of us perhaps lies ahead.

In the final hour, a university professor from Wollongong named Lachlan Chipman makes some telling points about the way in which the educators that we have steadfastly employed over the years to teach our children have quietly abdicated. Statistics show that more children are staying at school longer but what isn't shown is that this retention has been at the cost of debasing the curriculum. There will not be enough secondary science teachers for the next generation to provide the technological leaps forward that are being confidently expected. Let the "muchmaligned" Committee for the Future (and the rest of us who are parents) ponder on that.

There is a conflict in programming on the 28th which has SBS screening a

90-minute telemovie on the tragic life of the Aboriginal actor Robert Tudawali. Without regard for the niceties of copyright, I suggest that those of you without the facility prevail upon friends to videotape either this or Braddon's documentary for you. It's done extremely well and with obvious feeling.

Tudawali stars Ernie Dingo in the name role and is the story of how a full-blood called Bobby Wilson was discovered in 1954 by the director Charles Chauvel (played by Frank Wilson) who cast him as Marbuck, lead in the film Jedda.

Dingo is superb and Jedda Cole as his wife, Peggy, also turns in a fine performance. Charles Tingwell puts a lot into the doctor who befriends the family.

The only awkwardness is Peter Fisher as Harry the white journo who is the "vehicle" that links the jerky storyline together.

Alan Seymour's script may not have started out a virtual montage of time frames but that's the way it ended up on screen and it's somewhat difficult to follow at times.

But the story of the man's not-sogradual disintegration is told with great sympathy and considerable understanding. Renamed Robert Tudawali, he received critical praise and went on to other (if lesser) roles in *Dust in the Sun* (1958) and the television series *Whiplash*. He died from burns evidently incurred during a drinking bout in 1967.

It's a tragic tale of unrealised potential but I can't help feeling that it is sadly not an uncommon one. As the writer Gene Fowler said of Barrymore: "No one goes downhill faster than a thoroughbred."

BOOKS

Grand touring in the great days of low tech

By ELIZABETH RIDDELL

The Grand Tour, by Christopher Hibbert. Thames/Methuen, \$39.

WHILE a certain sort of 18th and 19th century young Englishman was seeing the world from the deck of a ship uncomfortably bound for a war or settlement in a strange and hostile land, another kind was making the Grand Tour of Europe — meaning France, Italy, Germany, The Netherlands, occasionally Switzerland (where one had nothing to do after visiting Voltaire in Geneva) and more occasionally Spain, Portugal, Greece and Turkey.

Many travelled by coach with outriders and relays of horses and an entourage led by a tutor or "bearleader" to whom the young man had been entrusted by his father. The custom of the Grand Tour came about because it was thought the two universities, Oxford and Cambridge, had deteriorated scholastically and in discipline. Fathers were willing to pay for their sons to spend from one to five years abroad, picking up culture denied them at home.

The Grand Tourists were 200 years removed from the packaged coach parties and back-packers of today but there are remarkable similarities in outlook and in conclusions drawn from such educative travel. They share a capacity for drawing incorrect assumptions from what they see, for disliking local customs, food, accommodation and politics.

Hibbert, an expert in the period (The Destruction of Lord Raglan, The Court at Windsor, Garibaldi and His Enemies), has collected a grab-bag of information from letters, journals and reports recorded in the notebooks that the travellers took with them along with compasses, maps, magnifying glasses and sketch pads. They wrote about the same things that preoccupy today's travellers - weather, food, the price of a bed and a meal, lost luggage, sulky waiters, dirt, fleas, cancelled trains and the incidence of prostitution as well as about architecture, art, landscape, hospitality, ruins.

Uncertain as they were as to how the other half lived, many took with them on tour beds and bedding, china and cutlery, carpets and hangings. When



The grand tour: a chance to pick up some culture

William Beckford — a rich, eccentric author — visited Portugal he took with him a doctor, a chef, a tailor, a barber and 20 servants. Deciding to settle in Cintra for a while, he sent for a flock of sheep from Wiltshire.

They were also great shoppers. The ordinary young man bought clothes, leather goods and art objects. But when Lord Burlington returned home from an extensive stay abroad he had 878 pieces of luggage. Among his trophies were two harpsichords, a marble table and 14 pairs of gloves.

The notebooks also mention strange and fearful happenings such as the sight of a robber having his head chopped off in a city square, a malefactor in Rome being hammered on the forehead while his belly was ripped open and his throat cut. William Lithgow was in Venice when he observed smoke billowing in St Mark's Square: "A Venetian told me it was a Grey Friar burning quick for begetting noble nuns with child."

The English, who saw a great deal of each other as they travelled from one city to another — meeting in the best inns, at embassy soirces, in art galleries and in the salons of the same hostesses — seemed to have liked Naples best. It was the third-biggest city in Europe and had 10,000 prostitutes. Its theatrical performances were splendid, though it was difficult to hear the words and music through the chattering and movement of the audience.

This is a very entertaining book, handsomely illustrated with color reproductions — notably from the work of Thomas Patch, an English homosex-

ual painter who worked first in Rome and then in Florence under the patronage of Sir Horace Mann who was British Resident (more or less a consul). The stunning Patch style in which architecture is beautifully and meticulously portrayed as a background for caricatures of English antiquarians, aristocrats, squires' sons and Scottish lairds on the road is itself worth the price of admission.

Finding the past before the future

By PATRICIA ROLFE

Beloved, by Toni Morrison. Chatto and Windus, \$29.95.

IT TAKES some time to get past the dedication: "Sixty million and more".

There's a figure to contend with; it must be today's accepted figure for Africans sold, or born, into slavery in North America.

There has been a strong school of white Southern writers in the United States but after reading Toni Morrison you feel that even the most enlightened might as well have been rewriting *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for all they could know of the real life of Negroes. Morrison is not a Southerner. She was born in Ohio and is a publisher's editor in New York and a visiting lecturer in English at Yale. If she has a continuing preoccupation it is that people must find their past before they can have a future. Once they begin

to lift themselves up — and Beloved is full of people of gritty determination and spiritual strength — they look back, then ahead. "Sethe," Paul D. says at the end of this book, at the end of great travail, "me and you, we got more yesterday than anybody. We need some kind of tomorrow."

A house known as 124 on the outskirts of Cincinnati is the novel's present; Sweet Home in Kentucky, its past. Baby Suggs has come to 124 in the 1850s from Sweet Home after her son Halle buys her freedom. It becomes a centre of refuge for Negroes coming north.

The Garners of Sweet Home were relatively benign. Their male slaves were called men, not boys, but the only names they had were those Garner gave them.

Halle's wife Sethe and their children reach 124. When the new owners of Sweet Home come to take her back, she tries to murder her children rather than hand them over; she kills one. Eighteen years later, Sethe is out of jail and back at 124. Baby Suggs is dying. Halle has never made it to 124, has vanished. Sethe's two sons have left home. She is left with daughter Denver and Beloved, the ghost of the murdered baby who bangs and rattles around the house in ways they have become used to. Paul D., from Sweet Home, after exercises in survival, comes to 124. He disposes of the ghost. Sethe and he grope toward happiness but a mysterious young woman comes and Sethe takes her in. Is this the dead baby re-incarnated? We never know.

The use of the supernatural may puzzle, even irritate, some readers. In Song of Solomon, the young Negro Milkman goes south to find where his family came from and comes back with the news that his great-grandfather Solomon could fly, and flew off "like a black eagle". This was a simple and satisfactory metaphor for freedom. Beloved's presence is more random and may be no more than a device to give the writing something more compelling than simple realism.

Morrison's great strength is the offhand way she treats her material. There are no polemics and no hatred of white people, "isolated in a wonderful lie", just a majestic contempt.

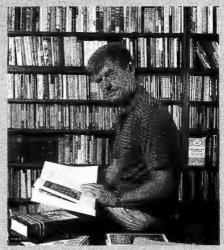
On the last day of her life Baby Suggs gets out of bed, skips to the door and announces to Sethe and Denver the lesson she has learned in 60 years as a slave and 10 years free: that there is no bad luck in the world but white people. "They don't know when to stop," she says, returns to her bed, pulls up the quilt and leaves them to hold that thought forever.

BOOK BULLETIN by PATRICIA ROLFE

Black Waterloo whitewash

JANUARY 26, 1838, the day of the massacre at Waterloo Creek, is not an anniversary in the news this week. In time it may be. The Massacre of Aborigines in the Gwydir River area of northern New South Wales is the subject of Roger Milliss' history, Waterloo Creek, coming in September and funded by the Bicentennial Authority.

Sydney writer Milliss, best-known for his semi-autobiographical Serpent's Tooth, is cutting his manuscript from 650,000 to 400,000 words for publisher McPhee Gribble. Milliss wrote the story because he thinks it should be told but was drawn to it because it is rich in



Milliss: "it worked perfectly"

ironies and the complexities of human behaviour. "When I finally put the story together, I could not have asked for anything that worked itself out more perfectly," he said.

Milliss came on the incident about 12 years ago when he did a history of Tamworth for the local council. In the New England University library he lit on what became known as the Wallabadah manuscript (later published by the University of NSW Press), the reminiscences of William Telfer, a bushhand born in 1841 and writing in 1900. From other data, Milliss says it seems Telfer's recollections were accurate. From time to time, Telfer mentioned not only the well-known Myall Creek massacre but also those at Waterloo Creek and Slaughterhouse Creek.

Milliss spent more than five years researching the work. Another primary source was what he calls the Bingara tradition – recollections and other material collected by Len Payne. Local Aborigines were no help, although Milliss said they had some folklore about Myall Creek.

The outline of the story is that the head of the NSW Mounted Police led what was called Major Nunn's campaign with 30 troopers and about 20 stockmen against the Kamalaroi Aborigines. Nunn was a veteran of the Napoleonic Wars and noted for his resemblance to the Duke of Wellington. Within five months the creek became known as Waterloo Creek to commemorate Nunn's great victory. Estimates of those murdered ranged from Nunn's "four or five" to the figure of 120 – or possibly closer to 300 – given by the missionary Lancelot Threlkeld.

Having shown the locals how to do it, Nunn returned to Sydney. What become known as the Great Bushwhack then began, culminating in the Myall Creek massacre. Nunn got back to Sydney at about the time that Governor Gipps arrived from England. Gipps—to the squatters a dangerous man, a radical Whig—had instructions to ensure a better deal for Aborigines.

Milliss' subtitle for the book is A Colonial Cover-up. He believes that Gipps, whom he sees as a man of exceptional qualities and abilities, came full of good intentions. However, after the successful prosecution of whites over the Myall Creek affair and the hanging of seven of them, Gipps retreated before the fury and enmity of the squatters. (It should be no surprise that some descendants of the early squatters are more sensitive about the Bicentenary than many other non-Aborigines.)

The only inquiry into Waterloo Creek was in camera, out of Sydney. Milliss thinks Gipps and Nunn were old friends, at least old soldiers together. Milliss sees what happened at Waterloo Creek as a microcosm of what happened to the Aborigines of the south-east of Australia. He says that discussion in the 1830s into the legality of the takeover of the land sounds strikingly like today's debate.

RECOMMENDED

The Day of Creation, by J. G. Ballard. Gollancz.

The Rules of Life, by Fay Weldon. Hutchinson.

Italian Food, by Elizabeth David. New, illustrated edition. Barrie and Jenkins.

World Expo88 opens on April 30 Book Now!

Get ready for the main event of our Bicentenary

World Expo 88, running in Brisbane for six stunning months from April 30 to October 30, will be the biggest event ever staged in Australia.

Over 40 nations, from the Superpowers to tiny

island countries, will join with over 30 major companies to present the best of what the world has to offer in ideas inventions and entertainment.

A new world in each pavilion.

Every one of the 60 plus pavilions will reveal an amazing new adventure. You'll be able to ski down a slope and take a gondola ride in the Swiss Pavilion!

See Africa from a hot air balloon in the Kenya Pavilion!

Experience 17th Century tranquillity in the \$25 million Japanese Garden that is part of Japan's Pavilion.

Witness in 3-D glory the birth of the Solar System in the Fujitsu Pavilion and see America's greatest sports stars in action in the U.S. Pavilion!

The experience of a lifetime.

While you're recovering from the amazing assault on your senses between pavilions, you'll be entertained non-stop at the incredible World Expo 88 site.

Acrobats, dancers,

rock musicians, singers, comedians, trapeze artists will keep you entertained during

every moment. And if you cast your eyes towards the
Brisbane River.

WORLD EXPO 88
BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND APRIL 30 TO OCTOBER 30

you'll see the world's most daring shows on water featuring high divers, water skiers and precision boat drivers.

And, if all that makes your tummy rumble, you'll be able to savour the delights of nine different world class restaurants and a host of budget eateries on site.

Your last chance.

It's been a hundred years since the last Expo in

Australia (Melbourne 1888) and it's likely to be another hundred before the next. So this is the one chance you'll have to experience the best of what the world has to offer without leaving Australia!

Three unforgettable days and nights.

You'll need at least three days and nights to experience everything World Expo 88 has to offer. So buy your 3 Day Tickets now.

Your 3 Day Ticket gives you entry to all the exciting pavilions and includes all on-site entertainment plus unlimited Monorail travel.

Rush this coupon to World Expo 88, PO Box 50, Brisbane 4001.



If you buy on or If you buy on or before April 29, 1988. after April 30, 1988.

Adult	\$50	\$55
Child/Pensioner	\$32	\$35

Concessions available – Children aged 5 to 13 as at 30th April, 1988. Pensioners holders of valid Commonwealth Government Transport Concession Cards.

Please send me World Expo 88 tickets*. Tick appropriate box:

Tien appropriate box.
Bill my credit card Cheque/Money order en

□ Bill my credit card □ Cheque/Money C	order enclosed
Fill in number of tickets required.	

	Three Day Tickets @ \$	\$ per adu	ılt
_			/

Three Day Tickets @ \$	per child/pen
Check appropriate amount	Add \$1 for postage

*Check appropriate amount Add \$1 for postage from the table above. And handling

and nandling	\$1.00
Total	

Name	
Address	
	P'code
Signature	
Credit Card No.:	Expires:
Bankcard	

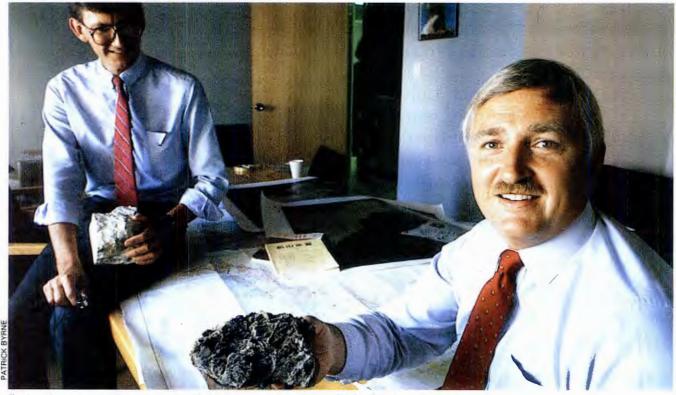
Bankcard Diners Mastercard Master

Plan your Queensland holiday.

Tickets also available from Australia
Post Offices and usual ticket outlets.
For phone bookings call Toll Free

from anywhere in Australia
008 023 188. For further
information call 11698
in any capital city.

WORLD EXPO 88



Exploration manager Peter Morrissey (left) and managing director Michael Turbott: a breakthrough

AUSTPAC SCORES A FIRST IN JAPAN

Joint venture goes for gold

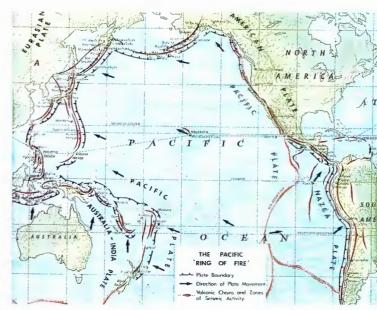
By DAVID HASELHURST

AN Australian company has sparked something of a gold rush in Japan and in the process overturned the long-held view that all gold in the Land of the Rising Sun had been discovered.

Austpac Gold NL has become the first foreign company to be granted prospecting titles in Japan, having convinced a major trading house to venture jointly in an exploration program.

Big Japanese companies are following the Australian-led group in seeking prospecting licences.

Austpac's December quarter report will confirm early next month that it has been granted or applied for at least 53 exploration licences embracing 21 prospects on the islands of Hokkaido, Honshu and Kyushu. Austpac's partner is Nissho-Iwai Corporation, one of Japan's largest international trading houses.



Prepared for Austpac for prospectus: the Pacific "ring of fire"

BUSINESS AND INVESTMENT

Austpac's managing director, geologist Michael Turbott, told *The Bulletin* last week how the company came to be in the vanguard of the renaissance of Japan's gold prospecting industry. In his previous role as managing director of **Kennecott Explorations** (Australia) Ltd, Turbott had led the team which in 1983 discovered the world's largest undeveloped gold deposit — on Lihir Island, off New Ireland.

Turbott left Kennecott and, with others, founded Austpac in 1985 specifically to look for epithermal gold deposits along the "ring of fire" - the volcanic arcs which sweep around the Pacific Basin. These arcs lie over the plate boundaries of the Earth's crust where movements of the plates generate volcanic activity. As Austpac's prospectus said: "In the waning phase of volcanic activity, large areas around the vent of a volcano may collapse inward to form a basin-shaped depression called a caldera. The rocks within the caldera are fractured and brecciated, so becoming permeable to rising super-heated fluids. These are a mixture of metal-rich volcanic fluids and groundwater drawn into the rising column in the throat of the volcano. The fluids eventually reach a level where lessening pressure allows them to boil, at which stage the contained metals precipitate out." It is within that "boiling zone" that gold enrichment may occur.

By 1985, many companies had begun securing ground along the ring of fire in the south-western Pacific — through New Zealand, the Solomons, Fiji, PNG and throughout Indonesia and the Philippines. Nevertheless, Auspac secured prospective ground in all of those areas except Indonesia and the Philippines but looked further afield to the only country on the Pacific ring which was near-dormant in exploration activity.

"The key to exploration is to be there first," said Turbott. "While Indonesia remains very prospective, many others are there already — we would have been second cab off the rank."

Japan had been a producer of gold for hundreds of years but the conviction that all worthwhile gold had been discovered was widely held. Japan's largest 10 vein deposits individually produced between 350,000 and 2.48 million oz with annual domestic production peaking at 806,000 oz in 1935 before the industry went into decline. The map shows the cumulative production from Japan's main deposits, with the exception that Hishikari on Kyushu is the single new large discovery since the war — with reserves of 120 tonnes of contained gold.

Japan's Metal Mining Agency was





On the board: Bruce Walpole

commissioned to undertake a regional evaluation of Kyushu in the late 1970s, considered the most prospective for gold potential. It resulted in the discovery of the Hishikari deposit (on ground held by Sumitomo Mining) but the rest of the country was largely ignored.

Among the directors of Austpac is one Stuart Milthorpe, a partner in the Sydney law firm of Clayton Utz. Another Clayton Utz partner is Bob Pritchard who is also counsel in Australia for the trading house Nissho Iwai. Pritchard introduced the Austpac team to Nissho in mid-1986 and, after much inquiry, a joint venture was formed early last year to undertake a reconnaissance of Japan from one end to the other. Two Australian geologists (led by Austpac exploration manager Peter Morrissey) and two Japanese geologists undertook the survey in July-August and in October-November, when more than 1000 samples were collected for testing. As a result, ground has been secured over a wide area within which Austpac hopes to locate enriched vein deposits grading in the range of 80 grams/tonne gold. (The Hishikari mine contains 1.5 million tonnes of ore grading 80 g/t in a series of vertical vein systems.)

Austpac has applied the Hishikari model to its Ohui epithermal prospect on New Zealand's Coromandel Peninsula and has hopes of establishing similar bonanza-style vein enrichment deposit there. A diamond drilling program is continuing. But the Japanese joint venture at Konomai on the northern island of Hokkaido has tied up what is apparently the most prospective ground in an area larger than the Coromandel Peninsula, New Zealand's prime gold area. The company has 29 licences claimed over 11 prospects.

Security of title comes very cheaply in Japan where a 3½ sq km licence area may be granted for \$1000 application money and \$2000 a year for a six-year licence. There are no work or expenditure requirements, as in Australia, and the ground may be converted to a mining lease for \$10,000 a year.

Among the clinchers for a small company such as Austpac getting a joint venture under way with Nissho-Iwai was the high calibre of Austpac's team. Apart from Turbott, a recognised world authority on epithermal gold deposits, the board includes Dr Bruce Walpole - a former assistant chief geologist with the Bureau of Mineral Resources who became vice-president and general manager of Anaconda Australia Inc and a founder of the consultancy firm Hannes Walpole and Barlow Pty Ltd. Walpole found the first uranium on the Alligator River Province in the Northern Territory and later was responsible for recognition of the Kidston gold discovery in Queensland.

Despite Austpac's promising position in Japan, plus its prospects in the Pacific, the company has suffered like all others since the October market crash — capitalisation has come down from a peak last year of \$83 million to \$18 million. That \$18 million is covered by cash of almost \$4 million and an 8.5 percent holding in the new terra cotta tile company on the NSW central coast, Montoro Resources Ltd, worth in today's depressed market \$3.4 million. That leaves a bit more than \$10 million value riding on the ring of fire. □

MARKETING

Royal salute to a nation's king of commerce

By NIGEL AUSTIN

THE presence of Prince Charles and Princess Diana at the bicentennial wool collection showing at the Sydney Opera House on January 31 will continue the British royal family's long and propitious involvement with the Australian sheep industry. Although the couple will play only a small role in the nation's greatest fashion event, the merino might never have come to these shores were it not for the royal family.

The royal contribution to the industry encompasses intrigue, war, smug-

gling and a good deal of luck and goes back to the first merinos brought to Australia, in 1797, aboard the *Reliance* and *Supply* under the control of Captains Waterhouse and Kent.

The saga of these 26 sheep began at the battle of Miuzenberg in South Africa when Colonel Gordon, the Dutch commissioner, capitulated to armed forces sent by King George III. Gordon ended his life and 143 years of rule by the Dutch East India Company with a bullet. In doing so, he inadvertently helped lay the foundations for Australia's greatest industry. Among his widow's tasks was the disposal of his Groenkloof merino flock which had originated from two rams and four ewes the Dutch government gave King Charles IV of Spain. These were the first merinos to land in Australia.

The royal connection resumes when Charles and Diana attend the industry's fashion extravaganza. They will present special awards to overseas and Australian designers. The event, to be televised live around the world, has become such a drawcard that the Australian Wool Corporation has received a string of phone calls from people offering to pay as much as \$2000 for a single ticket. The corporation's communications manager, Vincent Mathews, says demand has been staggering with overseas companies wanting to charter aeroplanes and fly groups out especially for the event. "Tickets are priceless but they are not for sale at any price,"

The event comes appropriately in a year when wool is again the uncrowned king of Australian commerce. The "col-

lection" will feature garments worn by 40 models, including Elle McPherson, and 30 dancers.

Judging by price rises last week at the first wool sales in 1988, plenty more celebrating is in store for the industry this year. The latest forecast by the Bureau of Agricultural and Research Economics is that wool will earn \$5.35 billion in export income in 1987-88. It could be considerably more. However, authorities expect prices to stabilise at present levels — more than 30 percent higher than last year's average price.

The industry's buoyancy is a result of the greatest commodity marketing program in Australia's history. The corporation and the International Wool Secretariat have developed a range of sophisticated world demand-building exercises that has worked. An example is the secretariat's \$8.5 million annual promotion program in the US which has increased the demand for wool apparel by eight million kilograms a year.

A world shortage of wool has developed, overseas retailers say, while large stockpiles of many other rural commodities lie around the world.

This is a year of exciting prospects for increased wool usage in the US through new products including the recent world launching of a range of turtleneck shirts in a program developed by the US branch of the secretariat, The Wool Bureau. The launching, last August, resulted in the entire production being sold by Christmas. The bureau's menswear product manager, Roy Erlandsen, says the turtleneck was just one item in a range of new products which would compete with cotton and silk

Australia's 80,000 woolgrowers have good reason to celebrate — their contributions to the nation include its most valuable industry and the development of the modern merino, the most brilliant genetic achievement of all time.



Answers to quiz on page 56

- 1. Grimaldi.
- 2. 100 kopecks to the rouble.
- 3. Phileas Fogg.
- 4. Love Me Tender (1956).
- 5. Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas.
- 6. Breeds of dogs.
- 7. Lord Louis Mountbatten.
- 8. Josephine and Marie Louise.
- 9. A fish.
- 10. Dog.

You don't have to be a millionaire to invest in large-scale property portfolios.

Because as little as \$1000 gets you a stake in some of Australia's finest commercial properties.

Talk to the people at Hooker. They're Australia's leading property specialists and can show you the benefits of investing in Hooker Property Trust. HPT has assets valued at over \$100 million and offers unit holders great potential for rising income plus capital growth. And, HPT even offers some taxation advantages.

For more details about Hooker Property Trust, send the coupon,

speak to your stockbroker, or phone Hooker direct on (008) 02 2282.

This special line is STD toll free and can be dialled from anywhere in Australia.

Hooker Property Trust is listed on all Australian Stock Exchanges.

CI I	roperty must, send the coupon,
	To: Freepost 114, Hooker Property Trust, GPO Box 1568, SYDNEY NSW 2001
	Name:
	Address:
	Postcode:
	Telephone:
	Please send me, without obligation, your special 'Fact Finder' brochure on investment.
	TDM 6039A



Golden glimmer for Golconda

LAST WEEK'S late pick-up in the gold price to around \$US487 an ounce provided a modest prop to the Australian gold share market as paralysed investors awaited news of the latest US trade deficit

Golconda Minerals NL, which the Speculator nominated last week as the cheapest producer on the boards, recovered from its week's low of 32 cents to close at 36c. At that price, it is on a price-earnings multiple of 1.5 times projected net income/share for 1988.

With 94.6 million fully-paid 20c shares on issue trading at 36c, the company has a market capitalisation of \$34 million. At last year's market peak, when the shares reached \$2.10, it was valued at more than \$198 million.

Golconda is probably best known for treating tailings dumps around Australia, the activity that first got the company going. Chairman Bob Baldock, a former Perth chartered accountant who owns 19.9 percent of the company, has led it into promising diversifications.

Although present dump treatment operations will continue for at least two

years — and further dump projects might be undertaken — the company is moving into mainstream production in the US.

Golconda owns 47 percent of Nevada Goldfields Corporation, listed on both the Vancouver and Toronto stock exchanges with application made late last year to list on the US over-the-counter market.

The Australian market went somewhat sour on Golconda early in October after the company reported a consolidated loss of \$491,000 for the year to June 30, down from a net profit of \$1.07 million in 1985-86. The loss was entirely due to start-up costs of its first Nevada gold mine.

The company since has announced that Nevada Goldfields' profit for the September quarter was \$2.32 million, reversing the previous quarter's loss of \$964,000 due to starting up the Kingston mine 330 kilometres east of Reno in Nevada. Golconda's share of that first-quarter profit would have been \$1.09 million, more than the entire profit of 1985-86 and taking no account of con-

tinuing profitable operations in Australia.

Kingston is producing at the rate of more than 1000 ounces a week and is the third-most-productive underground mine in the US with an estimated mine cost of \$A300/oz from ore grading 7.23 grams/tonne.

Golconda announced on December 3 that its second US mine had begun producing — the Aurora, 150km southeast of Reno. Speaking at the opening of the mine, Baldock said it would produce 100,000oz of gold and 150,000oz of silver over a five-year life. Average gold grade runs 7.2 grams/tonne with more than 80 percent of the ore open-cut and the rest underground.

Combined gold production from both mines in the current financial year is projected at 60,000oz — making Golconda's share 28,200oz.

In 1988-89, with the expected opening of the Empire mine 70km west of Denver in Colorado, Baldock has predicted that US production will exceed 128,000oz a year — of which Golconda's share will be more than 60,000oz.

In the current year, US production — together with continuing Australian production from the Beaconsfield, Lancefield and Trafalgar dumps — should run to about 52,000oz with projected net earnings of 24c a share.

On top of that, the company:

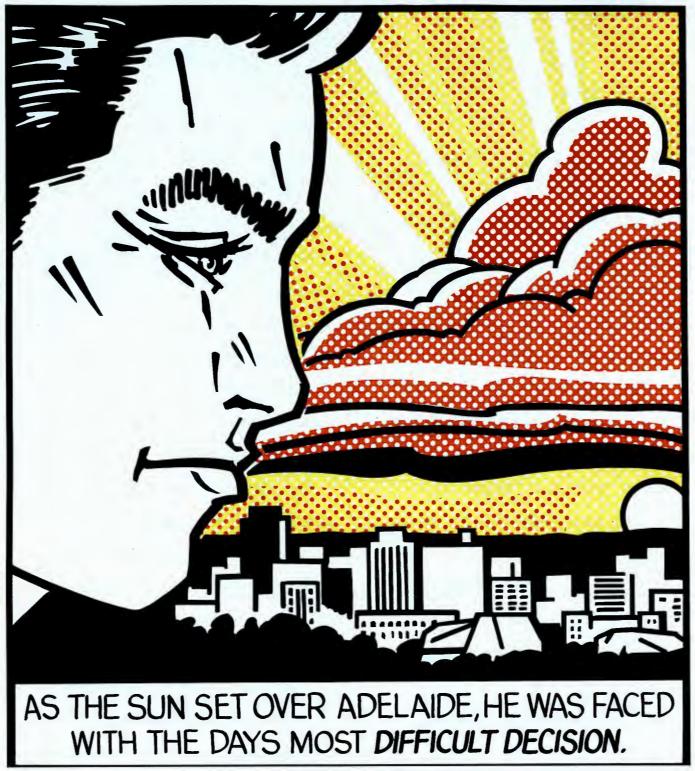
- Has taken out an international patent on a new tailings treatment process that recovers up to 95 percent of cyanide solution and enables it to be recycled instead of going to waste and
- owns 43.9 percent of Duketon Exploration NL, which has prospective gold areas around Laverton, Western Australia.

The company has about \$3 million cash in hand, its Duketon holding is worth \$1.8 million at current depressed prices and with profitable operations from multiple gold shows it seems an absolute bargain on its low P/E multiple.

Here's how the portfolio stands:

Company	Bought	Cost	Now
8000 Golconda	8-1-88	.33	.36
Total value of portfolio			\$2880
Plus cash in kitty			\$12,292
TOTAL:			\$15,172
Result since Dec 31, 1987			+1.1%
All-ords since Dec 31, 1987 (1320)			-3.2%
Oil and gas since Dec 31, 1987 (498.6)			nil
Gold since Dec 31, 1987 (2	156)		-10.3%





'What,' he asked himself, 'am I going to do tonight?'

'Here I am, a stranger in a strange city. Where does a single guy go for a drink, a feed, a bit of fun?'

Then he looked out the hotel window and saw the old railway station.

'Of course,' he smiled. 'The Casino. Bars. Restaurants. People. And a flutter on the roulette wheel.' Under the shower he remembered how Brad had met his girlfriend at the Casino last year. 'Never know,' he mused, 'might meet some gorgeous blonde. Or win the Keno jackpot.'

'Which reminds me what my mother used to say: never gamble or mix with strange women.'



Smart thinking on a greater plain.

The 'lucky country' is a land of geographic idiosyncracies that challenge four-wheel drive vehicles to the limit.

Here in this harsh, unforgiving environment, Mitsubishi has put its fourwheel drive thinking, engineering and reputation on the line.

As any dedicated four-wheel driver will appreciate, this kind of driving is more than the muscle of man and machine. Much more indeed.

It takes an intelligent driver. And an intelligent vehicle.

Such a vehicle is the Mitsubishi Pajero.

It has won the standard production class in the gruelling Wynn's Safari three years in a row.

In fact, the winning vehicle was a short-wheel base Pajero — exactly the same as you can buy right now at any Mitsubishi dealer.

The only modification was a roll bar.

And it's not just here in Australia that

Pajero reigns supreme.

Year after year in the 'hell on wheels' 40,000 kilometre Paris to Dakar rally, Pajero takes top honours.

However, the Pajero is only part of Mitsubishi's four-wheel drive repertoire.

There is also the Mitsubishi Starwagon, Express van and Triton utilities.

In fact, the launch of the eight-seater Starwagon caused a major revolution in Australian four-wheel drive motoring.

Experts claimed it was a significant departure from traditional four-wheel drive thinking and it went on to become Australia's '4WD of the Year'.

The Australian car buying public took it to heart. It was the kind of vehicle they had been waiting for.

Australia can be very tough on cars.

And Australians even tougher on car
manufacturers.

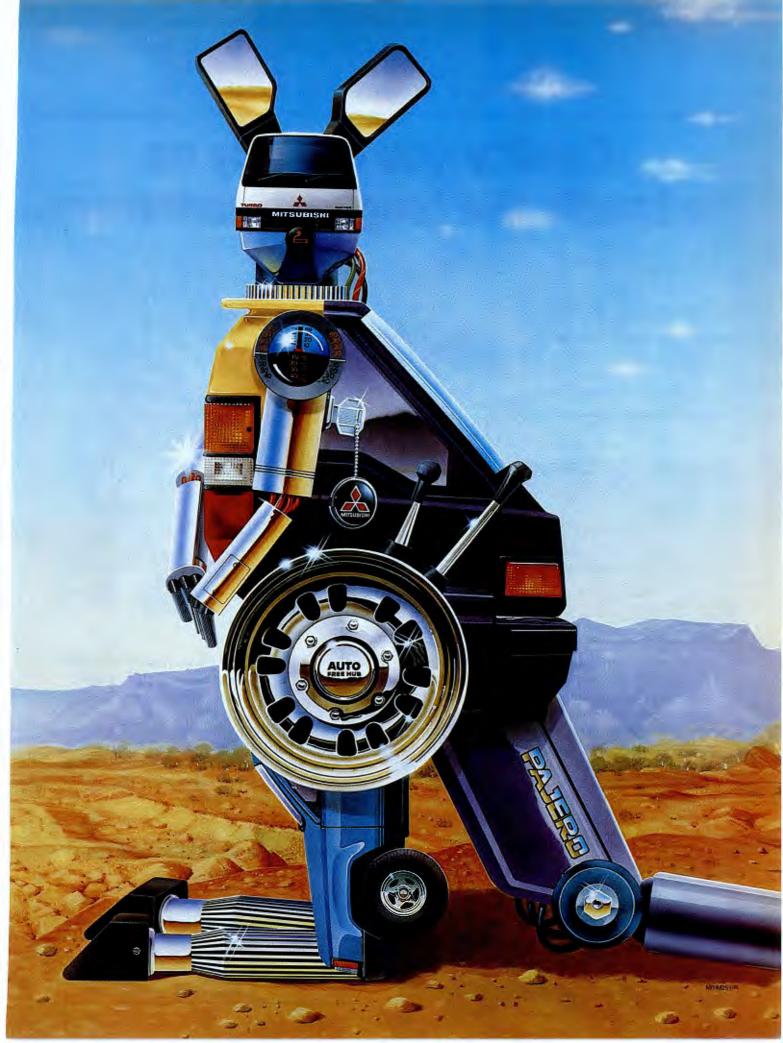
There is no place for second best.

There is no second chance.

Mitsubishi's smart thinking is taking on this tough environment and winning.

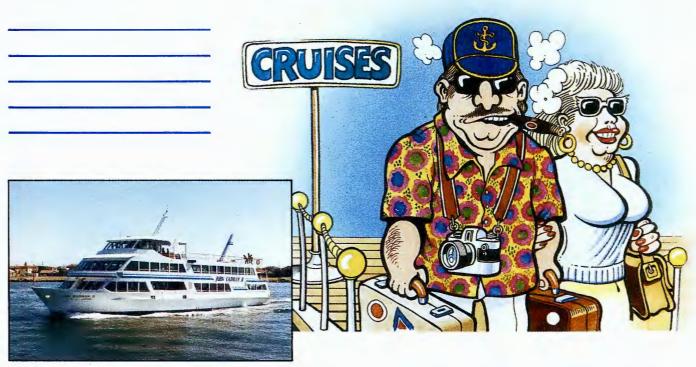
Pajero, Starwagon, Express and Triton are testimony to the fact.





CARRINGTON

Quality you can rely on to handle the toughest customers.



Australia is now quite clearly on the map as a tourist destination - and that means that the expectations of some very demanding international visitors have to be met. That's why more and more ship owners are using Carrington's expertise to design and construct high quality vessels for use in this expanding market. Vessels like the "John Cadman II" cruising restaurant and the luxurious "Lady Hawkesbury", a 68 metre



shallow draught river cruise vessel with first class accommodation for 138 passengers. Captain Cook Cruises operates this beautifully appointed ship on the Hawkesbury River, thereby capitalising on the world wide trend towards inland cruising. Ship owners today know they can rely on Carrington to keep even the toughest customers happy.

CARRINGTON — Australia's finest builders of small ships.



Carrington Slipways Pty Ltd

SHIPYARD DIVISION

OLD PUNT ROAD, TOMAGO N.S.W. 2322 AUSTRALIA Phone (049) 648071, Telex "SLIPS" AA 28185, Telefax (049) 648316

MARKETING DIVISION

COLD FIELDS HOUSE, 1 ALFRED STREET, SYDNEY N.S.W. 2000 AUSTRALIA Phone (92) 253677. Telex "CARSLP" AA 122253. Telefax (92) 2512512

WILDCAT edited by DAVID HASELHURST

Greening of the world

EXPATRIATE Australian Alan Greenway will announce plans this week for a chain of international golf resorts to cost an initial \$US350 million.

Golfing greats Greg Norman and Bruce Devlin have signed contracts with Greenway Associates Inc to endorse the chain of equity membership golf clubs and design the courses.

One of the initial golf resorts will be based on the acquisition of an existing private golf club in NSW — although Greenway won't say where until investigations are complete.

Four of the clubs will be located in the US, with the first to be opened at Palm Springs.

Greenway told Wildcat he had planned to float the parent company of the world chain — Gold Resorts International — in Australia. But with last year's market crash, the proposed underwriter backed off and the float was abandoned.

Greenway, the founder of the Travelodge hotel/motel chain, has a reputation for successfully picking trends in the accommodation, leisure and tourism industries. He said the US Golf Association had completed a study recently on the needs of golfers in the US. It concluded that a new golf course would need to be opened every day in the US simply to maintain a balance between supply and demand to the end of the century.

His group planned to convert exist-



"I rang your broker. He says to leave a message after the gunshot."

ing clubs or construct new ones at a cost of \$US35 million each. They will then sell 1500 memberships in each club for \$US50,000 each. The member will hold a unit of equity in the club property.

Membership will be open internationally and Greenway expects the offer will be very competitive in the US market and sought after in Japan. Golf club membership in Japan costs about \$US3 million. Memberships are traded like shares and a published market appears in the Japanese press.

Memberships will be marketed in the US, Japan, Europe and Australia. A member of any club in the chain will have access to the other clubs at discounted prices.

At the Palm Springs club, for instance, members will be able to book accommodation at \$US40 a night. That compares with the nearby Marriott Hotel golf resort where accommodation costs \$US250 a night.

The Palm Springs club, like others planned in the chain, will have 18 holes (to be expanded to another nine), plus 162 luxury suites, tennis courts and other country-club facilities. The NSW club under study will be upgraded to include first-class accommodation.

Instead of floating in Australia, Gold Resorts International has got off the ground with a \$US10-million private placement in the US. Greenway hopes, however, to list in Australia later with a local issue.

Directors are: Greenway (chairman), Robert C. Jenks, a former treasurer of the Westin International Hotels group (president) and Bob Fox, the former vice-chairman of Nabisco and former chief executive of Del Monte Corporation.

Indrew hellary

"The managing director has asked me to present the draft annual report. He said if you have any comments they can be sent to the following postbox number in Rio..."

Heart starter

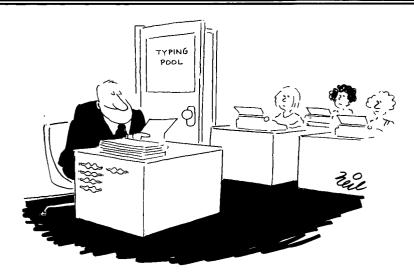
DEFIBRILLATION is a medical procedure usually carried out in hospitals where doctors put electrostatic pads onto the chest of a patient whose heart

has stopped and shock it back to normal beat. But on January 4 the action all happened invisibly as a Melbourne man, sitting in a chair at home, slipped into unconsciousness when his heart succumbed to ventricular fibrillation — a form of heart arrest.

He would have died except for a miniaturised, digitised defibrillator/ pacemaker planted in his abdomen which had been monitoring the drama in his chest. The device sent a 650-volt charge across his heart, snapped it out of arrest then restored normal rhythm through an inbuilt pacemaker and later relayed details of the incident to the man's cardiologist, Dr Paul Kertes, through a radio link. It was the first time the Australian-developed and -manufactured defibrillator/pacemaker known as the Guardian 4201 had been called on to operate in the field the unit is being clinically evaluated in seven patients around the world.

For Telectronics Holdings Ltd, which sank \$5 million into developing the device, the successful resuscitation is a step towards the potential dominance in the emerging tachyarrhythmia (abnormally fast heartbeat) pacemaker market. According to Telectronics chief executive, Dr James Loughman, this market could become as large as the \$US1 billion brachyarrhythmia (abnormally slow heart rate) pacemaker market within five to 10 years.

However, the Telectronic's unit still has to be approved by the Federal Drug Administration before it can be mar-



keted widely in the US, a complex process which Loughman says should be over "some time in 1989".

Telectronics' only competition comes from the US-based Cardiac Pacemaker Inc which has around 2000 defibrillators implanted in patients and FDA approval. But according to Kertes, a heart specialist with Melbourne's Austin Hospital, the US device is "much cruder" because it lacks a backup pacemaker, has no radio link, and does not check for false alarms.

Telectronics is controlled by the Sydney-based **Nucleus Group**. In February last year it beefed its operations and took out some of its competition by purchasing the pacing division of US

medical products company Cordis Corporation for \$33 million. Absorbing the Cordis buy was partly responsibly for a 10 percent drop in Telectronic's June half-year operating profit after tax — down from \$2.4 million in 1986 to \$2.2 million in 1987 on turnover of \$66 million. According to a company spokeswoman, the full year turnover result would, at around \$150 million, more fully reflect the benefits of the Cordis acquisition.

- Stuart Kennedy

Crash aids banks

MONEY fleeing the stockmarket crash into the safety of the savings banks has bolstered cheap deposit levels enough for banks to desist their frantic scratching for expensive term accounts, setting the scene for increased profitability and triggering a rise in bank fortunes on the stockmarket.

The flow of cheap money means banks have been letting their high-interest term-deposits run down — reportedly by 11.6 percent during the two months to November — as savings-bank deposits, up 5.2 percent for the period, top up the level of cash needed to finance housing loans. According to the Australian Bureau of Statistics, savings-bank deposits in November rose by \$635 million to \$55,969 million compared with a \$273 million increase for the same period last year.

The stockmarket responded to the news with a 26-point increase on the Banking Index last Friday.

Last week's gains at Westpac and the National Australia Bank have pushed their price-earnings multiples up and their dividend yields down. As the table below shows, the ANZ Bank remains the cheapest buy on a straight comparison but with the expectation that all bank earnings could be enhanced the

CRAWLEY

By STEWART McCRAE



"Two hundred years ago the workforce slaved from dawn to dusk, were lashed for laziness and chained to their jobs. My God, Crawley! That was something really worth celebrating!"

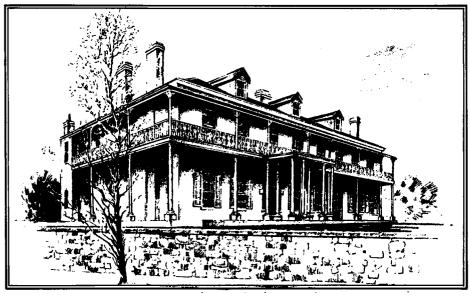


To celebrate Australia's Bicentenary in 1988
The National Trust and AMATIL Limited are presenting
a Gift to the Nation.

This community-based heritage program is amongst the largest of its kind ever undertaken in Australia and consists of thirteen individual projects.

Each project in the Gift to the Nation will present a different aspect of our heritage.

Historic buildings of national significance will be restored and important museum and educational facilities will be developed to assist and encourage all Australians to better understand and enjoy the architecture, history and culture of our young nation.



Juniper Hall, Oxford Street, Paddington, Sydney built in 1824 is one of Australia's most important historic bouses. It will be fully restored and opened to the public in 1988.

AMATIL markets leading consumer brands in the tobacco, beverages, snack foods, poultry and packaging industries. Our activities cover all of Australia and extend to markets in the Pacific, South East Asia and Europe. As well as serving consumers of our products, AMATIL makes a significant contribution to community life. This takes the form of sponsorship of community activities and donations to voluntary groups. For Australia's Bicentenary AMATIL is pleased to be the sole sponsor of such an important heritage programme as A Gift to the Nation.



group looks very reasonably priced against other sectors of the industrial market.

Bank dividends are either fully taxfree due to imputation or close to it.

Bank	Share price	P/E Multiple	div'd yield
ANZ	\$3.43	6.2	6.7%
National	\$4.20	6.7	6.0%
Westpac	\$4.78	6.5	6.2%
•		Stug	et Konnady

Golden twins

THE new guard at Perth-based goldminer Electrum NL has announced a takeover offer for its joint-venture partner, Belgravia Resources NL.

Electrum is offering a two-for-five share bid for all the fully-paid capital of

Belgravia, subject to 90 percent acceptance by Belgravia shareholders.

The move is part of Electrum's strategy to significantly increase its level of activity as a gold producer. The first part of the strategy involved an agreement with **Lubbock Nominees Pty Ltd** of Kalgoorlie whereby Electrum acquired 60 percent in the Kunanalling-Gibraltar joint venture near Coolgardie, WA.

The man behind Lubbock Nominees and now the new chairman of Electrum, Frank Lubbock, said that the move would lead to the development of a mining group producing more than 100,000 ounces of gold a year within the next 18 months.

Lubbock Nominees, Lubbock's private company, recently increased its holding in Electrum to 49 percent of the issued share capital effectively reducing Belgravia's holding to 36 percent.

The Gibraltar mine, which began production in October at the rate of 720,000 tonnes a year, has proven and probable reserves of 3.9 million tonnes at 1.5 grams per tonne. Electrum has a 30 percent interest in the Broad Arrow joint venture near Broad Arrow township, WA, with Belgravia, which holds 70 percent, and another at Brilliant Tindals where it has a 50/50 joint-venture agreement with MC Mining NL.

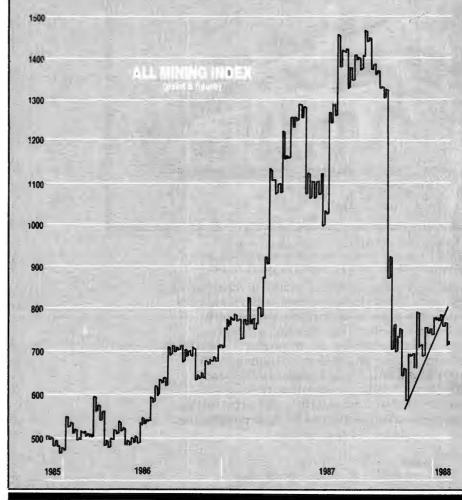
- Alex McKinnon

THE CHARTIST by RUSSELL LANDER

Turning a blind eye to metal prices

THE All Metals Index which represents 22 percent of the All Ordinaries currently stands at only 49 percent of its pre-crash peak, despite a rally of

over 100 points since Black Tuesday. This is an extraordinary outcome in the light of changes in the prices of copper, nickel and gold since Octo-

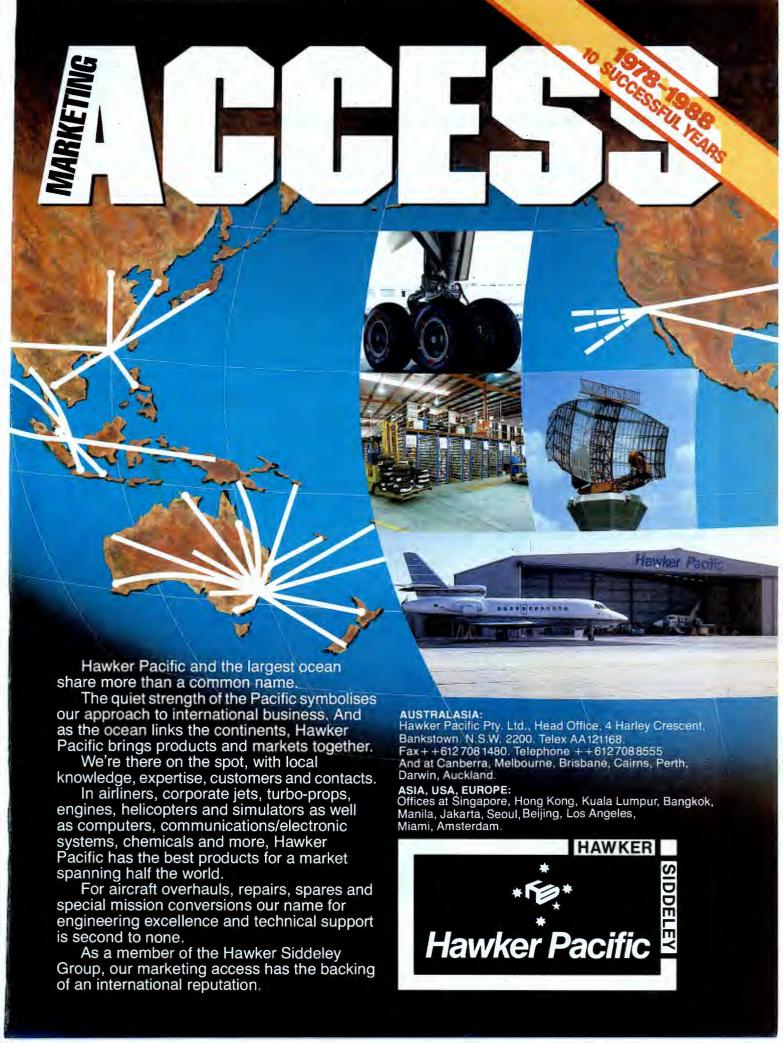


ber 1. On that date spot copper was trading in London at £1135/tonne and is now £1598 (+41 percent). Corresponding figures for nickel are £3305 and £4130 (+25 percent) and for gold \$US455/oz and \$US480 (+5½ percent).

In terms of the Australian dollar these gains have been greater still as the Trade Weighted Index has given up some ground since October 1. In the bullish climate leading up to the crash this sort of news could have easily pushed the All Metals Index to the 2000 mark. We now live in more sober times, however, and it is indeed a measure of investor uncertainty that the recovery in our market has so far been such a non-event.

The popular view at present would appear to be that the worst is now over and that the market is in the early stages of what should be a strong rally. An alternate, and very much minority, view put forward by a friend of mine is that the action since the end of October is simply a minor technical correction with a further downleg to come before the market is ready to build a proper rally. This would not necessarily be severe but would finally purge the market of the sellers sitting on the market. The point and figure chart takes us back a little over two years.

The question of whether we are in an ageing minor correction or a fledgling rally will probably be resolved in a matter of days rather than weeks.



Old mates' history of Australia (revised)

FEW people realise what an important part chess has played in the birth of our nation. Toiling among the dusty archives, I have unearthed the following facts.

■ In 1788, the French admiral La Perouse would have beaten Captain Phillip into Botany Bay by 2½ days if the wily Englishman had not known of his rival's love of board games. Phillip saw to it that La Perouse was taught the old rules of chess — a much slower version where the pawns and Queen move only one square at a time.

Phillip, although he became an equally fanatical player, used the faster modern rules. He was thus able to spare more time for navigation and so managed to slip into Botany Bay just ahead of the French. (The slang term "matelot" for sailor derives from Phillip's observations in his diary that La Perouse became such a good player that he "mated a lot"...)

■ Captain Cook was not speared to death by natives in Hawaii in 1789. He was bludgeoned to death with a 3½-inch weighted black King by a furious chieftain for threatening the chief's Queen without saying "gardez". On his deathbed, Cook swore his crew to secrecy as he didn't want it to get around that he was in a losing position at the time.

■ Governor Bligh was not hiding under his bed to escape the NSW Corps

during the Rum Rebellion of 1808. He was looking for a black pawn which had fallen on the floor while he was playing with Lady Bligh in bed the night before.

Research such as this into Australian chess history would hardly be possible without the resources of the remarkable M. V. Anderson collection of chess publications in Melbourne. Reputed to be the third-largest collection in the world, it is housed by the State Library of Victoria and managed by chess librarian Ken Fraser.

The first time I walked into the M. V. Anderson wing, I knew how Errol Flynn must have felt when he first entered the harem of Sultan Abu-Baka-Hakim of Bagdad. I didn't know which book to reach for first.

The well-known amateur Sydney chess historian Larry Ermacora recently discovered that the first chess game in Australia was played by two convicts: Jacob Cudlip, who arrived on the Scarborough, and James Donnaugh from the Alexander. Here is the game, which incidentally shows how far the standard in Australia has improved since its humble convict beginnings.

J. Cudlip v J. Donnaugh

(Note: History does not record who played White.)

1. f4!

Bird's Opening. In modern times it is nearly extinct, possibly due to the

fate which befalls White here. Sadly, the related but more restrained Lesser Bird's Opening (1.f3) has entirely disappeared from tournament play.

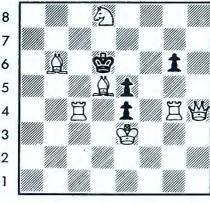
1.... e5

From's Gambit, which aims to open lines quickly at the cost of a pawn. Sociologically, the move shows that in the 18th century people were far less affected by the materialism which pervades today's society.

2. g4?!?*

A strategically ambitious gesture aiming to grab space. Stronger is 2. h3!, as this would have held out one move longer.

2.... Qh4 mate
Normally, it is not good to bring the
Queen out so early but a good player
knows when to break the rules.



bcdefgh

An original by F. J. Catlow of Rapid Bay, South Australia. One of the first chess problems composed here, it was published in the Adelaide *Observer* of February 29, 1868. It was unearthed by John van Manen of Adelaide, Australia's official chess historian, and published in Volume V of his comprehensive *Australian Chess Lore*.

It is White to play and mate in two moves. Send your entries (in any notation) to *The Bulletin* Chess Problem 103, GPO Box 3957, Sydney 2001. The first correct entry opened after February 4 wins a book from The Chess Computer Shop, GPO Box 2257, Sydney 2001. Phone (02) 332 1989.

Solution to problem 102

	Solution to problem 102	
1.	Ng6ch	Kh7
2.	Nf8dbl ch	Kh8
3.	Qh7ch!	Nxh7

4. Ng6 mate

The winner is William Adamson of Garran, ACT. □



"Here it is in his personal journal! My greatgrandfather beat your great-grandfather with the self same move in 1788!"

H A Y M A N





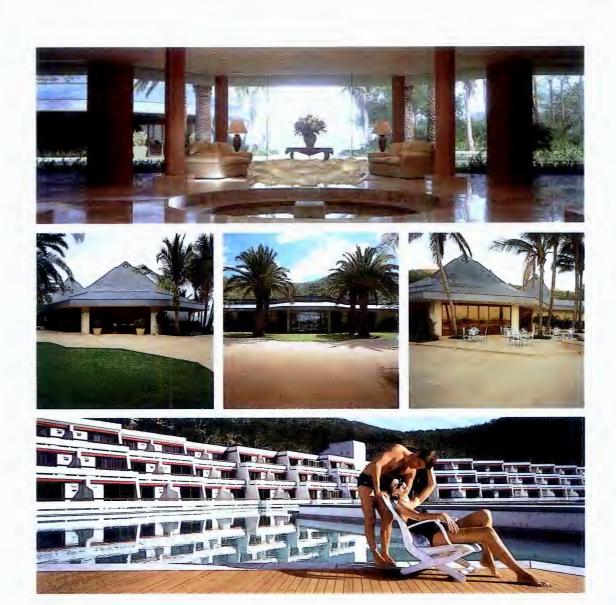
So it begins. Your jet casts a swooping shadow on sunlit waters. The Whitsundays. Seventy-four emerald islands, strewn across a sapphire sea. You touch down. Nearby, The Sun Goddess silently waits, graceful and serene. On board, champagne is served. Then effortlessly, she spirits you away, to another world.



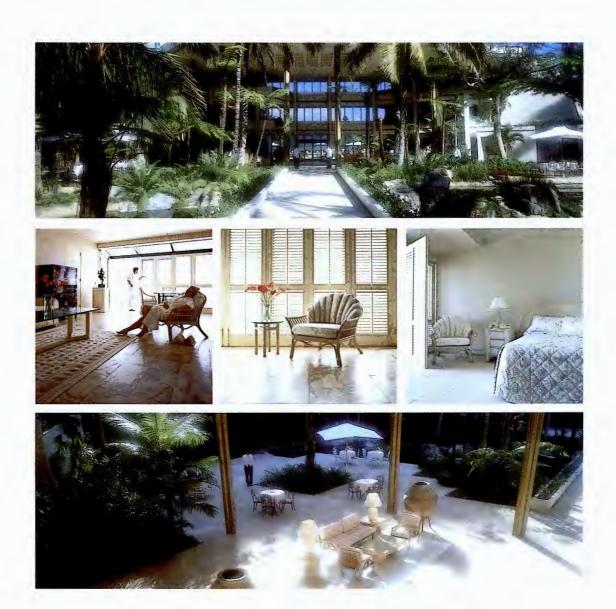


To Hayman. At the head of The Whitsunday Passage, a small green island. Its white sands lapped by warm, peaceful waters of translucent turquoise. Close by, awesome and enchanting, the living wonder of The Great Barrier Reef. Here, in one of the world's most beautiful settings, is one of its finest resort hotels.





This is an island like no other. Created with a classic sense of style, and a flawless eye for perfection, Hayman is a resort hotel in the grand manner. An elegant, civilised haven of peace and good living, for those who choose it. Hayman has an air of quality and sophistication which sets it, indeed, worlds apart.



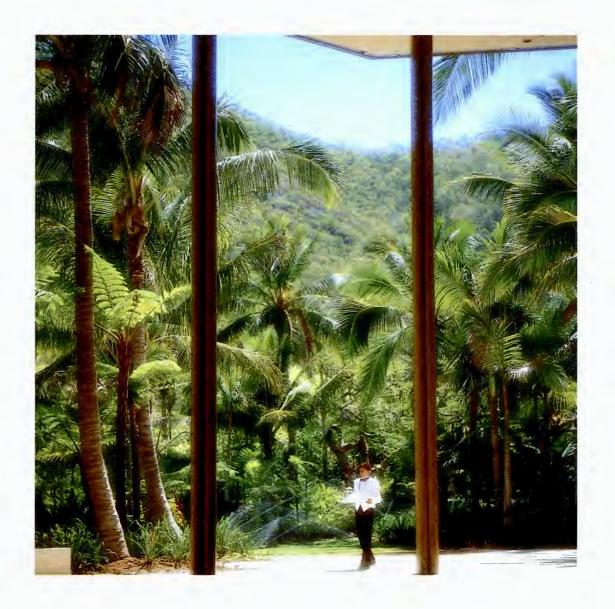
At Hayman, our philosophy is simple. Only the best. It is reflected in everything. Our guest rooms and suites are beautifully appointed, with uncompromising attention to detail. Throughout the hotel, magnificent furnishings, antiques and works of Australian art enhance the mood of quiet and relaxed elegance.











For the relaxation of body and mind, we offer a superlative variety of leisure activities. Our recreational and sporting amenities take full advantage of Hayman's incomparable setting, whilst our splendid international fashion and resort boutiques, conference facilities and guest services provide for every need.



A quiet moment before dinner. The art of conversation, rediscovered in the tranquil and dignified surrounds of The Club Lounge. Its genteel ambience is similarly reflected in the private sanctum of our Billiard Room, with its stately antique table, and in the secluded, restful calm of The Library and Card Room.





Below a wondrous dome adorned with fine gold leaf, rare and precious pieces from The Hayman Collection proudly affirm the credo of this truly grand and unique hotel. At every turn, priceless vases, statues and ornaments, and selected original Australian paintings complement the aesthetic experience of Hayman.







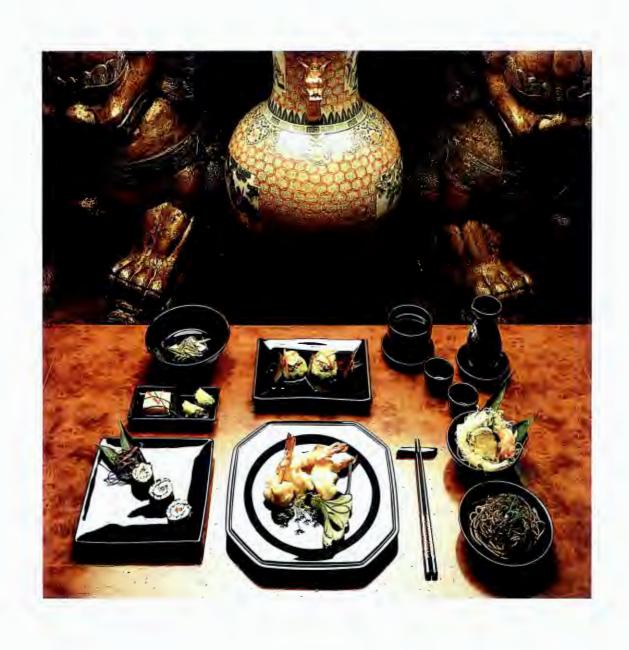






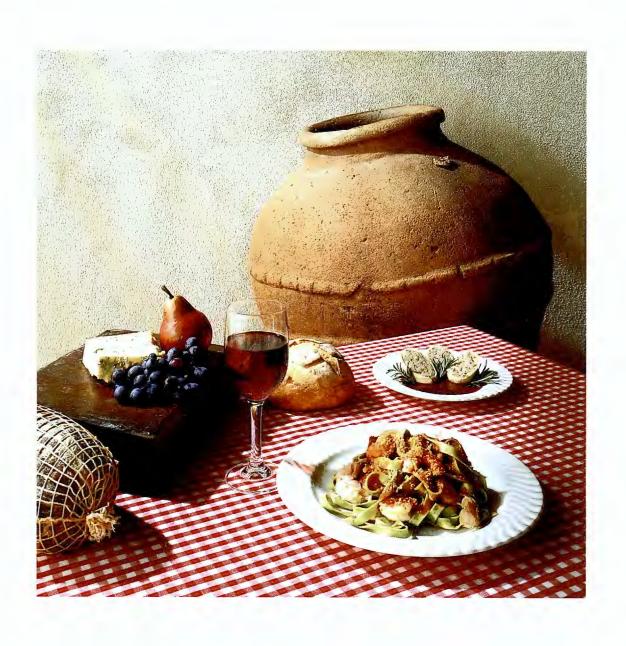


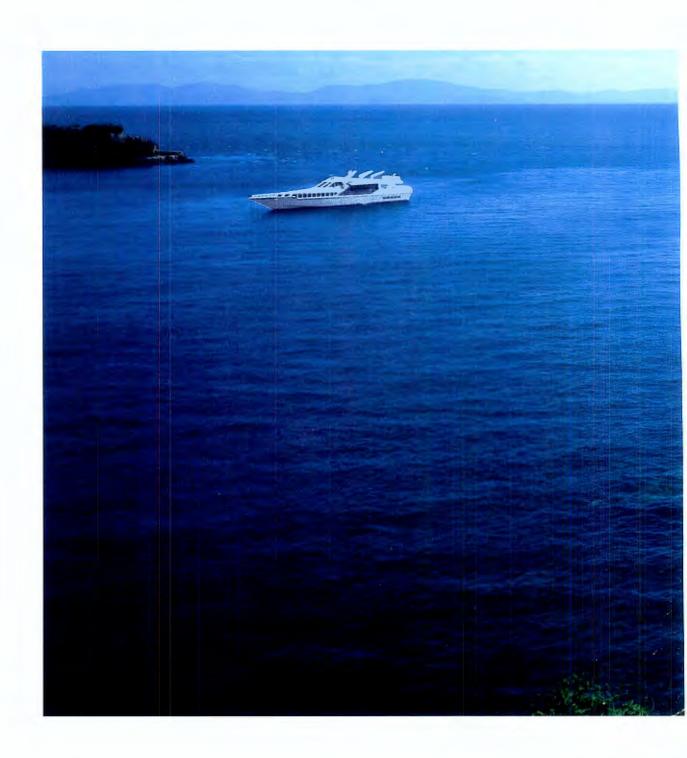
Here, the food is exquisite, the wines are superb, and the service is impeccable. Our four distinguished restaurants present an international selection of fine cuisines, in both formal and informal surroundings, indoors and outdoors. And of course, the touch of a button brings you room service twenty-four hours a day.









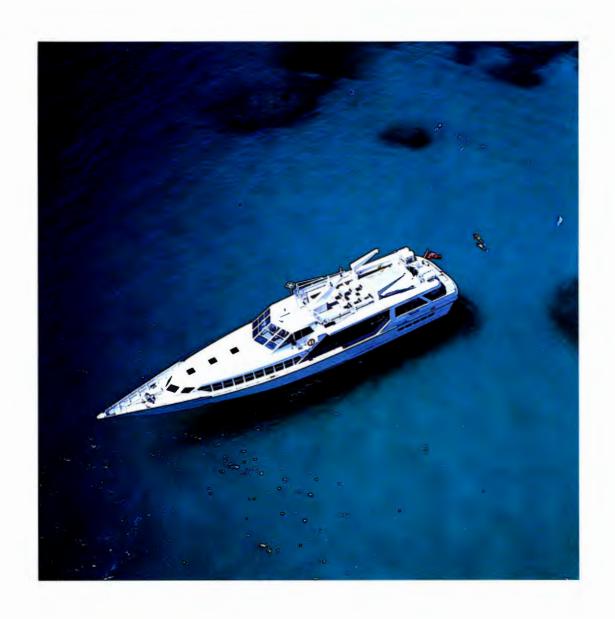








H A Y M A N





H A Y M A N



After the invigorating pleasures of sun and sea, we present a lavish variety of sophisticated amusements at the end of the day. Excellent live dance music, cabaret, pool and dinner entertainment, and guest performances by Australian and international stars will complete your enjoyment. The evening awaits.





The last dance. A walk in the warm velvet darkness, a million diamonds above

The Whitsundays. Memories treasured, and gently held until tomorrow, when

The Sun Goddess waits for you again.



H A Y M A N

CLOSE TO HOME, AND WORLDS APART.



HAYMAN RESORT, GREAT BARRIER REEF, AUSTRALIA.

TELEPHONE (079) 46 9100. TELEX AA 48163. TELEFAX (079) 46 9410.

A member of The Jeading Hotels of the World

FOR INFORMATION AND RESERVATIONS CONTACT YOUR

NEAREST HAYMAN TRAVEL OFFICE.

SYDNEY: 3 KNOX STREET, DOUBLE BAY, N.S.W., 2028.
TELEPHONE (02) 327 2255. TELEX AA 121104.

MELBOURNE: 468 TOORAK ROAD, TOORAK, VIC., 3142.
TELEPHONE (03) 241 7200.

BRISBANE: HOUSE 5, COOK TERRACE, CNR. PARK ROAD

AND CORONATION DRIVE, MILTON, QLD., 4064.

TELEPHONE (07) 368 3300. TELEX AA 142387.

ELSEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA (008) 25 1657 TOLL FREE.

AUSTRALIA ONLY \$72 AYEAR

David McNicoll, George Negus, Ron Saw, Dorian Wild, Sandra Hall, Ben Sandilands, Bruce Stannard, Glennys Bell, Ian Chappell, Lenore Nicklin, David Haselhurst, Jan McGuinness, David O'Reilly, David Barnett, Laurie Oakes and a host of other top Australian writers. Australian history week by week in The Bulletin. The Bulletin is Australia's only weekly news magazine. And our business is news and comment. Rational, logical, factual, full, unsensationalised news. And for only \$72 a year you can subscribe to The Bulletin and be sure of your copy. If you want the news, buy The Bulletin.

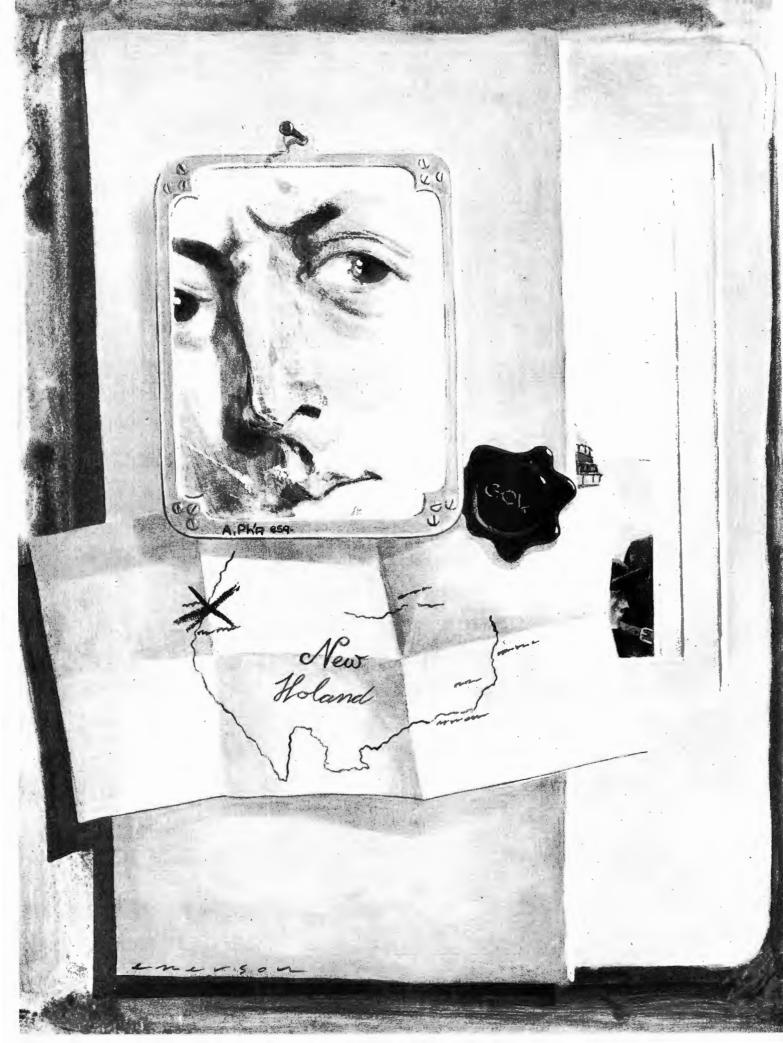
Subscribe for two 24 months for connewsstand price	nly \$10		d s	ave	e 3	5%	b	
Subscribe for one 12 months for of (newsstand price) Please charge my Diners Club American Expre Card Number:	only \$72 \$104). Ban Mas	2 ikc tei	aro Ca	d ard	30	%.		
						i		1
Expiry Date								
I enclose my ch payable to Aust Press Limited. (Rates apply to	ralian C	Coi	ารต	olic		ed		
This is a \square New	<u> </u>	ene	ewa	al s	ub	scı	rip	tior
	(Attach	yo	ur s	ubs	crip	otio	n la	abel
Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms								
Address	<u>.</u>							
	Pos	stc	od	е				
Signature								

To ensure the confidentiality of your card number, please place this coupon in an ordinary envelope and address it to:

FREEPOST 50 Australian Consolidated Press, GPO Box 5252 Sydney NSW, 2001

or

Call toll free (008) 25 2515 or Sydney 282 8295 during office hours. Credit card payments only please.



Take all necessary measures...

MICHAEL TALBOT recreates the day Captain Arthur Phillip gave his First Fleet commanders their orders for Botany Bay.

THE RAIN and wind eased just before dawn. Phillip could now see the hills of Wight again below scudding cloud. He sniffed outside the open window and looked up at the sky: with any luck the weather would blow out later in the day and back a few points east.

"Er, weather glass low to middlin', sir," Bryant announced behind him, heeling the door shut again and setting down the can of hot water with its towel, razor and soap.

Phillip pulled his head inside and shut the window to adjust the pocket mirror on its nail for the last time. He began stropping steel as he watched Bryant's reflection gathering together his few remaining things and stowing them in the other sea chest. His manservant was changing too. Bryant's walk was more jaunty and alert than it had been for many months past. The blue fearnaught and striped vest were store-new, and his pigtail had just been braided with fresh marline for the occasion. And he was talking far less.

The gap between Phillip and almost fifteen hundred men was widening by the minute, just as it had already opened between Bryant — the commodore's manservant — and every other

tar in the convoy. It was inevitable, Phillip knew, starting to lather his sombre reflection. The moments when he would be, indeed could be, just like another man were slipping away like a sounding line through the fingers of time.

Bryant had taken up the blue serge officer's coat and was checking each button's anchor for exact alignment with the one below. Something about that coat's cut and gold lace reminded Phillip of the rich vestments which he had often seen naval chaplains wear at Mass aboard the King of Portugal's warships. Years later it was now his turn to assume something of their awful powers over life and death by a simple outstretching of arms. Phillip shivered and attended more closely to his toilet.

As commodore, as captain of all the captains, he would soon not only be their commander-in-chief but also their judge and jury and court of last appeal. His viceroy's commission would come into effect at Botany Bay, but long before that he would have been answerable only to his sovereign for whatever he chose to do. Once aboard his flagship, every man, regardless of birth or rank, would be his subject. His nod at a

court martial could send any one of them to the yardarm or have him flogged senseless at the gratings. His power to give, his right to take, was unlimited.

Phillip knew he would spend the next months, the coming years, isolated from everyone by the great cabin's bulkhead and whatever passed for Government House at Botany Bay. There would always be an armed sentry at the door, and whenever the commodore passed to walk the quarterdeck his captain and lieutenants would shift to leeward until he cared to notice them. No man who valued his hide would dare to speak to him directly unless upon some point of duty, and then only with head uncovered, hat in hand, at a respectful distance. The Portuguese chaplains had served only God: fourteen hundred souls aboard the transports to Botany Bay were about to learn that Phillip was God.

He pulled himself together and wiped the razor. Bryant marched forward and packed it while his master pulled on white breeches and stockings before tightening the gilt-buckled shoes. Then he stood, arms outstretched, ready to receive the burden that



"There must be something for the Queen to open!"



"I don't care what you do, Gerry, just stop referring to it as 'the white fella's jamboree'!"



would never leave him until he returned to England or died at his post. Bryant slipped the heavy blue coat over Phillip's shoulders, smoothing its collar as his master turned again, tightening up the cocked hat and ankle-length cloak which he would carry until the commodore needed them outside.

Phillip didn't move. Instead he slowly looked round the cramped attic which had been his bedroom and office for so many nights. It was little enough really, for his pay had not allowed for more than thrifty comfort, but remembered from a man o' war running before a gale in the South Atlantic it would become the stuff of dreams. He pulled himself together: two of the inn's stablemen were waiting to lift his sea chests. He glanced at Bryant's weathered face.

"All squared away?"

"Aye ready, sir!"

Phillip began pacing downstairs, where the entire domestic staff of the Bower Anchor were standing in line at the street door. The landlord hopped forward, wooden leg hitting the flagstones as he halted.

"Beggin' leave sir, it would honour us 'normously if you'd accept this 'ere small token o' you bein' wi' us for so long, like." He held out a small leather pouch. "It's a knife. For pens."

Phillip's face relaxed into a smile, perhaps for the last time ever: someone had remembered the trouble he had once had in the small hours when he couldn't find a sharp blade to point a quill. He let his fingertips stroke the small gift.

"Thank you. Everyone."

"A prosp'rous voyage an' safe return, sir!"

Phillip was moving down the line, awarding small envelopes which chinked with coin as their new owners bobbed a curtsey or bowed awkwardly over their tips. And then he stepped onto the crowded pavement, pausing to close his cloak's neck chain and wait for his chests to be loaded aboard their barrows. Then he set his hat square and, without once looking back, began the last half mile he might ever walk on dry land.

It could have been his imagination after Rose's warning, but there did appear to be more men on Portsmouth's streets than he had seen for many months, linking arm in arm reeling from tavern to tavern. One ship's mess table clubbed together and hired a coach for the morning: a gunner's mate was now hanging over the side, whistling after every skirt as the horses clattered past, urging girls to jump up for a quick adventure in the furze bushes of Southsea Common.



The coach was being slowed by the advance company of a regiment embarking for overseas, shoving through its bow wave of wives and children, hucksters and mountebanks, fortune tellers and pickpockets. The colonel was mounted behind his color party and drummers. Phillip stood aside, removing his hat as the army officer's sword flashed, saluting him from the saddle, only replacing it when the last infantry had crunched past in their scarlet regimentals, muskets shouldered, greatcoats, camp kettles and spare boots lashed across leather knapsacks.

Sirius' gig was manned and ready at the sea stairs. Phillip settled himself in the stern sheets as his chests came aboard with Bryant. He knew from long experience that every man was watching his every move without apparently seeing a thing. There would not be a tar below decks who would not know, within five minutes of his coming aboard the flagship, that he had nicked his chin again. And that he only stood waist high to a water butt. And that the new commodore had a great bowsprit of a nose which jutted for'ard of a tarry

face. Phillip also knew from experience that he would need all the isolation of his cabin long before this voyage was done.

The coxswain was the only one permitted to look directly at him. He coughed warily.

"Ready aye ready, sir!"

"Give way."

"Aye aye, sir!" The scrubbed pine oar blades swept back, paused, dipped together as the painter splashed. "Lively now, m'lads! Heeeave —!"

Haslar slowly fell astern and the gig began taking the Solent's choppy water. Phillip ignored the spray trickling down his neck while others, less protected, bent to the oars. It wasn't his imagination: there were more warships at Spithead than there had been even a few days earlier. An outward-bound convoy of levanters had come under the shore batteries and were anchored while their escorts assembled for the run down an almost certainly hostile coastline to Gibraltar and the Mediterranean. Phillip steadied his pulse and concentrated on the job at hand: taking out the six convict transports, their three store ships and the three naval escorts the moment *Hydena* reported for duty.

The gig was closing round his flagship's stern with her newly gilded name carved above the full stretch of windows. For some reason he had yet to fathom, the Navy Office had insisted on renaming the 24-gun Berwick as HMS Sirius, claiming that it was "that great Dog Star, brightest of all the southern heavens", a romantic whimsy that Phillip could well do without: his men already had enough to worry them without some damnfool clerk in London breaking one of the sea's ironbound superstitions.

He purged his own imagination again and got ready to go aboard as the gig eased under Sirius' wasp-striped tumble-home. Phillip crouched, balancing with the roll for a moment, then sprang for the fixed companion ladder, gripping tight while a surprise wave drenched him, and began climbing for the entry port.

A marine lieutenant's sword rasped scabbard as Phillip's gold lace drew

level with the deck's rim.

"Honor guard! A-ten-shun!" Pause. "Preesent arms!"

And 20 open palms slapped musket slings while bosuns' mates and sideboys stiffened, pipes trilling.

Their commodore stepped aboard, doffing his hat to the quarterdeck, sensing rather than hearing the crack of his broad red and white pennant breaking at the mainmast peak.

Sirius' officers had formed the third side of the hollow square which faced the entry. Her captain stepped forward and halted, hat off, his own silvery hair blowing around.

"Welcome aboard, sir."

"Thank you, Mr Hunter." Phillip completed his inspection of the marine guard, then looked at Hunter again. "Make to all ships: captains and masters will assemble aboard the commodore."

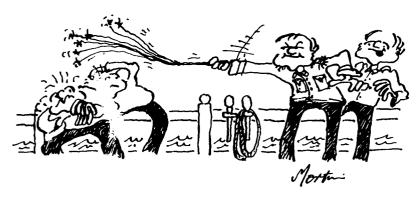
"Aye aye, sir."

Phillip walked aft to the poop deck, cloak swirling round wet shoemarks. Behind him bare feet were pattering to the signal halliards, bending on flags as the midshipman of the watch read aloud from Sirius' signal book. Phillip smelled the cannon's recoil, alerting the convoy to a stick of colored bunting as it spilled into the wind overhead. Two further charges of powder had to be fired before all the convoy's transports noted Sirius' orders by flying their reply pennants. The midshipman reported to his lieutenant, who reported to Hunter, who alone could approach Phillip and doff his hat again.

"Thank you, Mr Hunter." Phillip turned. "Have them attend me in the



"Come on lads! All together . . . happy birthday to me, happy birthday to me!"



I'VE REALLY ENJOYED THE WAY YOU'VE GOT INTO THE SPIRIT OF THIS RE-ENACTMENT!



great cabin." "Aye aye, sir." Phillip touched his hatbrim and went below, ducking his head up the short passage between the captain's and first lieutenant's cubbies. The marine sentry clicked to attention as the commodore passed and the door shut behind him.

The great cabin was only large relative to everything else aboard a 500-ton man o' war, Phillip knew, pausing to let his eyes accustom themselves to the gloom, but at least someone had recently had the initiative to give the bare timbers a lick of canary-yellow paint — except of course for the regulation crimson daubed over the long nines' gunlids. A pair of 32-pounders also shared the cramped space with him, their carriages and ammunition trunks roped to ringbolts in the deck.

On his right behind a blanket screen was his cot. Astern, opposite the door, was the full sweep of square windows and a panorama of Spithead inching past as Sirius swung at her moorings. To his left, the small desk where King had laid the documents he would soon need. Phillip unclasped his cloak and stowed it inside the cupboard which could, at a pinch, serve as the coffin for his pickled body if he should die at sea and ask not to be put over the side, sewn in sailcloth. Then he unclipped his sword and hung it on a peg behind the door: his hat would have to stay on the cot until its tin box came aboard.

Phillip squeezed round a bare table that would serve for most things in the years ahead, be it laying a new course off an unknown coast, or entertaining a foreign ruler to dinner, or courtmartialling some luckless sailor, or sawing off limbs if Sirius' cockpit began to take water in battle. But today it would serve at his first conference, though by the nature of things there would be precious little conferring by anyone once the commodore had spoken, he knew, sorting the documents and arranging his chair to put his shoulders to the windows and get the best light from the poop deck's scuttle overhead. Lieutenant King had remembered to write up the key points in a larger hand than usual: Phillip would not have to wear spectacles for his first public appearance.

Satisfied that everything was now shipshape, he eased back, permitting himself the luxury of a quiet moment by himself. It felt good. It felt very good to be a part of the navy's timeless world of ritual again, an ordered world where every man and boy learned his place and where everyone had a place to learn, hauling together for the common good. Phillip sighed: if only those other worlds, the ones ashore, could learn to work in the same brisk way it would in-



deed be a better world for everyone, not just the few.

Phillip considered this thought: he was right. True the Royal Navy doled out a small ration of privilege according to rank — like the coffin-cupboard over there on his left — but they could be earned only by experience, not the accident of birth. That colonel on his fine horse had bought his rank outright, if born well-connected, or hawked shares in his future winnings like a joint-stock company to raise the price of a commission if he were not. In either case he would then have to learn his trade as he went along.

But not so in His Majesty's Navy. Any man aboard Sirius today — if he applied himself hard enough and long enough to astronomy, algebra and arithmetic — could hope to present himself to a naval board for advancement. Once over that hurdle he could reasonably hope to climb the Lieutenants' List, the Commanders', the Captains', and finally sit in a cabin like this, assured one day of wearing an admiral's golden epaulettes and — perhaps — even the red sash of knighthood. Phillip knew. He was proof that, in the greater

world of entrenched privilege, the Royal Navy's small universe was astonishingly open to talent, for only natural ability counted at sea: a duke's son would drown just as readily as anyone else if he but once miscalculated the bearing off a rocky headland.

This discovery put Phillip at ease with himself again as he rang the hand bell to call Bryant from stowing cabin plate in the small pantry outside.

"Coffee."

"Aye aye, sir. Beggin' leave, when would you like me to stow your chasts in 'ere?"

Phillip listened to the first longboat drawing under *Sirius*' entry port: it would be some time before all the captains and masters were assembled on deck and Hunter could bring them down.

"Now."

Almost an hour pass d before Alexander's longboat made fast to the boom and hung on a falling tide. Phillip had dictated a despatch to the port admiral and given instructions to his clerk by the time Hunter appeared in the doorway. "All captains and masters await your commands, sir."

Although it was many years since he had lived in Edinburgh, Hunter still tended to roll his final r's.

The bell tinkled and Bryant cleared the coffee cup. Phillip nodded.

"Show them in, Mr Hunter."

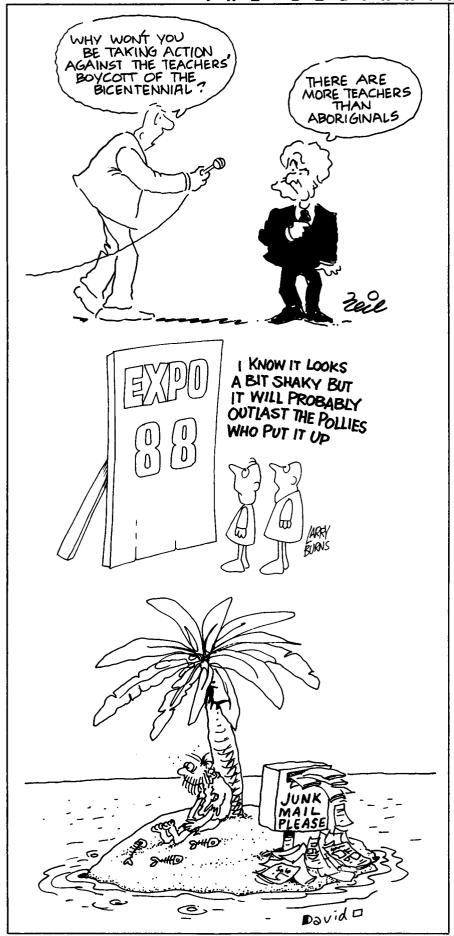
"Aye aye, sir."

Phillip sat easy behind the table and waited as Hunter led in Lieutenant Ball of HMS Supply; the marine commandant, Ross; and nine civilian masters, their heads ducking under the transverse beams where the 32-pounders' rammers, sponges and worming hooks were stowed with boarding hatchets, cutlasses and cases of pistols. The men shuffled into line, facing aft, hats tucked under arms or gripped tightly in both hands. Only the King's officers were in uniform, the rest wore a medley of styles which went back to the japanned trousers, fighting coats with rolled cuffs, and hair clubbed with tarred line which Phillip remembered from his own apprentice years in the merchant service.

He nodded at the master of Scarborough, a vessel recently off the Yorkshire yards. "Mr Marshall?" Then to Charlotte's, a Thames barque, "Mr Gilbert?" Then to the Prince of Wales', a new three-master from the Blackwall yards, "Mr Mason?" Lady Penrhyn, another Blackwell construction. "Mr Sever?" The Friendship, from Charlotte's home yard. "Mr Walton?" And, finally, Alexander, a Hull barque and, at 445 tons, his largest ship after Sirius; she was registered by another Walton but operated like everyone else for the farreaching Campbell Interest. "Ah, Mr Sinclair." The masters of his three store ships, Borrowdale, Fishburn and Golden Grove, were acknowledged before he gave permission for them to be seated.

The twelve men shifted around, finding whatever came to hand in the cabin, ammunition trunks, gun carriages or Phillip's sea chests. Sinclair cut out and boarded one of the few chairs, lashed behind netting on the wall, and sat with legs comfortably outstretched, hands over an ample belly.

"I shall begin by reading my instructions from the Lords Commissioner of the Admiralty," Phillip announced without haste or preamble. He squinted slightly at the papers in front of him. "Whereas His Majesty, George the Third, by the Grace of God Defender of the Faith, King of Great Britain and Ireland, etc, has been graciously pleased to receive certain petitions concerning the insalubrious state of certain houses of correction, and ever mindful of our nation's need to establish a presence in the South Seas, His Majesty has commanded that all due steps be taken to resume the practice of transportation



as was hitherto the case before the recent conflict in America." Phillip's voice carried a surprising weight from such a small man.

you are hereby "Accordingly charged to assemble the requisite transport vessels, to attend to their readiness, and when victualled and fit for His Majesty's service, to assume the rights, privileges and duties of Commodore. Thereafter, in pursuance of His Majesty's pleasure, signified to us by Lord Sydney, one of the principal officers of state, you are hereby commanded to put to sea at the first favorable opportunity of wind and weather, proceeding with your squadron as expeditiously as possible by way of Tenerife, Rio de Janeiro, the Cape of Good Hope, to Botany Bay situated at 34 degrees South, 152 degrees East in the territory of New South Wales upon the coast of New Holland.

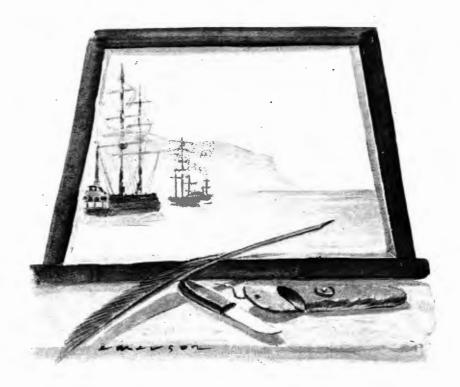
"Having arrived at your destination you will then take all necessary measures to establish His Majesty's possession of the above-mentioned territory, for which purpose you will then assume the rank, style and privileges of Governor and Captain General.

"Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Admiralty, Second May 1787. Howe."

Phillip folded the document again and put it aside: his authority was now above challenge. He noted Sinclair's shut eyes and heavy breathing, but everyone else present seemed to be reasonably impressed by the occasion.

"I shall now draw your attention to the current state of uncertainty between our country and France. The possibility of war is very real — "Sinclair's eyes flicked open. "Accordingly all vessels will proceed in convoy, paying special attention to keeping station by night, as well as by day." Phillip paused to let his words take effect before adding, almost as an afterthought to nobody in particular, "French prisons are most uncomfortable and their method of ransoming prizes long and expensive, so we shall all do well not to lose contact with our escorts. Sirius will be commanding the windward division, Hyaena the lee, Supply will be our acting frigate and despatch boat. Your vessels will be given their stations in my orders, which you will receive presently.

"I now direct your attention to the internal economy of our convoy, in particular the matter of discipline." He paused again, studying the other men's faces. "I need hardly say that the maintenance of good order is of paramount importance while transporting the items you have embarked below decks. Therefore, point one: it is my firm opinion that the only way to keep large bod-



ies of men in order is by dividing and subdividing them, with officers and petty officers to regulate their conduct.

"Every ship's company will therefore be divided into as many companies
as there are lieutenants. Or mates,"
Phillip added for the civilian masters.
"These companies will be reviewed
every day by their officers, who will ensure that the men appear tight and
clean in every respect. The officers will
see that defaulters are promptly punished. They will also see that their men
are daily exercised at arms, at the sails
and the rigging. I expect each master or
captain to review them personally at
least once a week."

Sinclair's face was turning a bright crimson and he was no longer slouching in his chair, but Phillip wasn't noticing as he went on in the same calm, distant voice.

"When it can be done the men will have full time for their meals and rest, and certain portions of the week will be allotted for washing and mending their clothes. But, and here I must stress the point, at all other times they will be kept constantly employed. And whatever they are about, let your mates be sure it

is done with cheerful attention. Your petty officers will allow nothing that is sloppy or half-hearted in this convoy. Remember, the old adage that 'the devil finds work for idle hands to do' applies as much to sailors — and marines — as to any other class of men."

Phillip paused again, his frown fixed and aloof.

"Fortunately you are well placed to encourage this ideal behaviour, being confined within narrow limits, without any brothels, tippling shops or playhouses to debauch your men while at sea. But notwithstanding all this, if two or three hundred men are herded together aboard ship and left without proper division as I have instructed, and your officers only shout their orders from the quarterdecks or gangways, then such a crew is surely hellbent to become a disorderly mob, and if that happens all work will be done - if done at all - in a shoddy and careless way. Worse, not being closely overseen by their officers, your people will become sottish, lazy, slovenly, dirty and bored, trifling with cabals and imaginary grievances, rotten ready for mutiny.'

Sinclair was beginning to shake, but Phillip continued studying a point in space above the table.

"I repeat: 'the devil finds work for idle hands', so ensure he finds no lodging aboard your ships by setting the men to work before he can stow his sea chest. Remember, you are now upon His Majesty's service, and whatever you may have done previously is of no account now you are under Admiralty orders. As a consequence you will be guided by fighting regulations at all times, and if any think otherwise,' Phillip added, "let him remember that a French prize-master will not make the slightest distinction between a captured merchantman or a warship, except to sell the former at a much better price when it is towed into port and its crew thrown into a fortress."

"But -!"

Phillip's eyes moved slightly.

"I may ask your opinion later, Mr Sinclair. Meanwhile I shall now direct everyone's attention to the question of convict discipline." He waited for coughs and mutterings to die away. "In their particular case the devil has already found ample work for them to do, but here again we must labor cheerfully to defeat his plans. Adequate rations and ventilation will do much to raise their spirits and remove, for the majority, reasonable grounds for grumbling. Once clear of land and any hope of swimming ashore, I shall give orders for their irons to be struck off and —"

"But --!"

Phillip's mouth tightened.

"Once clear of land I shall give orders for their irons to be struck off and they will be allowed on deck in small parties, under close guard of course, to exercise themselves. Appropriate tasks can be given: the convicted women can make and mend, while the males can be set to holystoning decks, polishing brightwork, picking oakum, whatever seems of most benefit to you. It is my firm belief that by so doing 90 percent of all troublemakers will simply disappear."

Phillip paused to gauge how the masters were taking this lecture.

"There remain, however, those hardened ruffians for whom reason is thought to be weakness, something to be exploited: how are they to be subordinated and controlled? I would suggest you begin by discovering their plans and forestalling them, for which purpose I am instructing you to take a good look at your, ah, passengers and select two or three who will keep you informed of what is being discussed at night in the convict lines. There will be no dangerous oathings and combinations in my squadron, gentlemen.







"You may offer suitable rewards for the moment — without giving the other convicts any reason to suspect that your intelligencers are getting special privileges — and hold out the more distant hope of lenient treatment when we reach Botany Bay." Phillip could sense the unspoken reaction to this order. "There are, I know, some ill-informed persons who equate spies with traitors, and vice versa, but I suggest you revise your opinion unless you wish to be pitched over the side and your vessel sailed into Montevideo or somewhere equally unpleasant."

Phillip left them to adjust to that thought while he studied his pencilled agenda. He sat back.

"I shall now direct your attention to the matter of my inspections." There was a sudden murmuring as everyone shifted uneasily on their seats. "From now until we weigh anchor - which will be just as soon as Hvaena is with us I shall make it my particular duty to inspect every transport and assure myself that they are fit for the King's work. You will recall that during the past several months I have often spoken about hygiene and ventilation, so this is no time to raise the matter again. However, no master will be judged severely if he delivers a full complement of laborers at Botany Bay, sound of wind and limb, ready to work as they have never worked before." Phillip glanced round unemotionally. "Such being the case, I shall commence tomorrow morning with Alexander. Mr Sinclair . . . ?"

Alexander's master was hauling himself upright, wig askew, finger shaking angrily.

"Am I to understand that we, we are to reorganise our crews just to conform wi' navy 'regulations' and suchlike?"

"Yes."

"But - !"

"No more 'buts', Mr Sinclair," Phillip advised calmly. "While bearing members of His Majesty's armed force — to whit, soldiers of the Maritime Regiment — all ships will attend closely to their commodore's instructions. And if that is not a sufficiently compelling reason," he added, "remember that the King of France commands one half of the Channel coastline and all the land under our lee between here and Spain."

"This is intolerable!"

"So, I am informed, is being kept a prisoner of war."

Sinclair glowered round at the other merchant captains, found little support for the moment, and sat down with a sullen grunt.

Phillip nodded at Friendship's master.

"Mr Walton?"

"Er, beggin' pardon, sir, but I got



this 'ere 20-odd females an' 80-somethin' males locked down alow."

"Go on . . . "

"Well, sir, I put 'em asunder with bars an' all, but if they're to be let on deck together, there'll be some rare ol' rantum-tantum, make no mistake."

"Go on . . . "

Walton awkwardly shifted his weight to the other leg.

"Well, in short, sir, what punishments can I serve 'em for that sort o'

thing?"

Phillip breathed out quietly: this question had been a long time coming, but now it had arrived, a decision had to be made, for there was no shirking the fact that three of his transports had mixed batches of convicts crammed into the same tight, dark spaces below. He looked up from his pencilled notes and made a brief smile.

"Happily we can all trust in the discipline and good sense of Major Ross' men, Mr Walton. The marines can be depended upon to do their duty. There will be no, ah, rantum-tantum while they stand to their posts. However," Phillip added, "in the event of there being a disturbance which needs sum-

mary punishment, make a signal and they will be brought aboard *Sirius* for a little romp with the bosun's nine-tailed pet. Does that answer your question?"

"Well, sort of I s'pose," Walton conceded. "But can't we flog 'em too?"

"No. In extreme cases, hand them over to the corporal of marines for a caning and enter it in your ship's punishment log."

"But the women, sir!"

"What of them?"

"Sorry sir, an' still beggin' pardon, but some o' them's worse'n the men!"

Phillip began to frown slightly.

"Explain yourself."

"Well, sir, an' I know I speaks for Cap'n Gilbert with nigh on the same number aboard Charlotte — " He glanced round for support from the leathery face of another merchant captain with much the same collar of white chin whiskers, then back at the dapper little naval officer again. "Well, sir, I never seen the like o' what them females get up to, God's truth, an' I'm not one o' your Bible bangers, sir. Done my time on the Slave Coast an' West India run, I 'ave, but I never seen the like o' them doxies. They got to be seen

to be believed! The things they say an' do would make the devil blush, an' that's a fact."

Phillip laid his pencil aside.

"Thank you, Mr Walton. I appreciate your concern and candor. I shall, indeed, be seeing them very soon. In the meantime, strive to be impartial, and if any of your men show the least signs of indiscipline, lay to with the lash, there must be no promiscuity between crew and cargo."

"Sir?"

"Rantum-tantum," Phillip explained civilly. "Speaking of which, it might be a good idea if you passed the word that all females have come through the Bridewell and are, therefore, poxed. It's not entirely true, so far as our surgeons can tell, but I judge it a pardonable lie under the circumstances." Phillip began gathering his papers together.

"Very well gentlemen, that is all. You may return to your commands and be ready to make sail the moment wind, weather and *Hyaena* are with us." Phillip looked up, conscious of the shadow falling across his table as the merchant captains began leaving. "Ah,

Major Ross."

"About my men's rum ration."

Phillip eased back in his chair; this dour, stubborn, pig-headed redcoat had fought alongside Admiral the Earl Howe on the American station and, not altogether by coincidence, would soon be lieutenant governor of New South Wales. Phillip picked up the pencil again and ticked something on his agenda.

"Thank you for reminding me. Your concern for the welfare of your men is most commendable, an example to the rest of us. They are an outstanding body of troops: I have rarely seen their equal and never met better. You and your officers are to be sincerely congratulated—"

"And the extra grog issue?" Ross rasped in an irritating echo of Sinclair's

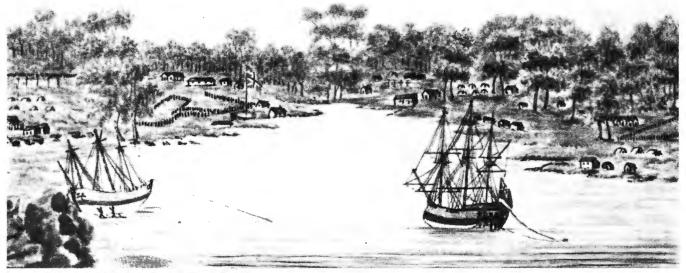
voice. Phillip smiled tightly.

"Depend upon it, Major, just as soon as the Lunacy Board has signalled its approval, your men shall have an extra half pint apiece, per diem. Now, Mr King assures me that you have everything stowed and squared away for our voyage?"

"Aye."

"Splendid. Then that's one less worry for both of us, isn't it?" Phillip concluded with another tight smile. "May I ask you to shut the door quietly as you go out? I have to attend to others who are not so well organised." □

Taken from To the Ends of the Earth, by Michael Talbot. Published by Collins.



Sydney Cove in 1788 as seen by an artist of the time

Adapt in due course

Novelist MICHAEL TALBOT imagines a typical day in the colony, 1788.

"UP! UP!" The corporal's cane jabs dew-damp blankets. "On your feet! On King George's service, on the double!"

Dark shapes curse the Quarter Guard's lantern, curse the cold boots, the stiff buckles, the awkward musket slings, the ripgut redoubt of broken timber. The battalion's drummers stop beating the call to arms: 192 veterans of the American War and the Caribbean are standing-to, bayonets locked. Silent now. Watching. Waiting for New Holland's Indians to creep into range through the mist.

Instead, heavier feet pad away through the dank undergrowth, back to the Rookery — a transported London slum of bark slabs and torn sailcloth. There are no shouts, no challenges. The free and unfree halves of Sydney Cove have agreed that night will belong to them while a nugget of baccy or a bite of hard tack can rent a convicted woman's cunning wink and her protector's sly grin. Just as day belongs to the soldiers, to the whipcrack command and the surly growl of bellies waiting for curfew.

Dawn glows above the forest, spilling light off the Pacific and around a lone frigate on the anchorage. "Lucky devils. I wish I were going." The duty officer reads his silver timepiece and looks back at another lieutenant of marines. "This is a land of contraries, isn't it? Hardly a twelvemonth ago, on

the way out, we belittled the Cape. Now, after Sinful Cove, I'd pledge my word that Capetown is a veritable metropolis..." He snaps the watch lid shut and turns, his garrison cloak thrown back. "Better get the day started, sergeant."

"Sah!"

The marines shoulder their weapons, facing an improvised flagstaff. The drummers strike again as their officers salute and the colors break against a wintry blue sky.

The other lieutenant replaces his tricorne hat and falls into step with his friend as they stroll to the mess. "I do hope you're right. Sirius needs all the luck she can get if she's to return with whatever the Dutchmen can spare." He hesitates, troubled. "My chaps had to winch out the guns to make the extra stowage: one slip and they'd have sunk her faster than a broadside. She's quite rotten, you know? The bluejackets were pumping to keep her afloat even before we left Home. And now they're hoping to sail halfway around polar seas, under ballast, before bringing her back fully laden?" He tries to smile. "You can go with her if you like, I'll take my chances here!"

The two redcoat subalterns acknowledge a sentry's crisp salute as they stoop under a tent awning and join the other battalion officers for a breakfast of hot oatmeal cakes and the scrapings from last night's dinner pot.

Some lags in the Rookery feed better than their keepers. Many fare worse. And some will go empty to work as they shuffle out to the clearings, hunching over blunt spades until dusk, breaking the hungry soil, burying their first crop failure. Others will also do a Government Stroke - the minimum unit of effort which keeps a cove off the flogger's triangles and on the storeman's books - pecking rocky ground with mattocks, heads down, voices down, till sundown. Nameless, useless shrubs and bushes are being grubbed up and stacked against sickly, ringbarked trees. In time, a flint will chip steel to clear the lot behind rumbling walls of smoke.

Work is not so quick or easy down in the quarry and the claypit where other lags have been ironed to hard labor after being dobbed by the weasels hired as informers. Nasty. And risky. A cove gets flash, gets careless with extra baccy and grub. Specially when his mates know that he's not working a woman for the lobsters or collecting debts for a pitch and toss school. Such ge'men of independent means can find themselves getting took for a little walk, for a little talk, and sometimes they get found again. Topped by the Indians, or so the Quality reckons.

Only a woman can get away with being flash, and then only because the poxiest old firecracker off Cheapside is still good for the trade while there's only one mort between six coves. Women are special, they need looking after, special. And some morts are regular special, the officers' housekeepers. They do all right for themselves. But it's all wrong when a pert young bit who's just missed kicking the Newgate jig, back home, can start carrying on like a real regular lady. It's not proper. It's not like Home. And that's what's wrong, nothing's like Home.

The lagged gangs slow and halt at noon. The green-arsed flies and the bulldog ants don't stop. They continue to attack the gaunt strangers' ankles and ribs as guards and guarded drift into the shade to haggle over tonight's dwindling share of less and less.

The tars from HMS Sirius won't be trading after dark. A bosun's rope is speeding them up the ratlines and out along the high yards to make the frigate ready for sea. The longboat tugs her down Sydney Cove and prepares to cast off.

"Aloft there, aloft!" a copper speaking trumpet commands from the quarterdeck. "Let go the t'gallants...!" Tan and grey patched canvas drops, muffled thuds bellying, catching an offshore breeze. A bubbling wake begins to stretch behind her as Sirius tracks past a rocky headland where marine sappers are digging gunpits to guard the most remote outpost of empire.

Two lags crouch, watching the man o' war's sails glide behind the trees, abandoning the only British settlement below the equator.



George Street, Sydney, near Bathurst Street, as it was in 1796. The area was known as Brickfield Hill because of the brick kilns shown behind the prominent tree

"Rotten, bastard mongrels." The darker, whippet-thin convict shifts the weight on his haunches. "Didn't I say they'd scarper once they got a chance?"

"Ar." The blond, Suffolk ploughboy rolls a gloomy gob. He lobs it after the retreating warship. "Still don't change nothing, Joe. You and me, stuck 'ere at Bottommy Bay till all them clever buggers can think what 'appens next."

The older, more wily man straightens, kicking dust over dung. "What 'appens next? I'll tell you what 'appens next. I'm off, like a bride's skirt." He grins with gapped teeth and dips a

knowing wink. "Bet your balls we'll make it to Chinaland, no trouble." He knots his loincloth. "And once we're on the other side o' them mountains, we're 'alfway 'Ome. Right?"

"Hn. I s'pose." The other lag stands as one of the traps marches nearer, boots crunching grit. The marine points at a patch of dirt which Government House has proclaimed a maize field. "Oy! Better get a shift on! Sparrow Legs is 'eading this way!"

His Excellency Arthur Phillip — Captain in the Royal Navy, Governor and Commander in Chief of New South Wales — only wears shaped cork inserts down the backs of his white stockings on full-dress occasions. Today his blue watch coat is unbuttoned and his cocked hat tilted against the westering sun. He halts, leaning on a stick, observing this line of convicted items as it continues to stoop over its mattocks and spades. "Look lively there, corporal! I'll have no idlers in my command."

"Sah!"

The governor returns his subordinate's salute and continues around the edge of the maize field, trying to calculate the area cleared since his last inspection.

It's a disappointing addition, he feels, for so many rations subtracted from the commissary's sums, even after they have been divided by the official 12 ounce pound, less spoilage, spillage and theft.

"Oh, captain!"

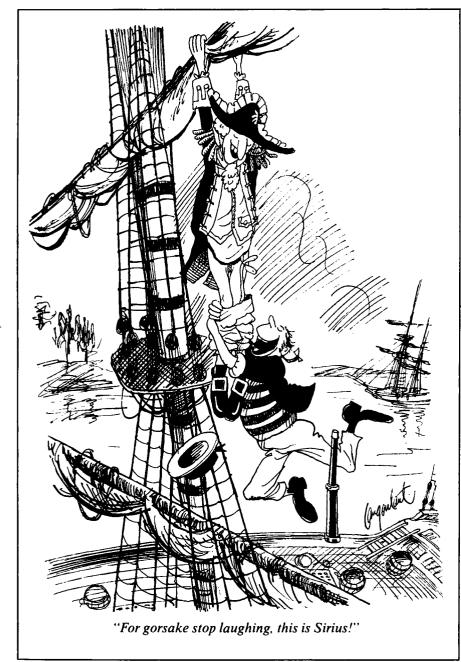
The elderly man turns as a young couple step from behind the rough fence which encloses one of the few completed huts in the colony. The chaplain and his wife hold out a small rock melon. Mary Johnson smiles proudly. "It's our first one! Don't you



An English artist's impression of life early in the colony, which is hardly in accord with the harsh reality chronicled by the First Fleeters. The central figure is Governor Phillip



Painting of a convoy arriving at the colony



remember asking for it when we spoke about gardening, in Rio de Janiero?"

Phillip accepts the gift. "How considerate of you, ma'am." He tries to squeeze the hard green fruit: another five or six weeks on the vine and it might have been ripe. Not that the local slugs are so fussy about what they eat, the governor thinks, feeling slimy pockmarks under the melon. "A commendable effort. Ah, I shall enjoy it for dessert. After my dinner." He glances at her husband. "So how are the other vegetables coming along, padre?"

Richard Johnson is embarrassed. "Actually, they appear to have been stolen. During the night. I'm wondering if we might employ a private sentry be-

fore planting any more?"

The governor shakes his head. "That would be premature until we're ready to try again, next winter." He manages a smile. "I know how confusing this must seem, to find ourselves in October and braced for another summer's heat, but doubtless we shall adapt in due course. Meanwhile, I urge everyone to cultivate the virtues of patience until Sirius returns from the Cape with more seed."

The chaplain frets. "I've heard that she might not, because of her condition. If that were to happen, our allowance of food would be further reduced, would it not..?"

Phillip pats the young man's arm. "Rumors, Mr Johnson. I assure you that Captain Hunter is a most experienced navigator." He raises his hat to the civilian couple and strides away, the unripe melon under one arm until he is out of sight across the muddy rivulet which trickles into the head of Sydney Cove, then glances around and tosses the inedible fruit behind some under growth.

His reply to the chaplain's inquiry could have been equally frank. "Yes, padre, our rations will be cut. Won't make much difference. Even with eight ounce pounds we'll have eaten our last beef by the end of summer." But only a ledger, locked in the commissary's strongbox, is allowed to tell the truth as hunger and loneliness gnaw the colony's morale.

The governor knows that he alone can sustain almost a thousand men and women, free and unfree, through the empty months ahead.

His battalion's drummers begin beating the retreat and gangs of lags quicken their homeward plod through the shadows. The marines form ranks, shouldering arms, saluting as the British colors are struck. Night reaches off the Pacific, across the alien forest, and a lone bugle sounds the plangent, descending chords of "Sundown..."



Nearing 100: broad George Street, Sydney, Intersects (foreground) with Bathurst Street

The centennial's hope and despair

CLEMENT SEMMLER looks back on the big day in 1888

SIR HENRY Parkes was immensely pleased with himself. The centennial celebrations, hosted by his colony, were an undoubted success. To Sydney had come not only the other premiers of colonies but from the Mother Country no less distinguished figures than the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon, representing Her Most Gracious Majesty, and the Duke of Manchester. As guests of the Governor, Lord Carrington, they had attended the official receptions and banquets. And had not the Countess herself observed to the gratified Sir Henry that the country visitors who had streamed into the city by horse and trap and by Cobb and Co coaches loaded to the roof were "the healthiest, happiest,

heartiest looking folk the eye could rest upon"?

It was said that there were at least 70,000 visitors to the city and for them, if not the glittering state banquet, there were gaily decorated triumphal arches, harbor illuminations, the pomp and splendor of the opening of Centennial Park, a grand regatta, a huge religious festival and displays from all the colonies of the best livestock, produce and farm machinery. And fireworks galore.

There was, unhappily, a cloud rather larger than a man's hand to mar Sir Henry's pleasant reflections. That wretched, radical rag *The Bulletin* had written that "there is a liberal vote to provide for a tremendous feed for those

who are already apoplectic and overfed but there is no prize for a historic painting to commemorate the occasion. There is a centennial hog exhibition but no centennial poem. The old regatta business is down on the list but the idea of founding a university scholarship so that the rising generation may not have to go down on all fours to look for its dropped 'h's' as its parents have to do does not appear to have occurred to anyone concerned. Parkes himself, when in England, used to follow Tennyson and the other literary men around like a huge Newfoundland dog but since then his love of literature seems to have died away. Perhaps Tennyson sat on him.'

Damned insolence! But Sir Henry reflected with rising satisfaction that at the banquet the other night for editors and journalists from all the colonies he had repaid in kind - and with that scoundrel M'Leod present, to boot. When in his speech of welcome ("the power of the press has never been more beneficent and widespread than in Australia . . . ") there was an interjection of "The Bulletin!", Sir Henry had paused to say, "I must say I have made it a law in my life never to respect a paper which attacks private character (prolonged applause) and I never will. My life is of more value to me and I will not waste my time by reading the intemperate outgoings of any set of persons who do not respect the truth (more applause)."

But taking no part in the celebrations was laborer Michael O'Reilly who, on this very day, had appeared before Mr Magistrate Carruthers on a charge of striking a police officer during a pub brawl. Carruthers had himself imbibed rather too well with his cronies at his club until 4 am and was accordingly hung-over and choleric. "Three years with hard labor. Take him away!" And the screams of the unfortunate O'Reilly in the Darlinghurst cells as he was worked over by a couple of guards in a preliminary of what was to come were, of course, unheard by the roistering mobs passing by. Alas for O'Reilly that he was not one of those prisoners whom The Bulletin had recently reported as "getting out of gaol because they have friends in high places"

Nor were there celebrations in the hovel of Anne Jones, widow, of Bulli in the coalfields south of Sydney. Her Welsh-born husband, Willie, had died along with 84 of his fellow miners in the colliery disaster of the previous year. Her shack was of two earthen-floored small rooms with lean-to kitchen and indescribable dunny. With her three small children, she now subsisted on a total pension of 15 shillings a week from which the mining company took two-and-sixpence for rent.

She carried water in from an outside tank. Butter at a shilling a pound and eggs at one-and-sixpence a dozen she could not afford, so they ate bread and dripping and cheese. Scrag ends of mutton, at fivepence a pound, they could eat occasionally. To keep the children clothed, she and they braved each summer the hand-lacerating blackberry brambles of the nearby bush, picking buckets of the fruit to sell to the agent of the jam factory — at two-pence a bucket.

In the sister colonies, celebrations were less than lavish. Brisbane was al-

most deserted. A poor crowd attended the sports celebrations at the Exhibition Grounds, though the theatres were crowded at night and the centennial banquet of Masons in the Masonic Hall had a good roll-up.

But things were livelier in the Queensland outback. The mining township of Croydon had its own festival despite torrents of rain all day. There was a three-legged race with the prize of a week's free beer in the local pub. During the afternoon there were a dozen or more free fights from which one of the combatants escaped through the town with nothing left on him except a collar and one shirtsleeve. The day closed with a Home Rule meeting,



"I sentence you to transportation and may God have mercy on Australia!"

after which an Irish miner blew his head off.

And at another mining settlement at Clermont, Warden Morley was determined to carry out his duties centenary or no. For he had at last received definite instructions from his Rockhampton headquarters to eject all Chinese from the fields, using "whatever force may be deemed necessary to achieve your objective". Accordingly, in a moonlight attack, with a posse of six burly white miners sworn in for the nonce as "deputy wardens" and armed with pick-handles, he descended on the sleeping Orientals in their tents. A panic-stricken rabble soon rushed shrieking into the night. "Twenty-five Chinese," the warden wrote in his report, "were summarily ejected." He did not mention the bodies of Ah Wong and Ling Fu which, with skulls smashed in, were conveniently disposed of in the nearby river.

The highlights of local celebrations in Melbourne were a Caledonian sports meeting at the Cricket Ground, races at Caulfield and a well-attended Wesleyan conference — thus illustrating the diverse interests of this dignified colonial city. Less dignified was the body of Harriet Huxell, a 35-year-old immigrant slavey from Liverpool, found in a back alley of the city by one constable Timothy Maguire on his beat. She had a stab wound in her throat, from which she had bled to death, and a bloodied kitchen knife in one hand.

She had worked from five in the morning till seven at night (with one afternoon off a week) in the establishment of a wealthy Melbourne family —

scrubbing, ironing, cooking, sweeping, making the beds, cleaning baths, emptying slops and answering the door — for seven shillings a week and all found. The constable testified that he had found on her person a note in which she had written that she was "tired of life and wished to leave this world for a better one".

In Adelaide, government offices were closed but there were no special displays. There was, naturally, a thanksgiving service in St Peter's Cathedral – attended largely by the upper crust. The ungodly lower orders gathered at a combined cycle clubs meet at the oval across the way. At night, a performance of East Lynne at the Theatre Royal was wellattended - the Adelaide Register commenting next day

that "it appeared to suit the tastes of pious people".

Hardly less pious but seemingly unaware of these happenings in the outside world was Heinrich Schumacher on his farm near Mercunda in the inhospitable Murray Mallee. It was true that Pastor Muller had referred to the centenary in last Sunday's sermon but this was only to underline his text of the Sodom and Gomorrah wickednesses of the cities, where all manner of debaucheries would undoubtedly occur at the on-going festivals. It therefore behoved all good Lutherans to eschew such opportunities for depravity and evils of the flesh and, rather, to go about their lives giving thanks only to God.

Going about his life therefore, Heinrich (as was his wont) rose at 5am to get the horses ready for stripper and harvester. As the red dawn lit the scrub on the western horizon, he glumly sur-



Sir Henry Parkes statue: an ironic "pin-up" for The Bulletin

veyed his paddocks — a poor crop again this year, maybe two bags to the acre, and wheat at two bob a bushel. He wondered, as often, why his father — arriving in Adelaide in the 1840s with the rest of the George Fife Angas-sponsored German immigrants — had not joined the market gardeners in the fertile Adelaide hills or the farmers and vignerons in the rich Barossa. Instead, with a few other land-hungry companions, he had headed east for land at six pence an acre — and a crop, if he was lucky, every three years (give or take mice plagues, the rabbits, droughts and dust storms).

But, if it was to be boiled wheat and treacle again next winter, it was God's will. Heinrich looked at the sky — another scorcher today, after the 110 degrees (43.3C) yesterday. Harnessing the clydesdales, he thought of the news that Jacob Schmidt on the next farm had brought him yesterday. Further south, around Coonawarra, they were opening up good land. And, up on the Murray, two brothers named Chaffey had started irrigation settlements with wonderful orchards and vineyards. Ach Gott, thought Heinrich, for that you needed money.

He turned back toward the shingle and mud-brick homestead. Hulda would have his breakfast ready and the three boys would have milked the cows and fed the fowls. Well, they all had their health and maybe the winter rains would be good. Gott mit uns, as the pastor would say. And so, like cocky farmers all over the colony, Heinrich faced another day.

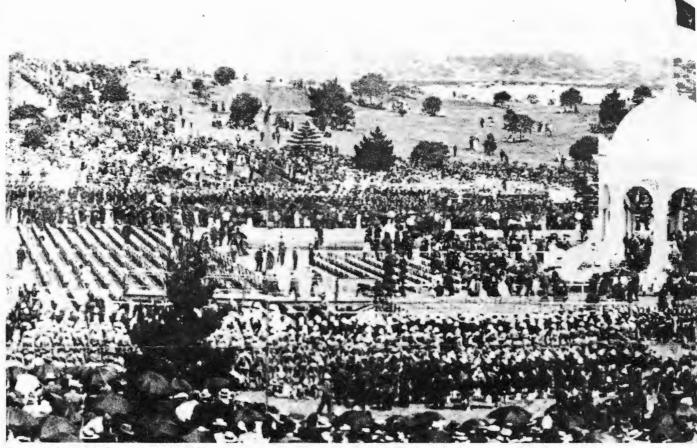
And so did Australia Felix. In Adelaide, premier Thomas Playford returned from the Sydney celebrations (which he grumpily observed were extravagantly expensive) to announce that, after further talks with Parkes, he would now recommend that South Australia should at last join the Federal Council. Clearly, then, Federation could not be far away. Much closer in time, had anyone known, was the great depression of the 1890s.

Meanwhile, these were boom years. At Broken Hill came further exciting discoveries of rich metals; electricity was lighting up more country towns; the probing tentacles of the railways were reaching in all directions into the interior; and Henry Lawson's just published Song of the Republic had seized the popular imagination:

But your ranks grow longer and deeper fast,

And ye shall swell to an army vast,
And free from the wrongs of the North
and Past

The land that belongs to you. Yes, 1888 would be a great year. □



Centennial Park, Sydney, January 1, 1901: an impressive turnout to mark Federation

The rise and fall

TONY ABBOTT traces the bumpy

THE COLONY of New South Wales commenced without clear purpose, social cohesion or great confidence. The Commonwealth of Australia was launched 113 years later, in 1901, on the flood-tide of British exuberance and imperial pride – curious how the more distant date is closer to the modern national mood. The post-federation unravelling of antipodean Albion has left a genial and indulgent society largely bereft of sustaining myths and legends. But the years from foundation to federation saw Australians become what they proudly imagined the British would be without the inhibitions of an ancient and stratified society.

New South Wales steadily overcame early rigors including the threat of starvation and the embarrassment of convict roots. Development in different parts led to the carving off of Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania) in 1825, South Australia in 1834, Victoria in 1851 and Queensland in 1859. Western Australia was never part of New South Wales.

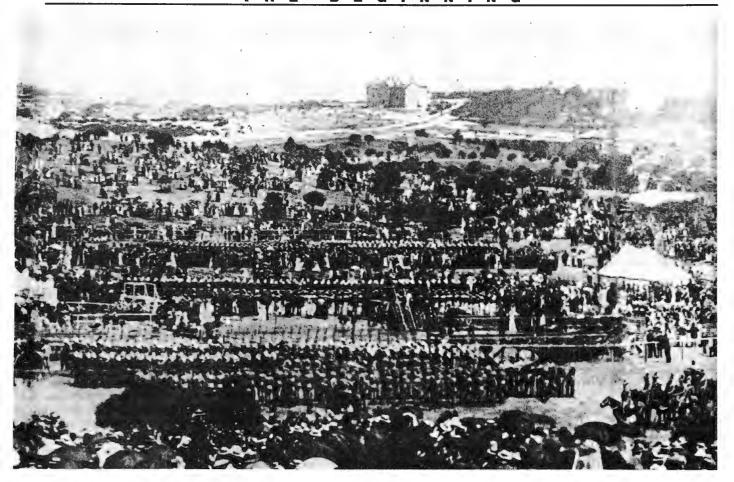
The existence of an early Australian consciousness was signified by the 1851 appointment of Sir Charles Fitz Roy as "Governor-General of all Her Majesty's Australian possessions" but vast distances limited settler horizons.

With technical advance, centripetal forces asserted themselves. All the major towns were linked to each other and the outside world by telegraph by 1872. Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Brisbane were linked by rail by 1889. It was on the occasion of the junction of the Victorian and NSW railways at Albury in 1883 that James Service,

Premier of Victoria, declared: "We want federation and we want it now." The newly built railway carried NSW premier Sir Henry Parkes from Brisbane to Tenterfield where, in 1889, he issued his clarion call for a constitutional convention to federate the separate colonies.

The first convention assembled in Melbourne a year later. "A crimson thread of kinship," said Parkes, expressing the overwhelming sentiment of the colonial leaders, "runs through us all."

But, as Service acknowledged, there were "lions in the path" of federation. These were not really local loyalties, despite South Australia's snobbish pride in avoiding the convict taint. Victoria and Queensland had never spawned a local patriotism such as



of Anglo~Australia

road to Federation.

Scotland and Wales. The obstacles to federation were prosaic: New South Wales' attachment to free trade; Victoria's tariffs; Queensland's desire to continue the indenture of Pacific Island cane-cutters; Western Australia's fear of domination by the distant east.

The colonies wanted to end absurdities such as three different railway gauges and reap the benefits of intercolonial free trade. They were anxious to bolster mutual security in the face of "threats" in the Pacific. It was a Russian threat which led to the construction of Sydney's Fort Denison. A German threat led to Queensland's unilateral annexation of part of New Guinea. A French threat caused Parkes to demand British annexation of the New Hebrides. America's considerable Pacific presence was less threatening be-

cause of a remote British heritage and a shared language.

Above all there was the threat from the seething masses of Asia who were presumed to be envious of the white man's standard of living and greedy for the colonies' empty spaces.

Then — as now — the foreign concerns of Australian leaders were sporadic, usually ill-informed and often self-serving. But they begged no pardons in asserting Australia's rights and interests.

All were committed to the federal ideal but with varying degrees of fervor and urgency and generally at the lowest possible cost to the individual colonies.

A series of constitutional conventions degenerated into undignified haggling where the colonial statesmen parlayed the desire for federation into the best possible bargains for their constituencies. The resultant compromises were magisterial in the case of a Senate where each former colony was to be represented equally, regardless of population, or petty in the case of the national capital which was to be in NSW (to vindicate the premier colony) but at least 100 miles (160 kilometres) from Sydney (to appease Victorian jealousy).

At the Sydney convention in 1891, Parkes outlined a draft scheme which became the basis for a draft constitution — largely the work of Sir Samuel Griffiths, sometime premier of Queensland. The substance of that draft — that the power of the colonies should remain intact except as surrendered to the new body which would have sole responsibility for immigration, defence

and foreign affairs, currency, customs and interstate trade and commerce—remained unchanged but the details, particularly the Senate's power over money bills, were debated vigorously and refined at conventions in Adelaide in 1898 and Melbourne the following year.

In 1898, plebiscites in four colonies showed 67 percent support for federation among the minority who voted. Insufficient voter turn-out in NSW meant that the proposal was deemed to fail. Further plebiscites in five colonies in 1899 showed 72 percent support for federation.

Thus fortified, an intercolonial delegation travelled to London to secure appropriate imperial legislation. At the insistence of Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlain, the draft constitution was amended to provide for judicial appeals to the Privy Council. New Zealand declined the opportunity to join the federation.

The doubts of Western Australia were assuaged by special tariff arrangements for five years. Even so, proclamation was delayed till January 1, 1901 to enable Western Australia to hold a referendum and enter the Commonwealth as an original state.

In another spasm of parochialism, the Commonwealth was officially launched in Sydney on New Years Day and again in Melbourne at the opening of the first parliament five months later. The small-minded bickering which marked the federation process coexisted with a cultural virility which gave it momentum. The constitution itself enumerated the various bargains struck to prise powers away from the provincial parliaments whereas, the preamble ran, the colonies "humbly relying on the blessing of Almighty God have agreed to unite in one indissoluble Federal Commonwealth under the Crown of the United Kingdom".

Then, 98 percent of Australia's 3.8 million people had their ethnic roots in the British Isles. Most saw nothing odd in being proud Australians and loyal Britons. Many Irish Australians felt a residual antipathy to the crown in whose name their ancestors had been persecuted but the more prosperous at least were mostly content to add their contribution to a wider Englishspeaking fraternity. While Anglo-Australians celebrated their Britishness, Irish Australians such as turn-ofthe-century NSW parliamentarian E. W. O'Sullivan lauded the "Anglo-Celtic race".

Even *The Bulletin*, the voice of nationalism and republicanism, had this to say in 1902: "Britain is our natural ally, our best ally, and we will cleave to her as long as we may. Most of us are sprung from British stock and there is no better stock in the world we could have sprung from. Denunciation of the vices of the British nation does

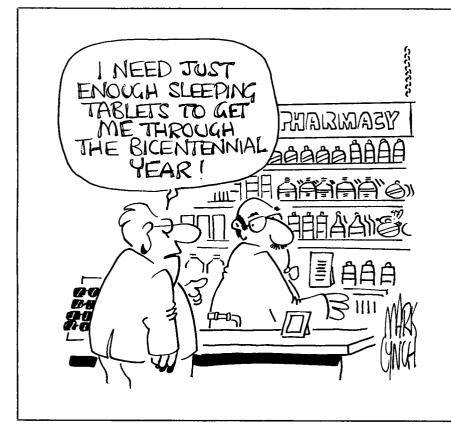


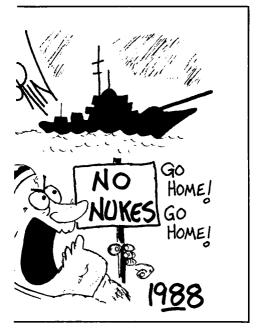
not exclude appreciation of the splendid British virtues."

At its best, Anglo-Australian chauvinism was touched with nobility. Debating the Immigration Restriction Bill in the infant federal parliament, sometime prime minister Alfred Deakin said: "Our civilisation belongs to us and we belong to it; we are bred in it and it is bred in us. It fits us and is our measure of progress and advancement. (The Japanese) have their own independent development, their own qualities and also the civilisation, form of life and government which naturally attaches to them. They are separated from us by a gulf which we cannot bridge to the advantage of either." But others were not careful, as Deakin was, to exclude racial superiority. According to Billy Hughes, the Labor Party's rising star, "we object to (Asians) because of their vices and of their immorality and because of a hundred things which we can only hint at".

Some (such as Deakin) were duly ashamed of British failures to reach ideals of tolerance, justice and social progress. Others (such as Hughes) ignored them or justified them in terms of social Darwinism. There was an almost universal pride in the material achievement and representative institutions which had followed British colonists around the globe. And the native people didn't matter or were rapidly being anglicised.

In addition to the White Australia policy, the first decade of federation witnessed the establishment of trade protection, the Commonwealth arbitration system and the basic wage and the Australian navy and compulsory military training — as the historian Vance





Palmer put it in 1940, "all the typical national policies had been adumbrated".

Much has changed since then but nothing so utterly as the national consciousness. Now, just 75 percent of Australians have ethnic roots in the British Isles. The Whitlam government's removal of the words "British Subject" from Australian passports in the 1970s symbolised the final interment of Australia as a British nation.

But what have we become? Is Australia a western enclave perched forever on the edge of Asia? Will a distinctive Australian culture emerge which embodies something of the Aboriginal past? Could a very diversity of cultures somehow constitute a national character and unifying force?

Different views about what Australia is and should be have sparked debate about the last great survival of the federation era — the much interpreted and stretched but otherwise intact constitution of the Commonwealth. The constitution has been subject to official scrutiny since 1973, first by a rather leisurely series of constitutional conventions and rather more determinedly since 1985 by a Constitutional Commission.

The idea, according to one commentator, is to overcome the constitution's "failure" to reflect the changing social, political and economic priorities of the nation. But are changing or unchanging priorities the proper preserve of a constitution? The identity of the 1890s may no longer fit. But will the identity of the 1980s, such as it is, prove any more enduring?

The Individual and Democratic Rights Committee of the Constitutional Commission, which included author

Thomas Keneally and rock singer Peter Garrett, has recommended a new constitutional preamble so that people can feel "proud that it is a real reflection of the nation and its people". The proposed preamble recognises Australia's "rich diversity of cultures", the prior occupation of the Aborigines "who never ceded ownership", the desire of the Australian people to "share fairly in the plenty of the Commonwealth" and the need for "wise management" of the environment. Together with a host of more technical recommendations such as one to remove the Senate's power to block money bills - this is under consideration by the commission itself comprising three eminent constitutional lawyers plus former prime minister Gough Whitlam and former Victorian premier Sir Rupert Hamer. The commission is expected to report to the federal government by the middle of the bicentennial year. The government will then have to decide whether to submit a more contemporary constitution to the people.

Much could be tidied up. Archaic and redundant provisions, such as the Queen's right to disallow duly passed legislation, could be eliminated. But why go through this exercise to kill what is already dead? The record of constitutional referendums militates against significant change. Only eight of 38 referendums have gained the necessary national majority plus ma-

jority in at least three Australian states.

To succeed, a rejigged constitution would need to reflect beliefs which have been assimilated into the national identity. Perhaps Aboriginal prison deaths have finally engendered the mood for a collective act of contrition and an acknowledgment of their place as the first Australians. But the continuing controversy over immigration suggests an amber light, not over immigration itself but over constitutional changes that seem to deprecate the Anglo-Australian heritage.

The recommendation of the Constitutional Commission's Executive Government Committee "against holding a referendum at this time on the question whether Australia should become a republic" suggests a lukewarm commitment, at most, to the most important symbol of our British past.

However desirable, constitutional change cannot make up for Australia's lack of a long and distinctive history. Time has killed British Australia but has not yet put much in its place. It is indeed 200 years since the British settlement but only 87 since establishment of the Commonwealth of Australia and far less since Australia really stood alone. There is little doubt that the nation needs to be born again to face a future in Asia but the evolution of national identity will depend upon time and its challenges rather than on a constitutional birthday present.



Many rifts but only two greats

LAURIE OAKES analyses Australia's colorful political history.

ALFRED DEAKIN, Australia's first Attorney-General and second Prime Minister, made a fearless prediction in 1902. "As the power of the purse in Great Britain established by degrees the authority of the Commons," he wrote in a British newspaper, "it will ultimately establish in Australia the authority of the Commonwealth. The rights of self-government of the States have been fondly supposed to be safeguarded by the Constitution. It left them legally free but financially bound to the chariot wheels of the Central Government." Deakin, one of the authors of the Consititution, has been proved correct with a vengeance. The way the federal government has remorselessly increased its dominance over the states, primarily through financial pressures, has been the most important political development since the six colonies united to form a single nation 87 years ago. And, despite regular promises by conservative politicians to return powers to the states, there is every reason to assume that the trend will continue.

Federal politicians have paid lip service to states' rights while undermining them almost from the beginning. These days, Labor is regarded as the centralist party but a conservative government headed by Stanley Melbourne Bruce was responsible for one of the earliest and most devastating blows against state authority — the Financial Agreement reached with the states in 1927. It arose from Bruce's quite legitimate concern that an alarming increase in state borrowing threatened the country's financial stability.

The federal government took over the existing public debt of the states and a Loan Council was established to control all government borrowing from then on. The states surrendered their borrowing rights — and, in doing so,



Barton: protectionists' leader

lost control of their affairs to a significant extent. It was the beginning of the process which led to the Premiers' annual cap-in-hand pilgrimage to Canberra for funds or permission to borrow them. No other measure had a comparable impact on federal/state relationships until 1942 when the federal government became the sole authority collecting income tax.

A Labor government, with John Curtin at the helm, was responsible for the introduction of uniform taxation. The motivation was a need to direct the nation's financial resources in wartime. With the federal government collecting and distributing all income tax revenues, the states became virtually dependent on handouts. The federal government could impose policies and priorities. Since then, Labor and conservative federal governments have gradually tightened the financial bonds attaching the states to Canberra's chariot

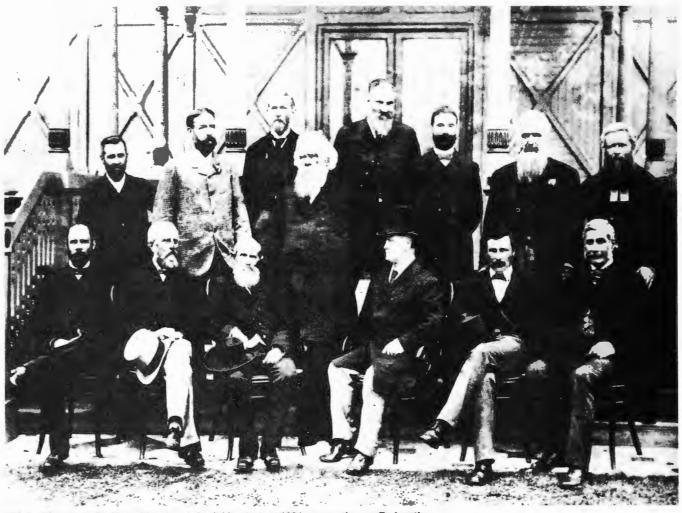
wheels. That conservative hero Sir Robert Menzies was no exception. He used his control of the purse-strings to give the federal government a major role in education, which was clearly a state responsibility under the Constitution. Labor's centralist reformer Gough Whitlam had only to follow the Menzies example.

The High Court, by generally taking a broad view of the way the Constitution defines federal powers, has also played an important role in adding to Canberra's authority and diminishing that of the states. The case of Tasmania's Gordon-below-Franklin dam is the most spectacular recent example. The men who drafted the Constitution certainly did not intend that the federal government should have the power to stop a state building a dam but the court held that international obligations conenvironmental protection cerning made it a foreign affairs matter - and, hence, a federal responsibility.

This kind of judicial law-making is far from being a bad thing. Somehow, our horse-and-buggy-era Constitution had to be adapted to modern circumstances and Australian voters have proved singularly reluctant to authorise change through the referendum process. Only eight of the three dozen or so referendums held since Federation have been passed. The power of the purse and the High Court's broad constitutional interpretations have at least made some evolution possible.

It would be nice to think that Australians, growing more sophisticated and confident as a nation, might become more willing to alter their Constitution. But there is little evidence of this happening. What Deakin referred to as "the inexhaustible inertia of our populace" still operates. It is much more in evidence now than in Deakin's day.

At the time of the centenary celebra-



Hairs and graces: Parkes with other colonial leaders at 1891 convention on Federation

tions, Australians were about to embark on massive political and constitutional change. NSW Premier Sir Henry Parkes was preaching federation and had wide support. It became a reality, through referendums in each colony, 13 years later. In this bicentenary year there is reason to doubt that Australians will vote for even the most modest constitutional amendments.

Not only in the area of constitutional change has our "inexhaustible inertia" become more evident. It seems remarkable now but, in the years before and immediately after Federation, Australia was noted internationally for its political and social reformism. In some parts of the US, for example, the secret ballot is still known as the Australian ballot — because the world's first secret

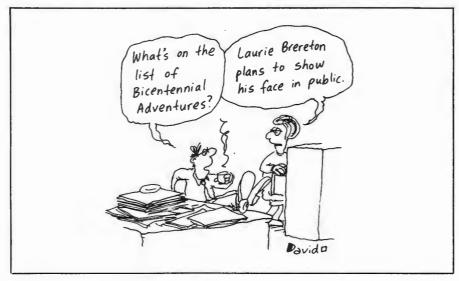
ballot for a parliamentary election was conducted in the Colony of Victoria in 1856. And all the other Australian colonies had adopted the idea by 1877.

The first parliamentary elections in an Australian colony were in NSW in 1843, based on a qualified franchise which gave the vote only to men owning land worth more than 200 pounds or paying rent of at least 20 pounds a year. But within a mere 16 years all non-Aboriginal adult males had been given the vote in Victoria, Queensland, South Australia and NSW. Not until 1918 were property qualifications dispensed with altogether in Britain. Women won the right to vote in South Australia in 1894, a year after New Zealand became the first place in the British Empire to introduce female suffrage. And the first Australian commonwealth parliament passed legislation in 1902 adopting universal suffrage for all federal elections - more than a quarter of a century before women gained equal voting rights with men in

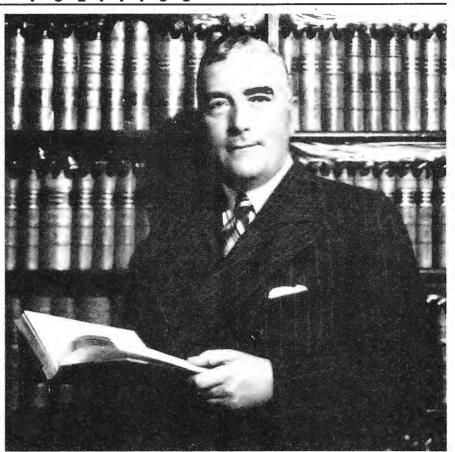
Britain.

Australia was something of a "social laboratory", remarkable for some advanced and enlightened legislation.

In 1900, the year before Federation,







Menzies: his success was as a political survivor

NSW and Victoria adopted old-age pension schemes. Throughout the final years of the 19th century, a strong trend emerged in all the colonies towards conciliation and arbitration machinery, factory legislation and forms of social insurance. The first federal government, with Edmund Barton as prime minister, was elected on a platform which included establishment of a Commonwealth Court of Conciliation and Arbitration and a promise to introduce an old-age pension scheme nationally.

Romantic though it may sound now, the "mateship" of the bush had a fair bit to do with the political and social radicalism which flourished in Australia in those early years. The organised labor movement provided the impetus for much of the reform, operating in partnership with middle-class liberals such as Deakin. The labor movement was also able to use its growing political muscle. In NSW, after 1894, George Reid's government was propped up by Labor Party members on condition that some of Labor's key policy objectives were implemented. A similar situation in Victoria also produced a series of social and economic reform measures.

Labor members of parliament were in a position to use the same strategy

when the first commonwealth parliament assembled on May 10, 1901, in the ornate chambers of Victoria's Parliament house — temporary quarters to the federal legislature until a building could be constructed in a new national capital. The protectionists, led by Barton, were opposed by Reid's Free Traders. Labor's MPs, who had elected John Christian Watson as their leader the day before, sat on the cross benches — but they were in the box seat.

Contesting about one-third of the 75 House of Representatives seats at the first federal election two months earlier, the Labor Party had won 14 of them — and the balance of power. That meant that a party in existence for less than a decade, formed as a result of a series of industrial defeats suffered by the unions in the early 1890s, found itself from the very beginning able to influence decisively the direction of the new nation.

In these days of free market rhetoric, with social reform well and truly out of fashjon, it is worth recalling the enthusiasm that existed in Australian politics for radical ideas. Deakin was as radical as many of his Labor contemporaries. Now mainstream non-Labor politicians reject what he stood for. And even the Labor Party, having had





Curtin: leader needed at time of peril

Deakin: a principal planner of federal system

its fingers burned in the last great reformist push under Whitlam, shies away from anything that smacks of radicalism.

While it may have changed, however, the Labor Party has been the one constant in Australian politics for the past 90-plus years — the only party to retain its title and its identity. For most of the period, too, it has been the dynamic party, the party of ideas.

Labor became successful very quickly — Watson headed a minority government briefly in 1904 — largely because of tight organisation. With its parliamentarians bound to the party platform and pledged to vote according to collective decisions, Labor developed a cohesiveness the others could not match. Despite this, the party has undergone more than its share of internal conflict and upheaval — including three traumatic splits, each of which wrecked its usefulness for at least a decade.

The first occurred during World War I when a Labor prime minister, William Morris Hughes, proposed the introduction of conscription for overseas service even though it was directly contrary to Labor policy. In the ensuing political turmoil, Hughes lost two bitterly fought referendum campaigns

on the issue; he was expelled from the Labor Party and remained prime minister by joining his former conservative opponents.

As with the emotional Vietnam controversy half-a-century later, it was a question of whether Australian conscripts should be sent overseas to fight and die in someone else's war. In 1942, another Labor prime minister — Curtin, who had gone to jail opposing Hughes' conscription plans — was able to persuade the party to accept the use of conscripts outside Australia. The difference was that, in World War II, Australia itself was threatened.

The second split — a three-way one — occurred during the Depression. Prime minister James Scullin, personally indecisive and handicapped by a hostile Senate, proved incapable of holding the government and the caucus together. Tough NSW Labor premier Jack Lang refused to go along with drastic public service reductions, pay cuts and cutbacks in public works. The crunch came in 1931.

Joseph Lyons, who had been Scullin's attorney-general, changed sides as Hughes had done (in Labor parlance, he "ratted") — and became leader of a new conservative grouping. The Lang forces were expelled from the

federal ALP, resulting in a situation in which two Labor parties operated in NSW for the next nine years.

And it was a Lang supporter who put forward the motion in parliament which brought the government down.

Interestingly, Scullin is supposed to have told a colleague later that his government deserved to fall because it had followed the advice of bankers rather than putting the interests of the people first. There are undoubtedly some on Labor's left who would read into that a message for today.

The third split, in the mid-1950s, was a consequence of the cold war and the emotional anti-communism it generated. A test of strength between the leader, Herbert Vere Evatt, and the right wing of the party in Victoria heavily influenced by an organisation called the Catholic Action Movement - tore Labor apart. Two state Labor governments - in Victoria and Queensland - were destroyed. The Democratic Labor Party was formed with the avowed aim of keeping the ALP out of office and Labor was exiled to the wilderness until Whitlam, with his "crash through or crash" style, repaired the damage and led it back to office in 1972.

Unfortunately for Labor, the party had been out of power for so long that it

had forgotten how to govern. The administration looked amateurish. Ministers who had grown old in Opposition were understandably impatient and threw caution to the wind as they rushed to implant their ideas. The split, by keeping Labor in Opposition for the best part of a generation, had a great deal to do with the problems and bungling which eventually led to the Whitlam government's dismissal.

It was a long time before a strong, nationally organised, enduring party comparable with the ALP emerged on the conservative side of politics. Parties merged, changed their names, fell apart.

The Protectionists and the Free Traders combined in 1909 to form the Liberal Party. It became the Nationalist Party when Hughes changed sides and then the United Australia Party (UAP) when Lyons defected.

Meanwhile, a rural-based group made its presence felt after World War I. The Country Party held the balance of power by 1922 and from the beginning played it tough — demanding Hughes' removal from the prime ministership as part of the price of coalition. Since then, the Country Party (now the

National Party) has wielded power out of all proportion to its parliamentary numbers.

The Liberal Party name was revived when, after the disintegration of the UAP, Menzies called together representatives of 18 groups in 1944 (they ranged from the Democratic Party to the Victorian Services and Citizens' Party) and welded them into a new political force.

The creation of the modern Liberal Party was perhaps Menzies' greatest achievement. It was to be the vehicle for the restoration of Menzies' political fortunes, following his brief and ignominious first term as prime minister in 1939 and 1940 - and it achieved that purpose. He swept back to power in 1949 and remained in office until his retirement 16 years later, largely as a result of his skill in exploiting Labor's mistakes and divisions. But, after the departure of its creator, the Liberal Party remained strong. Leaders have come and gone, elections have been won and lost and there has been no sign of the instability and volatility that plagued its predecessors.

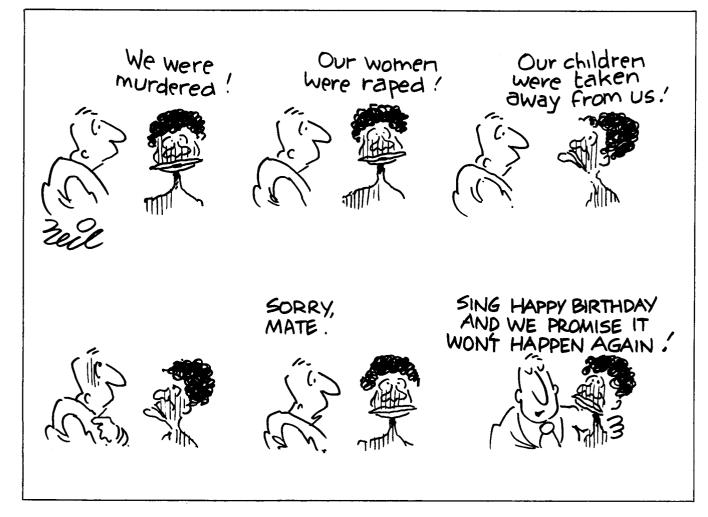
Australia's great prime ministers have been Deakin and Curtin.

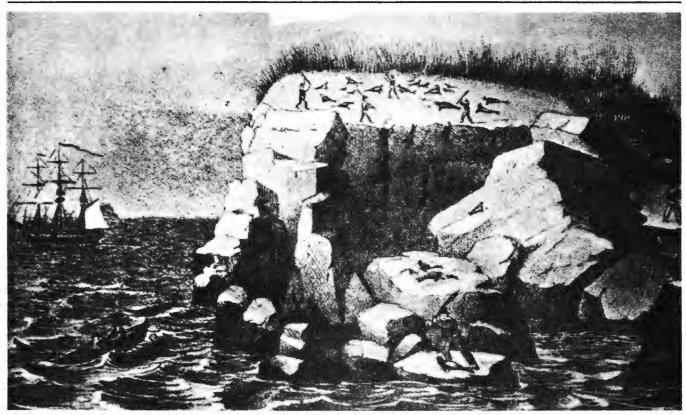
Deakin, one of the principal planners of the federal system and an author of the Constitution, supervised the establishment of the institutions basic to national government — such as the bureaucracy, the High Court, the Conciliation and Arbitration system. He also played a big role in giving Australia a liberal social outlook.

Curtin, subjugating himself and his party completely to the war effort, was the leader Australia needed at the time of its gravest peril. He saw the urgent danger in the Pacific, defied British leader Churchill to get Australian troops back from the Middle East and threw in Australia's lot with the US in what was the beginning of the alliance that has become the cornerstone of our foreign policy.

Others have not been in the same league. Menzies' success was as a political survivor. Hughes was too destructive. Ben Chifley, although he has become a Labor folk hero, frittered away his political legacy from Curtin.

Whitlam's dramatic dismissal by the Governor-General obscured the fact that his government, while notching up some important achievements, was a shambles.





An early picture showing Australian sealers at work

A rum lot, our first entrepreneurs

By TREVOR SYKES

BUSINESS developed almost as an afterthought in Australia. The British government established Botany Bay primarily as a penal colony. Lord Sydney, as Home Secretary, also saw it as a support base for an attempt to cultivate the native flax of Norfolk Island. Flax was a vital raw material for sailcloth and England's traditional supplies from the Baltic were constantly threatened during the Napoleonic Wars. Botany Bay became an expensive, remote jail unable even to feed itself when the Norfolk Island flax-growing venture was abandoned.

The internal and external commerce of the colony were greatly handicapped by the British having given no thought as to how they might be carried on. The only currency available was whatever the settlers, soldiers and sailors carried ashore in their pockets. Everyday commerce was conducted in a polyglot mixture of currencies. In 1800, Governor

King tried to establish some order by proclaiming the following exchange rates:

	£	S.	d.
Guinea	1	2	0
Half-Johanna (Portuguese)	2	0	0
Gold mohur (India)	1	17	6
Spanish dollar		5	0
Johanna	4	0	0
Ducat		9	6
Pagoda (southern India)		8	0
Rupee (Bengal)		2	6
Dutch guilder		2	0
English shilling		1	8
Copper coin of loz			2
½0Z			1
1/40Z			1/2

At one period in the early 19th century, the official currency was based on the Spanish dollar.

One can fairly infer from the British government's behaviour that it did not

expect Australia to produce any valuable commodity apart from the flax for the Royal Navy. Other British colonies of the 17th and 18th centuries had been set up through the formation of a chartered company – such as The Hudson's Bay Company, the Virginia Company and the Royal Niger Company – and those companies traded in furs, tobacco and ivory. But none was formed for the colonisation of Botany Bay (although the South Australian Company would be formed for Governor Hindmarsh's settlement) and control of the external commerce of New South Wales was offhandedly given to the East India Company, as an extension of its monopoly trading rights from Cape Colony to the Straits of Magellan.

The monopoly effectively prohibited all British ships not belonging to the company, or enjoying special concessions granted by the company, from trading with any port in Asia or the Pacific. The company engaged in little trade itself in the region in practice but permitted a select group of private merchants in India to conduct trade between there and adjacent ports, the most important being the tea trade with China.

The company could not prohibit foreign ships from trading with Australia. Theoretically, foreigners should have been restricted by the British Navigation Acts but in practice these often were ignored — allowing American ships to trade.

The East India monopoly frustrated the colonists for Australia's first three decades and was not entirely removed until 1834. The monopoly extended to whaling and kept the colonists out of this potentially lucrative trade until 1820, although Governor Phillip had urged that the ban be lifted as early as 1791.

Commerce is the lifeblood of any society but, in Australia's case, it began on the most arid soil. It was a jail marooned at the bottom of the world and unable to provide itself with most of the necessities of life. It was a colony run by a military government with no provision for private enterprise. But the profit motive will not be denied. Australia's first manufactured export was in 1788, when a potter made a small coin from clay around Port Jackson and sent it back to Josia Wedgwood as a sample upon which a pottery industry might be based.

In a colony which depended upon overseas supplies for everything from wheat to nails, importing was the first business to thrive. The only settlers with sufficient capital to undertake this on any scale were the officers of the New South Wales Corps, whose paymaster was John Macarthur.

While the officers' individual salaries may have been modest (a lieutenant was on £80 a year), they had access to the monthly pay credit and regiment funds.

These funds, which had the added convenience of being in sterling, were substantial enough for eight officers to charter the *Pitt* in 1792 for £1440 for a voyage to Bengal to bring back a cargo including porter and spirits.

The officers engaged one other charter in 1794 but more often bought cargoes which ships brought to Port Jackson on speculation -- usually correct -- that the infant colony was in need of goods of any kind.

The officers have been greatly criticised for using their monopoly of capital both to screw down the prices offered for cargoes and to force up the retail prices of the goods they acquired. However, without the officers, many

ships might not have bothered to sail for Port Jackson at all — and their importing monopoly was broken as soon as other Sydney merchants arose with adequate capital.

Having parted with their sterling to buy imported merchandise including spirits in quantities sufficient to ensure that they would go down in history as the Rum Corps, the officers often had to sell by bartering their goods for grain or livestock. They sold these to the Commissariat Store for sterling which, in turn, financed further cargo purchases.

They have been criticised, too, for trying to monopolise the sale of agricultural produce to the store but the balancing factor there was the price of



Lieutenant King, later governor

spirits. Farmers would often refuse to sell to the store, preferring to process their grain through an illegal still. In 1794, many settlers refused to supply the store even though the wheat price was raised to 10 shillings a bushel. Grain and spirit prices therefore tended to move in tandem.

The Rum Corps has been strongly criticised by socialist-minded historians but goods would have been even scarcer in the struggling colony and hardship more severe without its pool of capital. The officers performed a useful service, although we need not suspect that their motives were tinged by the faintest suspicion of altruism.

One of the most intriguing blank spots in Australian business history is the date at which the NSW Corps lost its dominance of the import trade. Store receipts are missing before 1800 and at that date the officers were already in a minority while a race of middlemen had become the big dealers. This indicates that the officers lost their monopoly some time in the late 1790s.

The reasons were primarily social.

An officer and a gentleman might be a merchant but it was professional death to be a retailer — "in trade". From such scanty records as survive, it appears some officers used their mistresses or ex-convicts as middlemen.

Greed being an emotion that transcends caste, by 1800 this system had spawned an aggressive, competitive and highly acquisitive group of merchants whose story is best told in The Sydney Traders by D. R. Hainsworth (MUP, 1981). The most prominent of the new breed was Simeon Lord, who had been transported to Sydney in 1790 for seven years. Astute, litigious and acquisitive, he was described by Governor King as "a broker to those who could not or did not choose to appear themselves" and was certainly handling cargoes as early as 1798. Lord became the most feared and powerful merchant in Sydney.

The East India Company was a dog in the manger. It used its monopoly to prevent colonial vessels from trading but did not provide an adequate service itself. In 1799, Lord tried to circumvent the restrictions by sending a vessel named the *Hunter* to Calcutta with a cargo of New Zealand spars. When she tried to load a cargo of spirits for Sydney, she was seized by East India agents who also alleged that Lord had sent convicts to India.

One Indian trading house to open up the market under the East India aegis was Campbell & Co. After its first ship was wrecked in Bass Strait in 1797, Campbells gradually built large sterling holdings in Australia which were the proximate cause of junior partner Robert Campbell moving to Sydney Cove to establish a warehouse. He rapidly became one of the most prominent and influential merchants in the young colony.

Demand for goods from the East India spired schemes to break the East India monopoly. The most visionary — by Macarthur — was to use Fiji as a staging point under which goods such as Australian sealskins and Fijian sandalwood could be exported to Fiji, transferred to another ship and sold in Canton, China. The second ship would return via Calcutta with a cargo of spirits and perhaps tea. A Calcutta trading house was to take a nominal quarter share in the second ship as a device to prevent a breach of the East India Company laws.

Macarthur tried the ruse in 1807, using Campbell's *Harrington* as the second ship and promising him a 75 percent mark-up on the cargo. But Macarthur's ship missed the connection with the *Harrington*. Campbell loaded her with sandalwood on his own ac-

count, sold it in Canton and returned with a cargo of Chinese goods which he could legally have sold in Sydney through Lord who was agent for a Madras house. As Macarthur had not met his part of the agreement, Campbell would have been under no obligation to him.

When she reached Sydney Heads, in 1808, the Harrington was boarded by Macarthur who announced that Governor Bligh had been overthrown by a party including himself. Campbell then sold the cargo to Macarthur and his partners at the agreed mark-up, although he could have made more profit by selling through Lord. Campbell later claimed that Macarthur had forced him to sell. Hainsworth concluded that it was extremely likely that the return of the Harrington prompted Macarthur to overthrow Bligh in order to seize the cargo, giving a solid business motive for the Rum Rebellion.

The colony's unbalanced economy led the first entrepreneurs in two other directions: to replace imports by local manufacture and to find exports for the empty hulls sailing from Port Jackson.

Ship building would have been a natural early industry but Whitehall instructed governors repeatedly not to let colonists build craft which could compete with the East India Company. The result was a great deal of clandestine construction, particularly under Governor Hunter.

We know from a letter by the Reverend Samuel Marsden that boat traffic on the Parramatta River was brisk as early as 1794. By 1797, a locally built boat named Eliza was large enough to be sent on a rescue mission to the Bass Strait (although, unfortunately, she was wrecked). A larger boat built to replace her was licensed only for the Norfolk Island trade because Hunter feared that, if he gave her a general licence, she might be sent to China. When French admiral Nicholas Baudin visited Sydney in 1802, he bought a 20-ton vessel from a colonist to accompany him in the Geographe. Campbell was a leading builder, producing the 170-ton brig Perseverance in 1807. All this indicates a thriving, if partly underground, ship building trade.

The industry got great impetus by the discovery of sealing grounds in Bass Strait in 1797. Captain William Raven, of the East India Company, had left a party of men ashore at Dusky Bay on the New Zealand coast to gather seal furs as early as 1792. This established an important principle of sealing. It was better economically to leave a gang ashore for six or nine months to gather pelts — during which time the mother ship could make a cargo voyage or two

- than for the ship to hang about uneconomically near the shore, risking wreck, while the men gathered a smaller kill.

The sealing parties fared little better than the seals. The men were cast away on rocky, unexplored shores for up to a year at a time with inadequate provisions. This meant that they were often threatened with starvation. They worked on a profit-sharing system, rather than for wages, and extortionate sealing masters routinely overcharged them for food and clothing so that they emerged from their isolation and privation owing money.

The colonists were sealing enthusiastically by 1802 and in the first five



John Macarthur: a visionary in commerce

years of the 19th century had exported nearly 100,000 skins from Sydney. This does not count the activities of sealers such as Lord, who had sent at least 52,000 skins to China and London direct from Antipodes Island.

The business of Mary Reiby was founded partly on the profits from her husband Thomas' sealing in these years.

One must admire the courage of these mariners. They began working the stormy waters of the Bass Strait and by 1810 had moved to the New Zealand coast and as far south as Campbell and Macquarie Islands.

It was also financially risky. The Chinese were mean payers who might give only three shillings a skin. Skins which were damaged or spoiled would fetch even less and the chances of shipwreck were high. Then, in the late 18th century, a Thomas Chapman in London discovered a technique for separating the fur of seals from the coarse

hairs, salt and oil which made it commercially useless and suddenly the furs could be used in hat-making. A hat worth a couple of shillings could be sold for a pound (20 shillings) if covered in seal fur. The price on the London market went as high as 30 shillings a skin in a brief boom just when the colonists were beginning to ship their catch to Britain. Then, the skin market collapsed again in the 1810s when the sealers had thinned the ranks of local seals to the point where the industry was no longer profitable anyway.

Sealing was, therefore, Australia's first significant export industry. Its heyday was brief and would have overall provided poor returns for those involved, especially considering the hazards. But it provided a cash flow and economic impetus for the colony at an important time in its growth.

Finally, the first 20 years saw the birth of primitive manufacturing industry — mainly of basic commodities. The government at first produced salt at Port Jackson and Newcastle but entrepreneurs moved so quickly into saltmaking that Governor King decided in 1806 to leave the industry in private hands.

Ironically, considering our subsequent history, the first attempts at breweries were failures. A government brewery was established at Parramatta in 1804 in the pious hope that beer might wean the population off spirits.

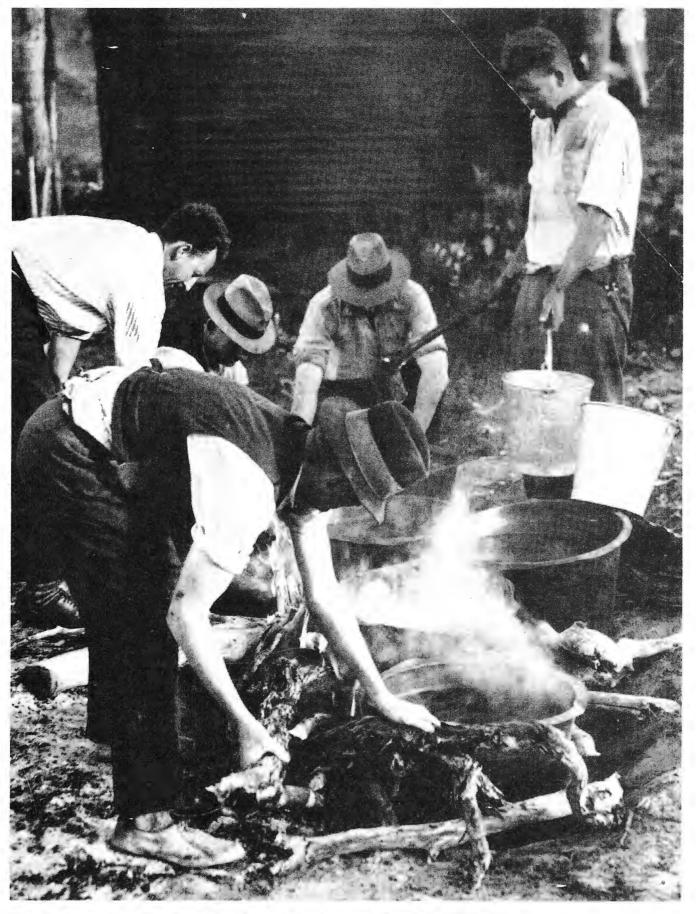
Small private breweries tended to be wiped out by the vagaries of the crops and popular taste still preferred spirits anyway.

Macquarie hampered the brewing industry still further by imposing licence fees.

A better indication of the future came from Lord in 1801 when he exported coal from Botany Bay to Cape Town, South Africa. But the government, using cheap convict labor, monopolised coal mining for some time.

Early Australian business history makes a unique study. A penal colony, established with no incentives for businessmen — and, indeed, some formidable handicaps — nevertheless bred its own pioneering entrepreneurs. Many of the most successful started with nothing, as convicts. It is rather surprising to the layman that any business system existed at all in this barren environment but, from this brief essay, it can be seen that it not only existed but was vigorous and competitive.

Our founders had a strong trading instinct which enabled them to build industries even when the prevailing government was hostile to them. Many modern Australian businessmen could do with the same spirit.



Ku-ring-gai, Sydney: unemployed men banded together in camp in the face of the Great Depression

Beware of bulls in autumn

By LENORE NICKLIN

AUSTRALIA'S 200-year history is dotted with booms and busts. They used to go together like a horse and carriage; now it's like a Ferrari and an overdraft. There have been land booms and gold booms and nickel booms and wool booms and, after each of the two world wars, baby booms. There have been spectacular busts.

In 1893, it was not just a matter of a few yuppies losing their Porsches but a wholesale collapse of the country's banking institutions with only 10 out of 64 being able to keep their doors open continuously. In the bust of 1929, which became known as the Great Depression and lasted until 1933, nearly one-third of the breadwinners of the country were unemployed. In the nickel boom of 1970, Poseidon shares rose in six months from 70 cents to \$280 and went all the way down again. In the

stock market crash of last October, 23 percent of the value of shares — \$55 billion — was wiped out in a single day.

'The history of booms and busts is very much the history of markets - it is not easy to avoid them and nor is it desirable," says Trevor Sykes, editor-in-chief of Australian Business and author of The Money Miners - a history of the great Australian mining booms. "In any market, a commodity is likely to become scarce or demand may increase and the price goes up - and, sooner or later, the price stops going up. Nobody has ever repealed the laws of supply and demand. There is a self-correcting mechanism in markets and it is desirable for it to be so. The whole trick is to try and keep the booms and busts in some sensible proportion."

Rather less charitable about booms was 19th-century English economist Walter Bagehot who wrote: "One thing is certain, that at particular times, a great deal of stupid people have a great deal of stupid money."

Sykes says that there used to be a persuasive case that it takes two generations to forget what the last generation knew. "If you look at Australia's history, you discover that we had a very severe depression in the 1840s, another in the 1890s, another in the 1930s and quite a rough period in the 1970s. The theory comes a bit unglued when, after only 16 years, we are facing the biggest stock market crash, proportionally, we've ever seen. In October, we lost 23 percent in one day - nobody this century has seen a fall of that size in one day and it was mirrored in the Hong Kong, London and New York markets as well.

"The stock market is an indicator of confidence and not much else. The fact that we could lose so much in the market so quickly shows that confidence has become very fragile."

Confidence was not in short supply in Victoria during the 1880s. Gold had brought wealth to the new colony, business was booming and money was pouring in from overseas. Mansions were built at a rate only matched in recent times by Perth millionaires. The biggest land boom in Australia's history was off and running. Thousands of hectares of bush paddocks were floated into estate companies and the shares sold to a gullible public.

In his book *The Land Boomers*, Michael Cannon reveals that by 1888 more allotments had been subdivided for suburban houses in Melbourne than would have been needed for the entire population of London. Land prices were pushed ever higher and the boom produced a new rich which included Baillieus, Finks and Frasers. The bubble burst and 1893 saw a major run

on the banks. The bank that belonged to former state premier James Munro failed, whereupon Munro quickly had himself appointed Agent-General in London and fled the country.

powerful When the National Bank advised the government that it would have to close its doors because of the continuous run on its deposits, the answer was to declare a five-day bank holiday. The result, not surprisingly, was panic. Munro was not the only person in a position of power to behave badly. A judge of the day said from the bench: "I am sorry to say that in this community it is not considered a disgraceful thing for a man to enter into contracts which he cannot pay when called upon and it is not considered a thing to be ashamed of for a man to offer his creditors one farthing in the pound even when those creditors include tradesmen from whom he obtained goods such as groceries, meat, clothing and the like." The judge observed that in many ways, the morality of



Broker Ric Dowling: carefully arranged affairs

the racecourse was superior to that of the Insolvency Court.

The run on the banks spread to Brisbane and Sydney. "It was the most devastating bust in Austalia's history – and by comparison last October's Black Tuesday looks quite sunny," says historian Geoffrey Blainey, author of The Rush That Never Ended and The Tyranny of Distance. "In Victoria and Queensland, two-thirds of all deposits were locked up in closed banks and in NSW just over half the deposits were in banks that closed their doors. Every second customer, in effect, was debarred from taking money out of the banks and some had to wait many, many years to recover what they had put in. In Victoria, the Bishop of Melbourne called for a day of humiliation and prayer on Wednesday, May 17, 1893. Between the time he made the announcement and the 17th May, seven more banks fell.'

The collapse of the banks was due, says Blainey, not to skulduggery — although there was some of that in the smaller banks — but to over-confidence in the banking system. The system was based on gold and deposits could be taken out in gold. There were not the simple mechanisms to deal with panic — and banks could be bled to death by people demanding gold.

"There was the most terrible dislocation of the financial system. I still don't see the recent stock market crash in any way comparable to that of 1893, although it would have to rank as one of the three or four most sobering episodes in the history of Australian fin-

"The trouble is that, when a boom gets under way, a considerable body of people can't see things ever going bad and when there is a bust they can't see them getting better. It's almost a failure of the imagination."

More than imagination failed in the crash that followed the more recent property boom of 1971 to 1974. The mining boom was over and investors looked for a new outlet. Property appeared to have the twin virtues of being highly profitable and without risk. Sydney and Melbourne had a shortage of office space and money was cheap. The cities resounded to the sound of the jackhammers and cranes dotted the skyline as the glass and concrete towers took shape.

When the crash came in 1974, companies such as Mainline and Cambridge Credit collapsed. Mainline, headed by Dick Baker, had been responsible for construction of the AMP Centre at Sydney's Circular Quay, Gold Fields House, the Lakeside Hotel in Canberra and the big grandstand at



Robert Holmes à Court: loser

Randwick racecourse. Baker blamed union disruption and the credit squeeze.

Five thousand workers lost their jobs and the reverberations were felt throughout the industry. Buildings stood empty behind locked gates and Baker went into exile in the US.

The site of the next big building boom was Queensland's Gold Coast. At Surfers Paradise, Broadbeach and Burleigh Heads, the fibro beach shacks and modest holiday houses were pulled down to make way for high-rise holiday apartments. From 1979 to early in 1982, the rate of high-rise construction staggered the nation. Holiday units were bought "off the plan" on a 10 percent deposit and sold and resold before the building was complete. The skyline was dominated by the largest concentration of construction cranes the country had seen.

The expected crash came in 1982, the cranes stopped working, the usual fortunes were lost. The boom was declared dead — killed by high interest rates, high prices and a sharp rise in buyer resistance.

Australia's mining booms have been even more spectacular than the building booms. The earliest were the 19th century gold rushes which got off to a rather later start than they might have because news of the first discoveries by geologists Clarke and Strzelecki in 1839 was suppressed.

On being shown a nugget of gold, NSW Governor Sir George Gipps said: "Put it away, Mr Clarke, or we shall all have our throats cut."

The gold rushes were on in earnest

by the 1850s and dominated Australian life as people everywhere downed tools, equipped themselves with wheelbarrows or horses and carts if they could afford them and headed to the gold fields. The population increased fourfold in three years and, at the height of the boom in Melbourne, pipes were lit with five-pound notes and gold nuggets thrown in appreciation at stage performers. The gold rushes spread to Queensland in the 1870s and, following the big discoveries at Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie, to Western Australia in the 1880s.

The first half of the 20th century was fairly boom-free — metal prices were depressed and often controlled, with not much incentive to go prospecting. Mt Isa Mines, floated in Sydney in 1924, took 23 years to pay its first dividend.

Oil was to provide the next real excitement. Ampol Exploration Ltd — drilling at Rough Range, Western Australia — struck oil in December 1953 and shares raced up from 18 shillings to six pounds, five shillings in a single day. This sparked speculation in other oil stocks such as Woodside and Santos. The share boom was kept alive with the discovery of uranium at Mary Kathleen in Queensland the following year.

The metal that was to spark the wildest stock market boom Australia had known was nickel. The Poseidon boom, as it became known — the mine was named after the 1906 winner of the Melbourne Cup — raged from October 1969 to February 1970.

The boom took off in September 1969 on rumors of a nickel strike at Windarra in central Western Australia. When the find was confirmed and testing produced spectacular nickel assays, the bulls roared. By early December the price of Poseidon shares had moved up from 70 cents to \$70 and in January they peaked at \$280.

Punting on the stock market became a national sport, stockbrokers doubled and trebled their staffs, newspapers carried stories of schoolboys who turned their pocket money into tens of thousands of dollars. The players were all getting rich, forgetting the old stock market saying that a share boom is a lighted match being passed from hand to hand.

The many fingers burnt by year's end included those of Patrick Partners, the biggest of the boom-time broking firms. Patricks finally closed its doors in July 1975 and a liquidator was appointed.

The assets of all partners fell well short of the firm's liabilities. As in the case of the Victorian land-boomers a century earlier, some who owed most



A new boom begins: high-rise at Surfers

paid least. The affairs of senior partner Ric Dowling were arranged so that he held only one hundredth of his Darling Point home and his personal "fortune" turned out to be a deficit of \$81,777.

The stock market began to climb again in the early 1980s, gathered considerable steam in 1985 and boomed throughout '86 and '87 until Black Tuesday: October 20. A wave of panic selling that began on New York's Wall Street - sparked by concerns about the US economy - spread to Asia, Europe and Australia. Billions of dollars were wiped off values in a matter of hours and Australian shares were among the worst hit. The paper value of Robert Holmes à Court's companies the Bell Group and Bell Resources dropped by more than \$1.5 billion. Merchant banks had to be rescued and Porsches had to be sold.

The Australian All Ordinaries index peaked at 2306.2 on September 21 and slumped to 1316.65 on October 27, a loss of 43 percent. The market has been in the doldrums ever since and the only consolation for the losers is that, just as what goes up must come down, the reverse is true.

What are the lessons to be learned from the booms and busts? "The main lesson we learn is how dangerous debt can be when used to finance speculative purposes and when there is inadequate income from other sources to cover debt-servicing," says Sykes. "We also learn that bull markets characteristically overshoot by driving share prices beyond rational expectations while bear markets are a mirror image — they undershoot and tend to depress values below rational prices.

"My own philosophy is to stay with the trend until it has broken — as decisively happened on October 20. If you stick with the direction of a trend you are likely to make quite a lot more money than if you quit it too early," Sykes said.

Will it take two generations to forget the 1987 crash?

Says Blainey: "There is certainly a kind of time span in which lessons are forgotten." His advice to those who ride stock market booms is to beware October. "I once made a list of the 12 stock market crashes between 1830 and 1930 and discovered that nine of them occurred in either October or November." (The Wall Street crash of 1929 occurred on October 24 and the 1978 crash on October 20.) He suspects that autumnal gloom has an unsettling effect on the bourse. "And the great financial crash in Australia in 1893 was in the autumn month of May." It would certainly seem the season for caution, if not humiliation and prayer. □

The privatisation of religion

EDMUND CAMPION* on the church since 1788.

RELIGION is a private matter in Australia. Greeks, Italians, Poles and Vietnamese who come here from countries where religion is part of the public culture notice this immediately. One of them said, "Here they don't have religious feasts. They only have the Queen's birthday.' The absence of religious feasts in Australia is a sore trial to these newcomers. Even Christmas Day or Easter seems like any Sunday church in the morning, then home for family dinner. But in their homelands the whole community engages in preparations for the big feasts, which are celebrated communally. For them, religion is a social experience. In Australia it is more often a private duty.

The earliest white invaders thought Aborigines had no religion. They were wrong. Everything about Aborigines was religious. For them, life

was a journey that took you from preexistence through birth and death to unending existence as part of the lifestream of Eternal Dreaming. So Aborigines were never out of sight of the numinous and the eternal. They were intensely religious.

By contrast, the invaders had little religion. In their heads they carried a sort of secularised Calvinism which divided the world between the people of quality and the convicts. Salvation and damnation could be experienced here and now. And, once you were damned with the convict stain, you were damned forever. From this damnation there was no absolution.

In this secularist world, the church was marginal. Its role was to dress up a formal occasion and to encourage discipline. In 1789, Josiah Wedgwood made plates from pipeclay sent home by Governor Phillip. They showed a hopeful scene of art and labor in the new colony. In the background sat a church building. But there was no church here for years. Visiting Spanish papists commented on this lack, saying



St Luke's, Liverpool: some years before a church built

a church was the first thing they would build in a colony. So chaplain Richard Johnson, a good man, built one himself — only to have it burned down by convicts protesting against compulsory church parades.

But if it was marginal to public life, religion was nevertheless very real to many individuals. Most history is simply lost. Professor Patrick O'Farrell, dean of Australian church historians, says: "Real history may be hidden away in the minds and hearts of ordinary men and women." This hidden history of the religious life of ordinary men and women has attracted the attention of other historians recently. They range from Portia Robinson, who showed that Catholic families kept their faith alive here before there were any priests, to Arnold D. Hunt's huge book on South Australian Methodists; to F. B. Smith's evocative chapter in Australians: A Historical Library; to F. R. Jackson's groundbreaking study of popular religion, Churches and People in Australia and New Zealand. All show that for many ordinary Australians religion gave ultimate meaning to life and, therefore, was important to them.

Indeed, until recently, it was almost possible to write the history of white Australia denominational terms. Anglicans made the law, Presbyterians made the money, Methodists did the work, the Catholics made the jokes. Certainly, many of the public conflicts in our history were worked out in religious terms. The status struggles of convicts, rows about immigration, state aid to schools, whether you were for or against the British Empire your answers to such questions tended to split the community on religious grounds, Catholic versus Protestant. This sectarianism congealed into organisations that carried on the fight for many

The churches continue to have a public presence in society. Their schools, hospit-

als, cathedrals and chapels dot the land. But this historic sectarianism may be a more significant legacy of our public culture. It promoted a two-party system of the spirit and sickened many of religion. If this was what religion was about, many wanted none of it.

The longest-lasting impact religion has made on our public life came in the social legislation of the early 20th century. Protestants had gravitated to the non-Labor parties, making them a Protestant popular front. They were able to enact laws on drink, Sunday observance, gambling, censorship, theatre and even sea bathing. Professor Michael Hogan points out in The Sectarian Strand that an unintended result of this was the creation of a blackmarket culture for those unwilling to accept such legislated puritanism. The dismantling of these laws in recent years points to a rejection of the religious impulses that produced them.

Attempts by Catholics in the 1940s and 1950s to take over political life so that they could legislate their own version of the good life were also a feature.

The Australian people rejected their methods as undemocratic.

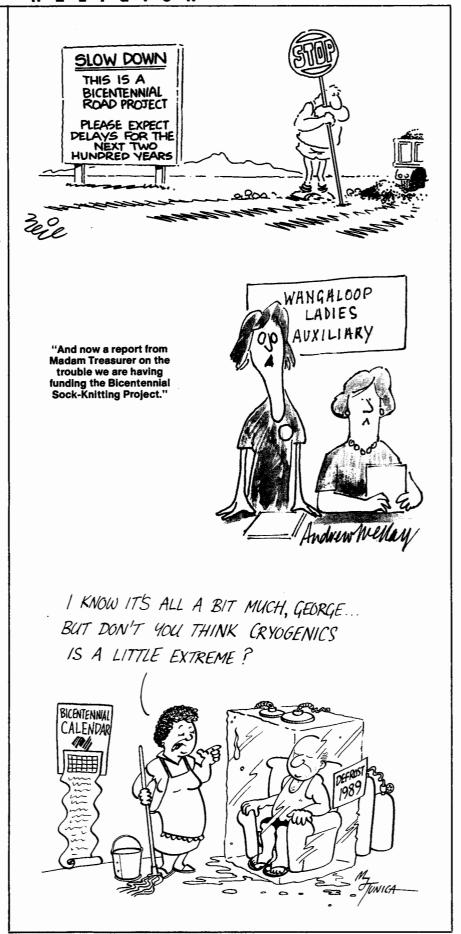
Protestant-Catholic polarities have evaporated. Party lines cross church affiliations. How you feel about ordaining women, the function of church authority, human sexuality or the political role of the clergy often has little to do with what denomination you profess. Modern battle lines are drawn between fundamentalists and liberals within each church community. There is still a lot of bigotry around, not all of it on the lunatic religious right.

And if you think sectarianism is finished, ask a Seventh Day Adventist mother whose baby has been taken by a dingo. Ask a Moslem who wants to provide hallal meat for his family. Ask a Lebanese Maronite trying to erect a public statue to the Blessed Virgin. Ask a Jew - but you know what the answer will be there. Jews were the forerunners of the multicultural society coming painfully to birth in modern Australia. Their history has much to teach adherents of more recent minority religious groups. Perhaps, too, Jews pioneered a distinctively Australian road for religion. Religiously they have had a low public profile but an intense private and familial commitment to their faith. That may be the way we are going. The failure of the Blake Prize - a 30-yearold joint Jewish-Christian endeavor to encourage public religious art - points to something that may be nonnegotiable in the Australian psyche. In this radically secularist society, public religious art is an impossibility because religion is a private concern. Even that most publicly Christian politician, Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen, produced no legislation that was observably religious in its inspiration.

So, despite the Biblical Right, religion in Australia has been privatised. The proliferation of prayer groups is another pointer the same way. Unnoticed by historians, thousands of these groups have gathered across Australia. Grounded in a love and knowledge of the Bible, they set their own agenda and select prayers, hymns, readings and insights from a broad range of experience. They are so private, you could almost call them a non-church. Yet they are the real face of religion in Australia today.

The dark underside of religion — sectarianism, bigotry, fanaticism, sin — always makes good copy. But, in the end, true religion is about prayer and prayer rarely gets into the newspapers. So most history, especially religious history, is simply lost. Except to God. □

*EDMUND CAMPION is the author of Australian Catholics.



Cultural aerobics

SANDRA HALL reflects on what the arts have done for Australia and what they can still do.

UNLIKE Aboriginal Australians, who have never had any doubts about art's place in society, the country's later arrivals frequently had to be convinced. Australia's first theatre, for example, established in Sydney in 1788, was popular with two classes of people — those who enjoyed the plays and those who enjoyed the opportunity provided for robbing the houses of the audience.

Things may not have changed much since but the argument as to whether the arts are a pernicious influence or "a good thing" has been well and truly won after a long. hard fight. People do not go round saying that culture is a civilising force - since the word "civilising" has itself gone out of fashion, as has "culture". But art's capacity (in certain circumstances) to shake and rouse and stir (constituting a sort of aerobics class for the sensibilities) is admired. So the big arts questions today are: "What is the difference between indigenous culture and cultural chauvinism?", "Where's the money coming from?" and "What is art, anyway?"

The earliest European settlers, it seems, did not want to

be shaken and stirred; they wanted to be comforted; they wanted escapism (of primary concern in those days) and they felt the need to invent a cultural context for the dry, scratchy and intimidatingly empty land in which they found themselves.

For them, art was a way of ordering a chaos of impressions; of comparing and contrasting and imposing the familiar on to the unknown. Here is the art historian Bernard Smith on Thomas Watling, a young convict transported for forging banknotes and the first landscape artist to work in Australia: "Watling had been trained in the picturesque mode of landscape painting a mode which made use of old and gnarled trees, winding mountain paths, peasant cottages, jagged and rocky cliffs. Consequently, the local scene depressed him . . . But Watling knew well enough that picturesque paintings were not simply transcripts of nature but that they were painted by selecting and combining motifs drawn from a number of sketches."

Watling's tactful eclecticism resulted in a series of "picturesque descriptions" — early examples of the "topographical views" which were to fuel a growing 19th century interest in travel and travel books. By the 1820s,



Nellie Stewart: "brought spirit of the theatre to the screen"

picturesque painters were in demand especially in Governor Macquarie's colony. Macquarie - an enthusiastic publicist for his administration's efforts in expanding and civilising its domains - set another forger-painter, Joseph Lycett, to work on a series of Views in Australia which was later embellished even further and collected in a book. Writes Bernard Smith: "Lycett's was the first important illustrated book to hold out a direct appeal to the prospective migrant to settle in Australia. Such literature has always sought to depict the country in the 'most favorable light'. Lycett was transported to Australia for forging English bank notes. How many migrants he induced by forging landscapes to settle freely in the country will never be known.'

But it took the discovery of gold in Victoria and NSW in the 1850s to connect Australia with the rest of the world properly. The characters and customs of frontier life had begun to give Australian painters, balladeers and playwrights material for a new home-grown mythology and nationalism was in the air but the gold rush brought American and British stars to the diggings and the cultural debate about Australia versus the rest was well and truly on. Shakespeare was all very well but the English

didn't know everything and passionate nationalists among the drama critics of the day, such as J. E. Nield of the Examiner and The Australasian, cautioned the public against managements which tried to palm them off with second-rate imports and productions which applied the aesthetics of the London stage to Australian themes and settings. As to why there weren't more Australian plays, the cause lay in lack of incentive rather than in lack of talent. According to Neild ... "nothing has so forcibly illustrated the very true aphorism of prophets having no honor in their own country than the indisposition of the colonial stage to recognise the colonial drama."

And so the definitive features of the Australian cultural landscape took shape. Here was a country
full of transplanted Europeans nostalgic for the places and the imaginative
associations left behind yet anxious to
make sense of the new. For some this
meant searching for ways of likening
the new to the old. For others, gamer
than the rest, it meant taking the country on its own terms — looking for romance in the roughness and the openness and seeing poetry in the loneliness
of the outback.

The painters of the Heidelberg school had begun by the 1880s to find what they wanted from the country in its light, using the lessons of French impressionism in their "plein-air" paintings to conjure up a place of long, sunlit days and green-gold expanses of bush and paddock and a brave and vigorous town and country life. The cartoonists of *The Bulletin* looked around and glee-

fully fell on the pretensions of this new society, rending them with the larrikin wit which so forcefully expressed the magazine's republicanism, and theatre patrons were treated to bracing doses of Australian pantomime and a new local strain of melodrama (more earthy than the English variety) with much falling about and an impressive breed of heroine applauded by *The Bulletin* of the day for being "pretty, winning, imperious, tender-hearted, fiery, impetuous and affectionate".

By 1912, the Australian stage had a home-grown box-office hit in Bert Bailey's adaptation of the Steele Rudd stories *On Our Selection* and the silent film-makers of the day were busy turning bushrangers into folk heroes. The great stage star Nellie Stewart brought the spirit of theatre to the screen as

Sweet Nell of Old Drury and Raymond Longford got to the softness at the heart of the larrikin myth with his film of C.J. Dennis' The Sentimental Bloke.

Then came the talkies and what had been a cultural influence turned rapidly into a cultural assault as American stories, stars and settings took over the Australian imagination. Theatres and concert suffered and flourishing Australian film industry went into a decline although the films of Ken G. Hall and Charles Chauvel kept the spirit of nationalism alive for a while in the cinema

There was some wailing over this but not as much as there might have been once. In some quarters, nationalism

was now considered a reactionary influence. In painting, nationalism was held up by the proponents of representational art as an argument against modernism and the bush culture of the last century no longer had a lot to say to a population which clustered in the cities and spend much of its time worrying about the progress of the war in Europe.

It was a dilemma which preoccupied Australian painters throughout the '40s and '50s — producing sophisticated argument and striking art as Nolan, Drysdale, Albert Tucker, Arthur Boyd and others worked toward their distinctive ways of reconciling what they had learned from the international avantgarde with their individual responses to Australian landscapes, cities and folklore.

The international influence was also at work in music and theatre. By the

1940s, Australia had its own ballet company (formed by the Czechoslovakianborn dancer and ballet master and choreographer Edouard Borovansky), ABC orchestras in every state and audiences whose growing enthusiasm for American stage musicals made the concept of a thriving Australian theatre seem more remote than ever. Nonetheless, in 1954 the Elizabethan Trust was established to encourage this ideal.

What followed was an era which produced strong and very serious plays about working class traditions and prejudices — the most successful being Ray Lawler's Summer of the Seventeenth Doll, Alan Seymour's The One Day of the Year and the plays of Patrick White — as well as a new twist to the debate about what was culture and what was not.



Film-maker Ken G. Hall: kept the flag flying

Should government money be used to subsidise Australian translations of West End, Broadway and off-Broadway creations. If so, what are the criteria for choice? The Trust started this particular argument when it launched itself in Sydney in 1955 with a Terence Rattigan double, *The Sleeping Prince* and *Separate Tables*, and it has been going on ever since. Running in tandem are newer debates about the issue of tax concessions for the reborn Australian film industry, government support for opera and ballet and quotas for Australian television production.

In the years which followed the coming of television in 1956, the Australian population showed signs of splitting into two — a minority who went to concerts, the theatre, ballet and opera and tuned into the ABC and a majority who switched on commercial television every evening and stayed

until bedtime. Then, in the late '60s, after much nagging by assorted newspaper columnists, things began to change. The Australian Council for the Arts (later the Australia Council) was established and moves made to revive Australian cinema. At the same time, a new kind of Australian playwright appeared — young, middle-class and able to catch and reproduce the laconic, damped-down, sceptical quality that defines the Australian temperament and which has defeated so many writers because it's essentially anti-dramatic.

These plays brought a new audience into the theatre and have been accompanied by a burgeoning of satire and revue made possible by the increased level of subsidy that has nourished all the arts since the initial boost given by the Whitlam government in the early

'70s. As a result, nationalism has never been more fashionable — although artists still face the old puzzle as to how best to transform it into art.

Film-makers, for example after impressing with their use of Australian light, landscape and frontier myths are tentatively finding their way to the point where they can be equally at ease with the themes and settings which are part of their own experience. Australian artists have always enjoyed romanticising the bushman, the worker and the outsider. It's the intellectual, the businessman and the politician and the rituals, customs and power plays of modern middle class city life that give them trouble.

So when does indigenous culture become cultural chau-

vinism? If 1988 does nothing else, it should provide some interesting answers to that question. Eighty percent of the bicentennial arts program's \$15 million budget is being spent on Australian artists and only 20 percent on overseas performers but these include some of the most illustrious names in the arts world, chosen not only for their obvious appeal to audiences but also because they have undertaken to give master classes and workshops to Australians.

The program's director, Peter Sarah, has said it will be offering "a clear-eyed, rather than a lump-in-the-throat, approach" and that sounds about right. As most people must be aware, 200 years of European settlement is not something to be celebrated with unbridled enthusiasm by all Australians and along with the good times some shaking and stirring would seem to be in order.

Analysing the melting pot

By PATRICIA ROLFE

THOSE MAKING it great, or making it grate, in 1988; those dancing, or demonstrating, in the streets will not include the Wends.

The Wends were a small group of people who came here from Europe in the middle of the 19th century at the time some Germans came and for the same reason — religious persecution. The Germans who came go on being German in a thigh-slapping, folk-dancing way which does a lot for the Barossa tourist industry but which may appear whimsical to today's German Germans. The Wends have disappeared. Why did the Wends disappear while the Germans remain so visible? More Germans came but are numbers the sole answer?

The Wends or Sorbians are a Slavic people. About 200,000 live in East Germany. According to the *Britannica*, High Sorbian is spoken near the Czechoslovakian border and Low Sorbian near the Polish but nobody much speaks East Sorbian any more. All Sorbs now speak German but, interestingly enough, High and Low Sorbian have been taught in East German schools since 1948.

The Wends are in the Australian soup somewhere, of course, but you cannot fish them out and examine them. They have become Australians, certainly the first and perhaps the only group which has been absorbed. Other sets of people, too small to be called a group realistically such as the seven West Indians who had been living in Britain who came in the First Fleet, have vanished (although their coming here so early may put a different slant on the choice of a British-West Indian to front the ABC's flagship TV current-affairs program).

The Wends may show us something about becoming Australian. If one group can do it, others can. Who will be next?

They get a chapter in the Encyclopedia of the Australian People, coming from Angus and Robertson this year. With a budget of \$1 million, this is the largest single book project funded by the Bicentennial Authority. It is on time and on target. The 295 chapters and one-million words are moving between the publishers and the general editor, Dr James Jupp. At his desk at the Aus-

tralian National University, correcting proofs, Jupp probably stands next to God in his knowledge of who we are. He may know more about the Australian people than anyone else has.

With the Encyclopedia, the Bicentennial Authority and the Australian government may be getting more than they bargained for. This is a nice thing about 1988. After the pomposities, the grovellings and inanities have faded from memory, we may find we have some things which without the bicentenary we would never have had.

This is true of books, subversive things that they are. The Bicentennial Authority, back in chief executive David Armstrong's day, was thinking of a "celebratory" encyclopaedia with each national group writing its own piece and generally everyone sitting around saying how wonderful we all were. "I don't think that sort of encyclopaedia would stand up to scrutiny," said Jupp. "It would have been completely idiotic." But, where possible, authors for the encyclopaedia come from the community and speak the language of the people they're writing about. The bicentenary people and the government have left the project alone. The only stipulation the government made was that the title should say Australian people, not peoples.

If we are one people, we come — according to the Immigration Department — from every one of the 151 countries in the United Nations, although it might be hard to find those from some countries in the African interior and from the parts of the Soviet Union remote from the borders.

The encyclopaedia is modelled on the Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups, intended for the American bicentenary in 1976 but not published until 1980. The local project was put out to tender and the ANU Research School of Social Sciences won. The American book simply lists every group alphabetically and tries to put every American into an ethnic group. Jupp and an advisory committee headed by demographer Charles Price decided to tackle the subject in head-on, now-or-never fashion. They accept that some people think of themselves as simply Australian. They have shaped the book for a strong overview, developing themes, trying to look at historic and current interaction between groups. They have allowed their authors some latitude in expressing opinions and making predictions.

The encyclopaedia should raise the level of debate on the subject of immigration. This is a polite way of saying that it may slow down some people who air their objectionable views based on faulty figures and information and on discredited theories. For instance, the encyclopaedia not only makes clear that the Chinese have been here since 1840 ("They are," said Jupp, "every bit as Australian as Geoffrey Blainey") but also that they come from 50 countries, including the Soviet Union.

Common sense would suggest that people of one race who come from 50 countries are far less likely to begin to stick together in some sort of ghetto than, say, the Greeks who came from one island or the Italians who came from one province.

Evidence of the playground is that few Asians group as did many Europeans a generation or so ago.

"And, if you are talking about Asian immigration, what do you do about Anglo-Indians?" said Jupp. "Most of them are Catholic or Anglican. They are middle class and they marry with their own. Most of them have English as their first or only language and most of them came here before the so-called White Australia policy ended.

"Somewhere in their background — and the Anglo-Indians have a 200-year history — there is an Indian. It is the same with the Anglo-Burmans and those who came from Sri Lanka. In fact, most of the Asians who came in the 1950s and 1960s were Christian and English-speaking.

"And when Geoffrey Blainey talks about Asians what does he mean? He exaggerates. It is senseless to include Lebanese and Turks when no one else in the general population, including the Turks and Lebanese themselves, think of them as Asians and never have thought of them as Asians."

The encyclopaedia's core is studies of 100 groups, including Tatars, Gipsies, Triestians, Transylvanians and Cornish (10,000 of these; the Prime Minister is of Cornish descent). The first section is historical, discussing

various factors at work at various times, such as White Australia, inter-war immigration, citizenship conventions, to pick at random. The second is on the Aborigines. The final section looks at issues which have arisen in creating a multicultural society. Thirty-four chapters run from Ageing and Assimilation to Welfare Provision and Youth.

Space is given on the basis of complexity and interest. If it had gone in proportion to numbers, the English would have had 450,000 words, the Aborigines 12,000 and the Tibetans (20 of these) two. All the national groups have some sort of community organisation — all of them, except the Filipinos, run by men.

Most Australians have a fair idea of today's basics: one in five was not born in Australia, a further one in five has parents born elsewhere; at least one quarter has a recent ancestor born outside Australia, the United Kingdom and Ireland. But figures do not give a clear view of what the mix is. Someone - say an academic who drives to work each day along a route which takes him through streets where a lot of Vietnamese are running shops - may get a very distorted idea of what the rest of the country looks like. And when Aborigines talk about black and white that may be what they think it is but one thing Australia is not is black and white.

The encyclopaedia, plus the 1986 census and its question on who were your ancestors, may get us closer to getting the mix clear but there is an all-too-human tendency to exaggerate figures which have a certain meaning for you. It is always easier to make a case by juggling figures than it is to come out and say you don't want these people coming here because they are the wrong color or religion or whatever. "It happens in Britain where some claim that 20 percent of the population is black when it is four percent," said Jupp.

One thing Australians may have to go into their third century knowing is that many people have a much more mixed racial or national background than is generally accepted or that they know about. For much of the 19th century, unions between people of different races and nationalities were common. This happened again in the 1950s when large numbers of male immigrants arrived.

The 1986 census gives an increase in the Aboriginal population of from 170,000 to 200,000 between 1981 and 1986. This was noticed particularly in Queensland. The increase cannot be through birth or immigration. It can only be that more people are claiming to be Aboriginal. Probably more could,

if they knew about it or wished to. Some of these may in time search for this part of their past as others have searched for the elusive convict.

Language, even the basic one of what recent or fairly recent immigrants as a group can be called, is a problem to which the encyclopaedia could find no solution; there may be none. In living memory we have "refugees", "reffos",



James Jupp: "black" is a silly term borrowed from America

"displaced persons", "New Australians" (still current in Tasmania), "ethnics" and "multiculturals". "Ethnic", as a polite term for "wog" (and what else can it be, suggesting as it does that some people have an ethnic background while others miraculously do not?), may in time be regarded as the most offensive. The encyclopaedia puts the words "ethnic groups" in inverted commas and uses "settlers", old-fashioned but unexceptionable.

On what individuals call themselves, the basic idea of the encyclopaedia is that a person is what he calls or thinks of himself as. If someone calls himself "Australian", he is Australian. Jupp is happy with "Anglo-Celtic" (he thinks he is one) but strongly against "Anglo-Saxon". This, he says, is a 19th century

term based on racial theories and has undertones of superiority. "Anglo-Celtic" may have been coined in Australia in the early 20th century. Although the Celtic element in our 19th century history is stressed by historians such as Manning Clark, in the 1986 ancestry question, no fewer than 40 percent of people from the British Isles called themselves "English" although many must have ignored an Irish grandmother or a Scottish greatgrandfather or whatever to do so.

The encyclopaedia does not use "black". "It is a silly term, borrowed from America," said Jupp. "In any case, well over half the Aboriginal population is part-European."

On the whole, the book uses labels which the community itself recognises. There was some trouble with "Jewish" which some people say refers only to religion. Said Jupp: "Australia had an Anglo-Jewish community established in the 19th century. They looked with some doubt on European Jews. And a lot of Hungarians Jews record themselves as Hungarian."

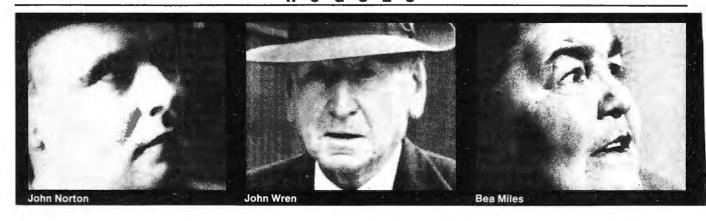
Just as important as what groups call themselves is how they communicate. When English is poor and dialects vary, Italians and Greeks use an intermediate language with mostly English words and grammar of the original language. These bastard languages, says Jupp, will die out in the next generation. "They don't have a great literature, you know," he said. Kriol, or creole, a language with Aboriginal grammar and English terms, enables many Aboriginal groups in the north to communicate and could persist.

As he comes to the end of his work, Jupp does not believe that the conditions — basically, a large group politically mobilised and seriously disadvantaged — exist for a segmented society and that parallels drawn from such societies as Canada, Britain, India and the USSR are "largely irrelevant".

However, little serious study has been done on the Australian people. Jupp says there are no single-volume studies on even the Greeks, Italians or Aborigines. "A lot is written on the Chinese but it is gold-rushes stuff with nothing much to do with how the Chinese are now," he said.

He writes in his introduction: "The consequence of social harmony has been a low level of scholarly interest and a tendency to overlook the very diverse ethnic nature of Australian society." Because we are a mixed lot who rub along well enough most of the time, scholars find us boring.

You might have thought that that would be the very thing that would make us interesting.



From Black Caesar to

KEVIN MURPHY arranges

IMAGINE organising a banquet to honor Australia's most notorious rogues, a gallery as entertaining as any ever assembled. Getting them all together would prove difficult — most are dead — but they'd probably welcome the cool respite from their present, hot home.

But just for the hell of it, let's say we could get them back for a day to celebrate their enlivening of Australia's past. Things could get noisy. We'd need a big room and a tolerant management. Legends prove this gang hasn't much respect for rules and regulations.

The hall can't be too plush, either. Most rogues enjoyed life's finer things, but just as many thrived on a bit of gunplay, mudslinging, whipcracking, horsing around or all-in brawling in one reckless form or another. As long as the bar is extremely well stocked and a TAB — if not a good gambling joint — close by, the setting would be right.

Making up the guest list would not be easy. Of course the passing years often tame wild reputations, one man's rogue is another's hero, and many of today's miscreants — who have a litigious streak in them — might object to being named to the guest list.

Australian roguery goes back a long way. Corruption and knavery were an integral part of the penal-colony lifestyle. Its desperate population saw material success coming from scams, skulduggery and virtual slavery. For the convicts, who understandably hated all forms of authority, the earliest heroes were those who broke prison bonds, duffed livestock or got away with something.

The term "rogue" originated from l6th-century thieves' slang. It still describes a rascal, scoundrel or funloving, mischievous person. Often it's used af-

fectionately, especially here in Australia where rapscallions seem to be held in particularly high regard. A nation's healthy respect for rulebreaking, still in evidence today, can be traced in stories of Australia's best-loved bad boys.

Not all early arrivals were like the stylishly roguish George Barrington, self-named Prince of the Pickpockets, famous for pilfering royal pockets. Although he reformed his ways in Sydney, he occasionally resorted to lightfingeredness to convince sceptics of his infamous identity. More were like the soldiers of the Rum Corps, who earned their moniker for trafficking in what was many wretches' only means of escape, and mutinying against the starcrossed William Bligh when he disrupted their extracurricular activities.

Of the men who toiled for God in the early colonies, it's ironic and telling that Robert Knopwood (1763-1838), the Sporting Parson of Tasmania, is best remembered. He conducted Victoria's and Tasmania's first religious services but he is better known for loving the high life here on earth. He received major land grants in Tasmania, but prodigious eating, drinking and wagering caused him to lose everything. Not surprisingly his hardscrabble parishioners held him in high regard. Although penniless when he died, he bequeathed Australia a word without which discussion of roguery would be incomplete - bushranger.

While Knopwood was spending his way into infamy the first bushrangers were taking to the hills, stealing livestock, robbing travellers and generally defying the authorities. Convicts, and the native-born who resented the English and any form of authority, created heroes out of occasionally chivalrous

men willing to pay a high price for their principles.

When Matthew Brady (1799-1826), an escaped convict who formed a gang that barred molesting females and injury to the defenceless, was caught, he went to the gallows against the wishes of thousands who signed a leniency petition. He left behind him a cell filled with presents from wellwishers and a part in the legend started by Black Caesar, the first bushranger, continued with the likes of Ben Hall, the Jewboy gang, Martin Cash, Captains Thunderbolt and Moonlight, and capped by Ned Kelly's famous comment, "Such is life"

Bully Hayes (1829-77), a South-seas buccaneer, made a big splash when he arrived in Australia as the master of a ship stolen from Singapore. He quickly married a woman from Adelaide after first clearing up the matter of the stolen ship. He got out of another failing this time for debt, took another wife and started kidnapping men and women from the Pacific islands to work Queensland's canefields. A legend for this blackbirding and for bigamy in his own time, Hayes died when thrown overboard during a fight at sea.

In the non-computer age, lying and fraud were a boom business. The famous Tichborne Claimant case started in Australia when Arthur Orton attempted to swindle an inheritance from an aristocratic English family whose son had disappeared. The improbable charade lasted from 1865 to 1868 before the fraud was discovered.

Pat Dwyer and James Harris are notable as the pioneers of compo fraud. From 1896 to 1899 they systematically bilked four railways of £1000 each. Here's the scam: One went ahead to hide in the bush. Riding on the train, his



Bob Hawke ~ larrikins all

a little get-together.

partner would raise the alarm that a man had fallen out at the agreed spot. A conman would be found writhing in agony. Compensatable partial paralysis would set in. Dwyer and Harris fullsteamed ahead until a doctor heard of their final sting in Queensland, this time worth £10,000. He had examined a suspiciously similar case while in Western Australia. The lads went to jail, but another legend was born.

The appearance of the larrikins -19th-century street punks - in Australian cities coincided with the emergence of a distinct national identity. The larrikins, clad in their bellbottom trousers and garish neckwear, revelled in their role as layabouts, petty criminals and individual cowards. But some writers and illustrators saw something in their rebelliousness, wildness and hatred of English manners as reminiscent of the freedom-loving, quintessentially Australian bushrangers. The larrikins came to embody a part of the Australian spirit. The patron saint of rogues, John Norton, owner-editor of the Truth newspaper from 1891 to 1916, emerged from this period when larrikins controlled the streets and even much of the government.

The acid-tongued Norton used Truth to fight his personal political battles. He was a blackmailer, a scheming liar and a corrupted demagogue loved by many of the 280,000 who read his paper each week. His drinking bouts often lasted for months. Norton was fond of persuading fellow-passengers on ocean liners to join him for a bottle or two of champagne at gunpoint. His dog Barney often attended meetings of the New South Wales parliament in which Norton served. His slanderous attacks on public figures ordinarily above reproach popularised — if not

started — the great Australian tradition of cutting down tall poppies. Norton also took enormous pride in coining the term "wowser" which, of course, stands for everything larrikins despise.

Politicians of Norton's generation contributed greatly to Australia's openly cynical view of its politicians. During the then land boom in Melbourne, twothirds of the Legislative Assembly were directors of companies cashing in on the wild speculation. Sir Thomas Bent committed the government to huge railroad building programs it couldn't pay for, primarily in districts where there were political or personal payoffs for him. So openly corrupt was Bent that thousands invested in his Thomas Bent Land Company, fully expecting him to arrange for a railway line to reach parcels of company-owned land. Instead he reimbursed himself from the company's coffers and then let the company go broke. Eventually he was disgraced by revelations of his corruption. Yet after a few years he returned to parliament and became premier in 1900. Although he went on to be knighted in 1908 he couldn't give up his old tricks. He pushed a tramline through from St Kilda to Brighton, along which he just happened to own property...

John Wren and Squizzy Taylor upheld this proud tradition of roguery. Taylor, who died at the hands of an assassin, made great headlines until 1927. He was believed to have masterminded most of Melbourne's notable crimes. Wren turned an immensely successful SP-bookmaking operation into control of boxing and wrestling in the major cities. Eventually he came to own the Courier-Mail in Brisbane and exerted considerable influence over politics there and in Victoria. A great moment in roguery came when Wren, his lawyer

John Gaunson, who also represented Ned Kelly, and John Norton teamed up for some schemes in Melbourne.

The Reverend Arthur B. Worthington, called the slickest comman in Australia, also operated in Melbourne for a while.

After deciding women and the devout were the softest touch, he created in 1901 the Temple of Truth, dressed himself and his converts in ancient-Egyptian robes and ordained high priestesses in the Temple for a mere £1000. Worthington (aka Osiris aka Sam Crawford) got seven years for his theatrics and a place in history.

Henry Harbord Morant — immortalised in Peter Weir's film Breaker Morant — paid more dearly for his inclusion on this list. His life story had all the right ingredients: dispute with his family over gambling debts, Royal Navy officer-training, breaking horses in the backblocks of Queensland, poems published in The Bulletin. His execution during the Boer War at the hands of the British military created another anti-hero in the rogue tradition. It is written, "He had the faults of a warmhearted man, not a criminal."

Few rogues, however, rival Tasmania's contribution to international misbehaving — Errol Flynn. From early days in New Guinea where he swindled natives with fake silver coins and survived shipwrecks, to his swashbuckling movie-star days in Hollywood, Flynn (1909-59) was a world-class bad actor. It was said he drank more alcohol, pursued more women and blundered into more scandal than anyone in that town's memory. However his father once said of his son, "He's never been wicked, only wild."

Many modern rogues have yet to be discovered or officially confirmed by

criminal convictions. But Peter Clyne (1927-87), Australia's most determined tax avoider, is famous for a lifetime of financial scamming and stylish defiance of the tax department. He once hired a horsedrawn carriage to deliver champagne and roses to his long-term adversaries' main office on Sydney's Kent Street.

Clyne maintained that he cost the government far more than it ever collected from him.

Bea Miles (1901-73), the legendary fat lady of Sydney's streets, also refused to pay what she owed, although primarily only cabbies and bus drivers came up short when she hoisted her large frame into their vehicles and refused to give them anything more than a Shakespearian speech. She appeared in court 195 times.

His Royal Highness Prince Leonard of Hutt took his dissatisfaction with

government authorities over rules restricting his wheat crop to its logical extreme by seceding from Western Australia

Swimming star of the 1960s Dawn Fraser can't be left out. She managed to win Olympic gold, break world records and ignite a public furore when extracurricular hi-jinks earned her a 10-year suspension from the Australian Swimming Union.

Stunts that included breaking training rules and stealing a flag belonging to the Emperor of Japan while in Tokyo endeared her to fun lovers around Australia who rallied to her defence against the killjoys.

Norm Gallagher's audacity, convictions and resilience display many of the hallmarks of roguery. One story has it that upon his release from jail, many of Norm's new mates asked him to deliver messages to loved ones on the outside.

With a pen, but no paper, Norm had his body covered with phone numbers and reminders.

Later that day, after release and before washing them off, he arranged two mirrors so that he could write all the information down. It's said he made all the phone calls.

On second thoughts, maybe it wouldn't be such a good idea to gather this crew under the one roof. But they deserve at least a toast. They've added many colorful chapters to Australia's history. With the current Prime Minister in the record books for boozing feats, his predecessor nearly as famous for losing his clothes and memory in a seedy hotel in Memphis Tennessee's red light district and many thinking they're both better men for it, it's safe to say Australia's rogue tradition is alive, kicking — and probably quite thirsty, as well.

Gastronomic heroes

MICHAEL SYMONS on the evolution of good eating in Australia.

CAN'T YOU just imagine a hotel restaurant in Sydney's west named the James Larra Room? I suggest this because, within a dozen years of the First Fleet's arrival, a former convict called James Larra was offering the best French cuisine and the world's best wines at his Freemasons' Arms at Parramatta.

The meals were acclaimed by visiting French naturalist François Peron who recorded in July, 1802, "We were served with an elegance, and even a luxury, which we could not suppose obtainable on these shores".

In bringing civilised dining so early to the colony, Larra needs the gastronomic version of a statue erected to him. An ice sculpture would only melt, a butter carving only go rancid, a sugar or marzipan bust only get eaten. In dining-rooms past, patrons were celebrated in dishes, as when Escoffier christened his Peach Melba but this was often done with ingratiating or advertising intent. Besides, dishes don't get names any more — only flowing descriptions.

Real pioneers need restaurants named after them, as when Alain Senderens proudly called his Parisian establishment L'Archestrate after the ancient Greek gastronomer. So how about commemorating this civilising hero in the James Larra Room? For the restaurant next door, among Larra's domestics was a convict who was an "excellent French cook, a native of Paris". Further research would surely unearth the name of this, presumably our first French chef, and quite possibly the secret to the Freemasons' Arms.

The Melbourne equivalent would be Thomas D. Hodges, who opened the highly fashionable Union Hotel at 38-40 Great Bourke Street in about 1849, with reportedly the most luxurious upholstery and the most ambitious French dishes cooked by a Parisian chef enticed out with the promise of the "exorbitant sum of three guineas a day".

The past 200 years can be interpreted — and, indeed, I tried in my book, One Continuous Picnic — as the bringer of "civilised" eating to this land. We've replaced huntinggathering with farms, factories, supermarkets, restaurants and microwaves. Of course, nobody puts a value on "progress" any more. Who would dare compare the intimacy and dignity of the Aboriginal mode of life with the greed and grandeur of ours?

Besides, what we have thought of as great cuisines have belonged to neither the Aboriginal nor industrial modes, but to the agrarian which we missed out on. Australia is uniquely a land without an agrarian heritage, without peasants and so without a traditional cuisine. Rather, our capital-intensive food industry has successively taken over gardening, preserving and now cooking itself.

Australian eating amply disproves Geoffrey Blainey's theory about a "tyranny of distance", since we have always suffered a tyranny of transport, depending on ships for mercantile rations, trains to supply food factories, and cars to get our week's supplies home from the supermarket.

Yet even if our culinary past has been frequently grim, we can likewise find many individuals who can be credited with "civilising" this continent in several dining sorts of way. There is a surprising supply of restaurant names (and so I will confine myself to the 19th century).

For a rebellious bistro, what about The Dungarees? Perhaps the closest group to a cultivating peasantry in this land without agrarian cuisine were the so-called Dungaree settlers along the Hawkesbury River near Windsor and Richmond. Although they were much maligned by the capitalist classes, a sympathetic observer like Alexander

Harris could not conceal his delight when he first looked down in about 1830 on their "fine expanse of rich cultivated ground". Harris found "excellent figs, gooseberries, currants, lemons, oranges, melons, peaches as large as a good sized breakfast cup and of the most exquisite flavor; potatoes, pumpkins as big as a large bucket, cabbages, radishes, onions, beans, peas; in short everything of the kind profusely produced and of the most superior quality."

Named after their clothing, the Dungaree settlers should be remembered, along with their American pioneer-like food of "Hawkesbury duck" (a roasted cob of maize), hominy, pork, pumpkin, peaches and water melons.

Saints like Caroline Chisholm attempted to reform the rough manners of our bush army, who were expected to subsist on the highly durable and thus highly portable rations of flour, sugar, tea and alcohol, which day after day gave them just damper, billy-tea and hangovers. The workers were notoriously lax in installing those props of civilisation, kitchen gardens or even a few fruit trees. The only fresh food generally consumed was meat. Indeed, such was the quantity that Chisholm advertised for small settlers in London with the headline, "Comfort for the Poor! Meat Three Times a Day!"

We should not forget that in her time, and indeed for the first 100 years, most households cooked over an open fire, among the coals or in a pot. There were rare brick ovens, virtually no stoves and few enough utensils, until the flood of cheap factory-made goods late last century. So, in a two-page manuscript, Chisholm racked her brains for ways to vary the monotonous rations. For instance, on Monday she recommended a stew put on top of a pancake and kept hot "until your husband comes home, and then we will have a palatable dish called The Queen's Nightcap". Tuesday's Trout Dumplings were of flour and beef, and "fished" from the pot, and so on through the week ... seven different ways to cook just flour and beef.

Given her encouragement of the civilising process, Chisholm's would be a most appropriate name for a charitable kitchen, or for a cheap and friendly eating spot, should we rediscover the virtues of good honest food.

Cookery books were only really first published in any quantity in the last couple of decades of the 19th century. Two urban reformers, Margaret Pearson and Harriet Wicken, were trained at the South Kensington School of Domestic Science in London, their books designed to brighten suburban house-

holds. More epicurean were two Queenslanders, hotelier Hannah Maclurcan and writer of bush stories, Mina ("Mrs Lance") Rawson, whose series of cookery books from 1878 encouraged the use of native products, with such recipes as wallaby soup, baked bandicoot, pigweed salad and boiled thistles.

Of course, good food in the longerterm health sense can also be good food in the instant gratification, gourmet sense, as when so many reformers praised the advantages of moderate wine-drinking over excessive spirits. A case in point is *The Art of Living in Aus*tralia (first published in 1893 and recently reissued), in which Dr Philip Muskett argued the benefits of "smiling vineyards", fisheries, "market gardens innumerable", and suburban markets. Digging of cellars would improve our wine, and installation of verandahs, balconies, French windows and roof gardens uplift our luncheons, he wrote.

We have already commemorated pioneer orchardists in the names of fruit varieties — for instance, Maria Anna Smith of the Ryde district in Granny Smith apples and Charles Henry Packham of the Molong district, again in NSW, in Packham's Triumph pears.

In our desire to praise the pioneers, we should not forget that the effective

A COUPLE OF
BICENTENNIAL
VENTURES HAVE
HAD A FEW HASSIES
BUT IT'S NOTHING
WE CAN'T SORT
OUT OVER THE
NEXT 200 YEARS!

domesticator has been, in a sense, the industrialisation process itself. In habituating us to the purchase of factory pickles, tinned apricots, lager beer and imported coffee, the advertising industry has often inadvertently promoted polite life-styles.

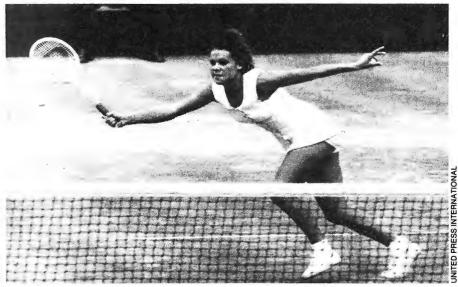
The symbol of urbanity, the restaurant has also had considerable educative value, and plenty of apparently great restaurants from the Victorian era can be celebrated. In early 1854, Timothy Cheval and John Poehlman opened their Café Restaurant in George Street, Sydney, followed shortly by the Messrs Budin and Mellon, who borrowed the well-known Parisian name, Aux Frères Provençaux. By the turn-of-thecentury, the Sydney literati haunted, among other places, Gaston Lievain's Paris Café, where menus came inscribed with words, 'cuisine artistique'.

French names found within Melbourne's first few decades included the Café de Paris, the Maison Dorée, Café Anglais and La Mascotte. The city's fine tradition of Italian restaurants can be traced back until then, and one family to toast could well be that of Vincent Fasoli, the Italian-Swiss who took over a small pension in Lonsdale Street in 1898.

And to end even more heroically, this land's most unrepentant gourmand, contributing much by way of example, has been George Dick Meudell, a Melbourne banker, who invented the old Bulletin's slogan of "Australia for the Australians" and who left his memoirs under the title of The Pleasant Career of a Spendthrift. During the Belle Epoque, he not only had a good time at home but also visited the world's most celebrated restaurants, including Delmonico's in New York, the Café Royal in London, Maxim's in Paris, and the Hotel des Indes in Batavia.

There are many more, and greatest of all, in my mind, is Edward Abbott, author of the first Australian cookery book, published in 1864. Accompanying his recipes with snatches of wisdom, Abbott so wanted his compatriots to recognise the profound joys of good food. Abbott wrote under the nom-deplume "An Australian Aristologist", picking up this word, and much of his thinking, from the outpouring of gastronomic writing in Paris and London early last century. "Aristologist" was invented by one of the best of these thinkers, Thomas Walker - "ariston" being Greek for a meal and the whole word meaning "student of dining". The Aristologist . . . There's a name.

(Michael Symons is the partner with Jennifer Hillier in the Uraidla Aristologist Restaurant in the Adelaide Hills.)







Crowd-pleaser Andrew "Boy" Charlton

The champion class

By RICHARD SLEEMAN

CRAMMING 200 years of Australian sport into a foot-locker of this size will leave as many sins of omission hanging out of the edges as it will genuine heroes neatly packed away and ticked off.

But at least there is no argument about where to start. The place is Bowral, New South Wales, and the man is Bradman: Sir Donald, of

course, the greatest living Australian and the greatest of our national sporting champions alive or dead.

The Bradman story has been too well chronicled to repeat here — how the boy who learned to hit with a keen eye by knocking a golf ball against a wall with a cricket stump went on to average 99.94 in 52 Tests over a 20-year span.

It is more the effect Bradman's phenomenal batting success had on Australia in general that is important in a review of sport in this country through 200 years. His story shows the emphasis Australians have always placed on sporting endeavors and how the history of the very nation is enriched by them.

Bradman first plundered international bowling while wearing Australian colors in the summer of 1928-29. Aus-

tralia, its resolve and fighting spirit shown to the world on the battlefields of World War I, was looking to emerge from under the British wing.

Bradman was the personification of that struggle. He was quite simply a freak, a run machine like no other before or since. No bowler was safe from his plundering. In his first Test season,

Australia II (top) and Liberty side by side off Newport, 1983

Bradman cracked 112 and 123 against England.

The only doubt was whether he could do likewise on their own turf. And, in England in 1930, "Our Don" scored four Test centuries including the then highest ever Test score of 334 at Headingley.

England called out the artillery to

put down this colonial and his revolt with the infamous Bodyline series of 1932-33. Bradman wore as many deliveries as he whacked in this campaign designed specifically to nullify his excellence. More significantly than all his batting records, though, Bradman united a nation in the fight. The Australian Cricket Board stood up in protest to the MCC. Australia began to stand up for itself internationally, too.

Bradman's career ended as captain with the unbeaten tour of England in 1948. But his final Test appearance at The Oval was disaster, bowled by spinner Eric Hollies for a duck.

Cricket being the one truly national high-profile team sport, its other great players warrant mention. Men such as Bradman's batting partner Bill Ponsford, the "Governor







Betty Cuthbert wins the 200 metres, Melbourne Olympics

General" Charlie McCartney, Stan McCabe, Clarrie Grimmett, Ray Lindwall, Neil Harvey, Richie Benaud, the Chappell brothers and Dennis Lillee.

Appropriately for a mob of puntmad colonials, our most loved sporting star after Bradman had twice as many legs. His name was Phar Lap. His remains still draw the worshippers and the curious to three separate museums. One has his huge heart, another his stuffed hide and still another has his skeleton.

Phar Lap was a New Zealander, actually, a mountainous chestnut gelding known adoringly as the Red Terror.

Phar Lap raced 51 times for 37 wins, one of which was in the Australian institution called the Melbourne Cup in 1930. Sent to the United States, Phar Lap went over the Mexican border to win the Agua Caliente Handicap and then was sent to a Californian farm to rest. Phar Lap was never to leave that farm, dying mysteriously. The papers proclaimed, simply, "He's Dead" and a nation mourned.

The first national sports hero was a horse, too. In October, 1833, the mating of a son of the English Derby winner with an outstanding colonial race mare produced the much-loved iron horse Jorrocks. He was sold and resold so often that his record is somewhat obscure. Jorrocks is known to have started at least 88 times and won 60 races.

Most of these races were over two or three miles (3200, 4800 metres) and Jorrocks never carried less than nine stone (57 kilograms). He was walked to race meetings all over the state from his training stable in Windsor. A plinth still marks the grave of Jorrocks at Richmond airfield. The old horse began an Australian tradition of placing faith, hope and cold hard cash on beasts of betting.

Almost all the sports of Australia's first 50 years were based around gambling and drinking and some say that not much has changed.

Hyde Park, Sydney, saw the first race meeting over three days in 1810. It

was the greatest binge in the colony's brief history. Laborers, excused from work for all three days to attend the races, struggled to obey the governor's request to conduct themselves in a sober and orderly manner.

If Phor Lap was the best Australian

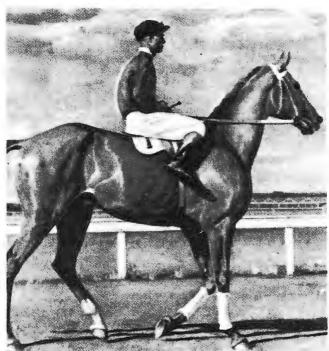
If Phar Lap was the best Australian racehorse, others were almost his equal. Tulloch was perhaps the mightiest three-year-old, winning 15 times from 21 starts and finishing second the other six times. Bernborough was the most exhilarating, saving his dash until well into the straight. More recently, Kingston Town won his way into such exalted company.

Racing and boxing seem to attract

similar crowds and the sports began in Australia about the same time and, appropriately, at the same venue. On January 7, 1814, at Hyde Park, settler John Berringer beat English-born Charles Lifton in the 56th round. A knockdown signalled the end of each round.

A condition of the early fights was that the combatants had to run a mile before they stepped into the ring to slug it out.

The first boxing hero was Young Kable, of Windsor, who KO'd the English fighter Sam Clark in February, 1824. The first legend was Albert Griffiths — "Young Griffo" — a former newspaper boy from the Rocks, in Sydney, who started as a bareknuckle boxer in 1886. In the US, he met and beat some of the all-time greats of the sport until he retired in 1904. Money sent to



Phar Lap: a four-legged hero (jockey, Jim Pike)

pay for his return to Australia was spent on drink around the sleazy saloons of Times Square, New York, where Griffiths died in 1927.

In the days before championships were split by feuding associations, Jimmy Carruthers, Lionel Rose and Johnny Famechon won world titles. One who did not was Les Darcy, unquestionably the best middleweight in the world. Born in the Maitland coalfields of NSW in 1895, Darcy wanted to fight in the US in 1916. But men of his age were meant to fight in the war, instead. Darcy had to stow away on the cargo ship Hattie Luckenbach, bound for Chile, and was "crucified" by press and public as a deserter. Like Phar Lap, Darcy died mysteriously - of pneumonia - and, when shipped back home, 100,000 people queued to see his body in a Sydney funeral parlor.

Being an island nation, Australia took to water sports from its infancy. Captain John Piper stroked a four-oared gig to win a race from Bradley's Head to Sydney Cove on May 16, 1818. Later, he lost a bet of 200 guineas — huge money at the time — in a race against a crew from HMS Rainbow.

Australia's mightiest achievement on water, though, did not come until 1983 when Alan Bond's Australia II won the America's Cup for 12-metre yachts off Newport in the US. The event had always been a boat race in the horse-players' sense of the term, the New York Yacht Club fiddling with the rules since its schooner America first won the Cup in 1851.

When Australia II beat the US defender, Liberty, 4-3, it shattered the longest winning sequence in world sport.

The Bond challenge had begun 13 years earlier and Bond had to suffer three disheartening defeats before his designer, Ben Lexcen, set about producing a radical new boat. It was to become the winged-keel wonder that did for Bond what other rich men such as Sir Thomas Lipton, Thomas Sopwith and Sir Frank Packer had failed to do over 135 years of trying.

Australia II was clearly the faster boat but, hampered by gear breakages and sheer bad luck, it trailed 3-1 and looked certain to make Bond a four-time loser. Lexcen's wonder boat got back to 3-3 and a nation was galvanised by the deciding event, with all-night parties and people glued to TV sets all over Australia. When it was over in the early morning, Australian time, Prime Minister Bob Hawke — tired and emotional but not from drinking — said: "Any employer who sacks an employee for not turning up to work today is a bum".



Dawn Fraser, 21-year-old "veteran", with new star John Konrads (16)

But, then, the history of Australian sport indicates that it was always more important than work to the nation.

In the water, as well as on it, Australians have a long tradition. Victorian Fred Kitz overshadowed all other swimmers in the 1860s. In the 1870s, John McIndoe beat all-comers and in 1875 he swam 100 yards (91.5m) in 71.5sec. Percy Cavill went to England in 1897 and won the 440 yards and one mile "world titles". "Tums" Cavill is said to have invented the Australian crawl, and his brother, Sydney St Leonards Cavill, the butterfly stroke.

Frank Beaurepaire contested three Olympics, from 1908 to 1924. In 1910 he was the world's finest swimmer, unbeaten in 48 races on a European tour. A blond lifesaver of 15, Andrew "Boy" Charlton had become a national hero by 1915. Charlton set world records for 800m and 1500m and won an Olympic gold medal, three silver and one bronze. Few events in the history of Australian sport have sparked the interest of the clashes between Charlton and the Swede Arne Borg.

Of the other great male swimmers, John Marshall (killed in a car crash at 26) broke 171 records, including 29 world marks. In the biggest record splurge in swimming history, at the national championships in 1960, 12 world records were broken — five by John Konrads.

On that night, Dawn Fraser also set five world records. She won the Olympic 100 metres freestyle three times in a row – Melbourne in 1956, Rome 1960 and Tokyo 1964. In Tokyo, she was detained by police for allegedly trying to steal a flag from the Emperor's Palace. Swimming authorities banned her for 10 years, lifted it after four but it was too late. Shane Gould, though, is arguably our finest woman swimmer. She is the only woman to have held all freestyle world records simultaneously. At the Munich Olympics in 1972, Gould won five individual medals - three gold, one silver, one bronze.

In Olympic track and field, Edwin Flack travelled to the 1896 Olympic Games in Athens, winning gold at 800m and 1500m, returned to Australia in 1898 and never figured internationally again. Ron Clarke never won Olympic gold but he set 11 world distance records in 16 races. Herb Elliott and John Landy were our magic milers, Hec Hogan and John Treloar the finest sprinters. "Golden Girl" Betty Cuthbert won both sprints and the relay at the Melbourne Olympic Games and was the toast of a nation proudly thrust into the international spotlight by the successful staging of the original "Friendly Games".

In tennis and golf, the more genteel sports, Australia has known its heroes too. Norman Brookes was the first ten-



Shane Gould: five individual medals at the Munich Games, three gold

nis star, playing eight Davis Cup ties between 1905 and 1920, helping Australasia win the Cup for the first time in 1907. Many Australian greats of tennis followed him. Rod Laver won two grand slams, in 1962 and 1969. He won Wimbledon four times, John Newcombe won it three times and Roy Emerson twice. Of the women, Margaret Court (nee Smith) was the most successful. In 1970, she became only the second woman to win the grand slam. She conquered Wimbledon three times, was runner-up on two occasions - once to the emerging Australian star Evonne Goolagong who went on to win it again under her married name, Cawley.

In golf, names such as Norman von Nida, Peter Thomson, Kel Nagle, Bruce Devlin, David Graham and more recently Greg Norman have strutted the world stage.

There are many other legends in Australian sport. They had to change the rules to beat Walter Lindrum at billiards at which he once hit a break of 4137. Heather (Blundell) McKay won the British squash title — recognised as the world crown — 16 successive times.

Now I'll stand by to cop the tirades over my sins of omission. \Box

The land of promise

By NIGEL AUSTIN

FROM the fish farms of Tasmania to the crocodile and buffalo breeding of the Northern Territory and on to the native flowers of Western Australia, the country is at last witnessing the dawn of a new era on the land. It is an age that promises new exports, new prosperity and a far greater use of resources.

The 1980s has been one of the most enigmatic periods in Australia's history of agriculture. The nation started the decade in the grip of severe depression and drought but is likely to end it in euphoria. Perhaps it is a sign that Australia is at last coming to terms with being one of the richest rural nations on Earth. The potential for growth is boundless.

How great have been the achievements already since the convoy of 11 small ships carrying the first livestock arrived at Camp Cove just 200 years ago. Those few cattle have multiplied into perhaps the finest beef herd in the world, consisting of at least 50 breeds.

Likewise, a motley collection of Africander sheep has developed into the world's greatest flock. Agriculture can boast of many other outstanding efforts.

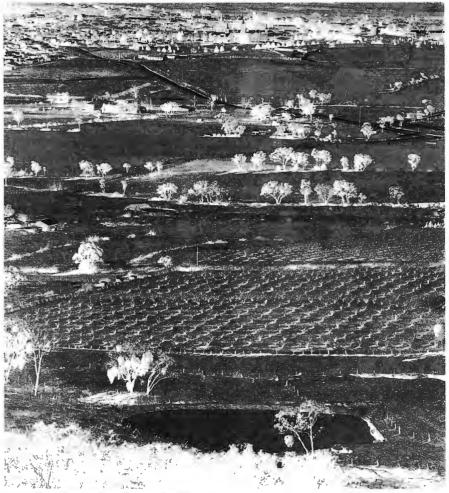
Banjo Paterson wrote in 1889 that nine out of 10 people subscribed unthinkingly to the theory of the English economist the Reverend Thomas Robert Malthus - that the growth of population always tends to outrun that of production, so that poverty is man's most inescapable fate. Paterson replied: "Whether this Malthusian theory be true or not is luckily not a matter which we need consider; there can be no question but that our country will support all the population it has now or is likely to have for the next few centuries . . . When we think of the great rolling fertile plains of this continent, the wonderfully rich river flats and the miles and thousands of miles of agricultural land, spreading all over the country and hardly yet trodden by man, it is very evident that the pressure of population on subsistence has nothing whatever to do with our difficulties."

Paterson wrote knowingly of many

aspects of agriculture. He declared that the system of granting land to the first occupants of a country was a cause of ill-use. He believed that it encouraged land-holders to sit pat and wait for the capital value to increase, rather than develop as the economics of a higher price would have decreed.

Even now, the structure of land ownership is still undergoing change. The onset of the third era in Australian agriculture and the depression of the early 1980s has brought one of the most vital stages in rural development. Although the number of farm owners is expected to decline from slightly fewer than 170,000 to about 125,000 in the next 20 years, the new structure should lead to a far more profitable industry.

The bush of which Paterson, Henry Lawson, Breaker Morant, Will Ogilvie, Ion Idriess and Mary Durack wrote in *The Bulletin* has witnessed many changes. Yet this transformation has been missed as the average Australian has become more divorced from the country.



"One of the richest rural nations on Earth"

The profitability of the 1950s became the struggling '60s and the dark '70s. But the hardy nature of the Australian farmer has swept on with the survivors ready to capitalise on the good times.

Travel to Lakeland Downs on the Cape York Peninsula, Tipperary station in the Northern Territory or Camballin in the Kimberley region of Western Australia and you can see the promise is being fulfilled.

Lakelands Downs, 300 kilometres north-west of Cairns, demonstrates the ability to produce alternative commodities. Owned by the public company GWA Limited, it is relying on peanuts and coffee to earn respectability for a region often written off by pundits.

Tipperary, just south of Darwin and owned by Warren Anderson, is being developed to run 200,000 head on 7500 square kilometres which traditionally carried only 25,000 cattle.

Peter Marriott at Crocodile station on Cape York says the Peninsula, with an area the size of Victoria, could run eight million beef cattle instead of the existing 400,000 head. Queensland Department of Primary Industry personnel don't disagree. Irrigation areas in Queensland and NSW are expanding rapidly as new crops, technologies and farmers sweep onward.

Visit the coastal regions of Tasmania or, indeed, just about any coastal region of the continent and the emerging fish farms are evident. Ocean trout, Atlantic salmon, mussels, oysters, scallops, barramundi, prawns, mud crabs and giant clams are just some of the species being harvested commercially on 350 farms. Travel through the inland and angora and cashmere goats, deer or llama will signal the new era. Countless other examples include the opium poppy fields and essential oils of Tasmania and the emu farms of the West.

The modern era includes a rapid push north into extensive pasture lands by intensive new industries. Horticultural industries are springing up rapidly with the business already worth \$2 billion a year. And northern Australia is also becoming far more efficient as tradition is replaced by pragmatism.

And then there are the rural tourism ventures such as Sir Graham Mc-

Camley's Elsey and Mount Bundey stations in the Northern Territory and Curtis Island off the Queensland coast near Rockhampton and the Whites' operation at Belltrees in the Hunter Valley of NSW.

This is also the age of the Rural Property Trust, already capitalised at more than \$100 million and forging toward \$400 million. It is the era of new corporate entities in agriculture such as the Colly Cotton farm and Tandau Pty Ltd, set up to produce a range of commodities near Broken Hill - possibly including rabbits. Another private company, Australian Plantations, has invested \$6 million in a tea tree plantation near Lismore in north-eastern NSW that is expected to develop into a \$6 million-a-year business by 1991. Sydney's Tom Hoult has tapped smaller investors to provide the capital for a range of potentially lucrative ventures encompassing angora goats, macadamia nuts and cherries among others.

Don Anderson of the Inverary hereford stud and Neil Garnett of the Collinsville merino stud are among the growing number who have recognised the potential of the world's most profound animal breeding revolution. Cows each capable of producing (by hormonal treatment and transplant) 142 calves in 30 months and rams producing \$500,000 of semen in their first two seasons at stud are a sign of the future. In dairy cattle, poultry farming and pig raising to a lesser extent, gains of 20 percent in 20 years have been achieved.

Perhaps the greatest improvements lie in new technologies as summed up by Dr Richard Bawden, Dean of Agriculture at Hawkesbury Agricultural College: "We stand on the threshold of further fantastic (scientific) developments through biotechnologies and the humble silicon chip. It would seem that our capacity to produce is poised to take another exponential step, bringing with it further sources of change and further opportunities to create change."

New markets are also being developed for old commodities. Wildflowers are becoming big business in the west, about \$20 million of horse meat is exported each year for human consumption, native foods such as crocodile and emu meat, kangaroo and buffalo are

appearing on menus.

The greatest achievement, though, is in wool which stands as one of the model rural industries in the world. The effort of studmasters, growers, scientists, administrators, manufacturers and marketers to develop a unique industry that has survived against all odds shows that almost anything is possible where enterprise exists.



In 1988, they'll be beaming all over Australia. So will we.

AUSSAT are proud to be joining the Australian Bicentennial roadshow in its journey around the country.

Our part in this extraordinary exhibition is a mobile AUSSAT Earth Station.

This will enable the Sydney Office of the Australian Bicentennial Authority, to maintain an immediate reliable and

continuous voice and data link with the exhibition, where ever it travels around the country. In this way we're helping to ensure that <u>all</u> Australians can be part of the celebrations.

Happy Birthday Australia.

Tomorrow's Communications Today.

AUS 0073 Mojo-MDA

History repeats itself.

In the late 1920's The Hotel Canberra was the premier accommodation for visitors to our fledgling capital.

Today, more than 60 years later, the hotel once again takes pride of place as Canberra's finest.

One word has been added to its title. One word that guarantees the highest standards of luxury.

One word that places it amongst the world's great hotels.

That word is Hyatt and it has meant the renaissance of this magnificent hotel.

Today The Hyatt Hotel Canberra offers travellers a unique blend of

traditional elegance combined with modern excellence.

AUTHENTIC ART DECC

The exterior is authentic deco, built as it was in the Gatsby era, but the

interior is unmistakably

Hyatt luxury.

Steeped in tradition, it was one of the first public structures to be built in

The original hotel crest. the new capital.

The hotel's mystique is enhanced by stories of eminent visitors, power brokers and indeed, Prime Ministers, who forged many political decisions within its distinguished walls.

The hotel in pre-war decades was

so the hub of social life in the capital.

It was a meeting place, the scene dances, celebrations and various ub meetings.

SUPERBLY SITUATED

The network of 250 rooms

set amidst vish rounds verlooking ake Burley

riffin within the

overnment and diplomatic area.

Generous sized rooms boast all reature comforts, marble bathrooms nd the finest of furnishings in soft, elaxing tonings.

Naturally, like all Hyatt hotels, has an exclusive Regency Club area, ur hotel within a hotel.

Here, attended by your own utler, you will receive personalised ervice, complimentary breakfast and ocktails, special room amenities plus

access to a fully equipped business centre complete with boardroom.

EAT, DRINK AND . . .

When it comes time to mix business with pleasure, the choices are many and magnificent.

A quiet
drink in
Griffins,
the intimate
club lounge.

A congenial round

in Speaker's Corner Bar. Traditional afternoon tea in The Tea Lounge.

Dine informally in The Promenade

Cafe, or elegantly in the panelled splendour of The Oak Room.

Our bars and restaurants will become the places to meet, to plan or simply unwind after taxing days in the political and business corridors of Canberra.

History will undoubtedly repeat itself.

THE HYATT HOTEL CANBERRA

Established in 1924

A PARK HYATT HOTEL

OVERLOOKING LAKE BURLEY GRIFFIN

Opening in Australia's Bicentennial year. For reservations phone (062) 70 1234 or for Sydney 327 2679.

WHAT AUSTRALIA

DEBORAH HOPE talks to

The happy family

THE COPPOCK family are quintessential Australians, from their suntans and material well-being to their unwavering belief that Australia is the best place to live in an otherwise uninviting world. They are part of the great middle class, the majority of suburban coast dwellers whose heritage is in shopkeeping, teaching and clerical work. When you ask the Coppocks what Australia means to them, they do not talk about their relationship to our harsh landscape or the romantic mythology of gold diggers, explorers and stockmen. To the Coppocks, Australia means opportunity, safety and great wealth.

"The opportunities are unlimited," says Russell Coppock. "We are overgoverned and over-taxed but, apart from that, Australia is a positive goahead place. Definitely the best place to

"Here in Australia, you can achieve whatever you want to. If you want to be a bricky's laborer and you're happy doing that, well, good luck to you. If you want to be prime minister of Australia, the opportunity is there.

"It's better than communism and it's better than the Asian countries with their mass housing and their lack of individuality."

Russell, 41, and his wife Christine, 38, are fourth and fifth generation Australians of British stock. Both are Adelaide bred and would not live anywhere else for quids. They married in their early 20s and have children Shane, 17, and Belinda, 13. The family believes deeply in the notion of Australia as the lucky country and in most senses is living out the Australian dream.

The Coppocks have lived in and around Hallett Cove, an outlying seaside suburb south of Adelaide, for the past 16 years. More paddocks than buildings were on the slope to the beach when Russell and Christine bought

their three-bedroom house in Grand Central Avenue, 12 years ago, for \$30,000. Now, uniformly neat brick bungalows with small established gardens and garages crowd the suburb and the Coppocks reckon that their home would bring up to \$80,000. If they wanted to sell.

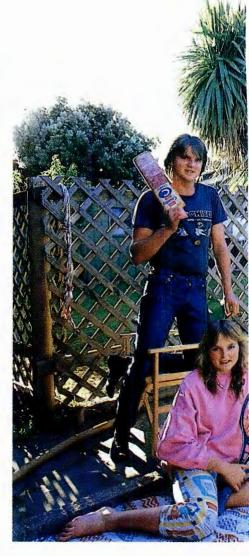
Russell and Christine are driven by a desire to do better than their parents.

"We were always struggling," says Russell, whose schoolteacher father took the family to live in country towns in Victoria and South Australia until the marriage broke up when Russell was 14 and his mother went to work. "All along, I've wanted to be able to give my children more than my parents were able to give me. We're definitely better off than they were."

Christine's father worked for the railways at Gawler at the head of the Barossa Valley before taking his family back to Adelaide. He bought a post office and grocery business and with his wife worked long, hard hours for little reward.

The family's success in selfimprovement is evident in possessions.

They have two cars. A Nissan Pintara goes with Russell's \$30,000-a-year job as manager of the document destruction section of the security firm MSS. The other is a Sigma which they bought in 1982 on hire purchase and have paid off. Before joining the Adelaide office of MSS, Russell had worked in an office, sold "just about everything you can think of" and had a milk run for a couple of years. Christine earns \$15,000 a year with a part-time job as a school assistant at nearby Hallett Cove South primary. She still wears her diamond engagement ring. They have only \$3000 left to pay on their mortgage, an in-ground pool in the backyard, a bar in the lounge room, hi-fi and video equipment and make hefty super-

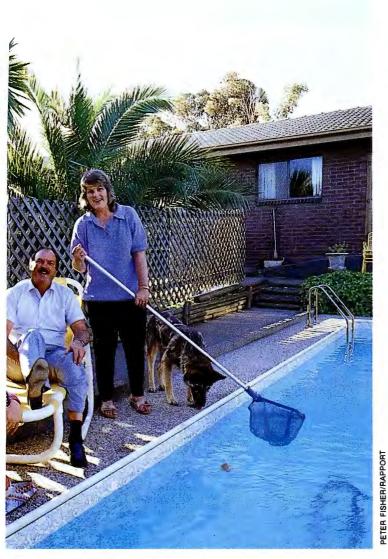


annuation payments each month. "There's no way I'm going to work until I'm 65," says Russell. His dream is to retire early, take a world trip and buy a few hectares at McClarenvale, a wine growing area just outside Adelaide.

"As you might have guessed, we like a fairly laid-back lifestyle," says Russell as he begins to talk about his leisure time. Most of it is taken up with sports of various kinds. Russell plays cricket

ANS TOUS

some typical Australians



"You can achieve whatever you want to . . The Coppocks at home in Adelaide: Russell. Christine

Shane, Belinda,

ties. Russell barracks for Glenelg in the State's main Australian football com-Their other love is horse racing. They own a share in Super Saddles which has won eight starts and Christine laughs as she says she has been known to place the odd bet. Framed

photographs of the six-year-old line the

reason to leave Hallett Cove. He works

in the city but she has not been into

town for almost a year. Their friends

live around them and are involved with

them in sporting clubs and other activi-

hallway. They have a german shepherd and a tabby cat.

Hallett Cove is mortgage belt, an uncertain ward in a swinging state electorate held by the Labor Party. Russell and Christine are swinging voters and say they have not voted for the same party in consecutive polls. Russell is more interested in politics than Christine is and has strong views on our taxation system. The family gets its news from television.

All the Coppocks say that Hallett Cove is the best place imaginable to live. "I don't think I would change anything about my life if I could," say Russell and Christine in turn. They are happy. Christine and Russell have visited Singapore and Hong Kong and been shocked by the proverty and the lack of individuality. They took the kids on a second trip to Singapore to broaden their outlook. It did - and they don't want to live there.

Christine jokes that it took years to convince Russell there was anything worthwhile outside Hallett Cove. Now he would like to see other countries, especially the US. Christine would like to visit Scotland, although she is not impressed with the idea of cold wet weather. She is definite when she says she does not want to go to China. Or Africa. The Coppocks have taken family holidays to Queensland and Sydney and would like to visit Perth, Ayers Rock, the outback.

Part of Russell's reluctance to leave his cosy nest has to do with his un-

with the Hallett Cove club (he is president of the local association that organises competitions) and is coach of The Seagulls, a local netball team with which his wife and daughter play. Belinda, a student at Mawson High, also plays tennis at school and in a private competition on weekends. Like her mother, Belinda is tanned, has shiny blonde hair and blue eyes. She would like to be a primary school

teacher. Her brother prefers surfing, cars and cricket (he plays in his father's team) and likes parties, rock music and friends. Shane left school in Year 11 for a job as a brass polisher. He was retrenched and had to sit out six horrible months of unemployment before he found his present job as a storeman this year. Shane has shoulder length hair and wears a gold stud in one ear.

Russell and Christine find little

settled and difficult childhood. The desire to build a secure environment for his family is something of an obsession for him. Family breakdown is one of the things he lists as problems shadowing Australia's future. "It's too easy for kids to get married and too easy for them to get unmarried," he says.

Other things which worry him are unemployment, poverty ("We don't have that much but, if we are supposed to be the lucky country, we shouldn't have any"), AIDS, the threat of nuclear war, drugs and especially law and order. Though not a supporter of capital punishment, he would like to see stiffer jail terms and fewer remissions for rapists and murders.

"There is a general breakdown in respect for other people and other

people's property. At times I blame the education system for teaching kids to question everything. When I went to school, teachers were gods and you did what they said. Now the response is, 'Why should I?' "

The family supports celebration of the Bicentenary, although they do not hear much about it in South Australia. They do not oppose immigration but

The concerned businessman

MICHAEL PERROTT, businessman, is an anomaly in Perth's racy, newmoney business community. In this hot city where billionaires are commemorated in outsized riverfront palaces and glimmering glass-fronted skyscrapers lined up along St Georges Terrace, Perrott presents a fresh face for business—one extending beyond the stock market and daily dollar values to concerns about Australia's direction as a nation.

Not that Perrott dislikes money, millionaires or mansions. As managing director of the Perth-based Gardner Perrott group which specialises in maintenance of big industrial and resource projects, Perrott, 42, enjoys a salary package of a couple of hundred thousand dollars a year; he lives in "a very nice house in quite an expensive area" on the Swan River and drives a Jaguar. His wife, Rhonda, drives a Mercedes. The difference is that, while enjoying the trimmings of a successful business career, Perrott is also sensitive to social questions and spirituality. He is a Liberal Party member but also deeply involved in the Catholic Church. As well as tennis and cricket he lists yoga, meditation and prayer among his leisure activities.

Unemployment, racism and unfair treatment of Aborigines come near the top of Perrott's concerns about the future of Australia and Australians. He thinks we are too materialistic and not sufficiently concerned about sharing our wealth with our region. And we need to be more oriented toward Asia and the Pacific. These reservations aside, Perrott reckons that Australia is a "pretty great place". He says: "Australia is my home, my country, and I feel very deeply about it. I think, compared to other countries and other people, we are really quite fortunate. If we compare ourselves to any nation in the world - but especially to our near neighbors - we are very, very fortunate. I feel very strongly about making

sure Australians are aware of just how fortunate they are and to be somewhat responsible for the position they have in this part of the world. I think we can take a much better lead on economic, cultural and social issues in the South-East Asian forum.

"I do think the community is too materialistic. I'm religious, so I start with the premise that materialism is in some sense ungodly. I'm not necessarily opposed to people having material things but we have to make sure we share our wealth, especially within the region we are a part of."

Of Perth's business barons, Perrott says: "The mansions might be a bit ostentatious and overdone but I also know some of those people are leaders in the true sense of the word. There are certainly some scallywags among them and some have been especially fortunate but by far the majority have worked very hard, taken opportunities and risks and and been prepared to travel." Perrott himself travels extensively. Already this year he has made a couple of trips to the United States, five or six to New Zealand (where Gardner Perrott recently took over New Zealand's third-oldest firm, John Henderson) and more than a dozen to the eastern states. His company's association with the resources sector means he is familiar with some of Australia's most isolated country, such as the Pilbara, and some of its most rugged workers.

Gardner Perrott's share price fell along with most other businesses in the October stock market crash. Of the Perth business climate, Perrott says: "Right now, everyone's a bit shell-shocked. Our price went down with everyone else's — a bit less, about 25 percent. We are a relatively small company and depend very much on trade. Heaven knows what will happen. Our price could well stay down. I think we are looking at tougher times ahead. Maybe not a recession as such but there

could be an enormous slowdown in our Bicentenary year."

By and large, Perrott is happy about the job Paul Keating is doing as federal Treasurer. He supports the intentions behind Labor's latest budget and deregulation of our currency, a move which is good for his business. He is not so happy, however, about the vast sums of foreign currency he says are entering Australia to speculate on the property market — money which he says should be put to a more productive, employment-generating use.

Perhaps not surprisingly for a West Australian, Perrott sees Australia's greatest potential in the commodities sector and first stage, on-shore processing rather than exporting raw product. He sees excellent potential for iron ore, gas and oil. Before we can make use of these opportunites, however, Perrott believes there are problems to be sorted out in our industrial relations system which have been restricting efficiency. These problems, he says, revolve around misuse of union power, for example by the metal workers and waterside unions, and also around poor management.

Michael Perrot was born in Perth in 1945, a third generation Australian of Polish and British descent, and a grandson of painting contractor Denis Charles Perrott who founded the Perrott branch of the present group in Perth in 1917. Perrott's father, Thomas, took over the company in 1957 and converted what was still a small house and commercial painting business with four employees into the West's biggest decorative painter. Tom Perrott, who remains a deputy chairman of the group and a leading figure in the Perth community, joined forces with Gardner Bros in 1963 and entered the protective coating and industrial painting scene. The joint venture proved a goldmine for the companies and they rode home on the resources boom. Gardner think that migrants must be prepared to become fully fledged Australians. Russell's pet hate is foreigners here talking in other languages "even when you know they can speak English". They believe there are a lot of nice Aborigines but say they could do more for themselves. Like the Coppocks have.

The good life Australia offers is Russell's barrow and his influence has

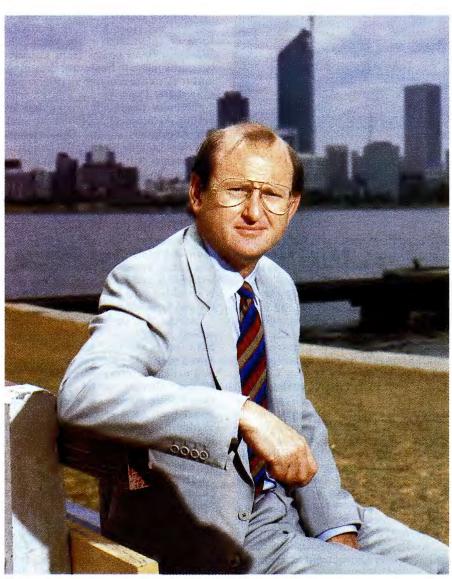
passed on to his children. Shane and Belinda are happy with their parents' lifestyle and aspire to live and have families in more or less identical fashion.

Christine hopes they settle in Adelaide but wants them to experience as much as they can. Shane is worried about AIDS and the prospect of a nuclear war but Belinda has few cares.

Christine's wish for her children's future is that they be happy, healthy and have a safe and secure place to live in.

"Nothing too outlandish.

"I don't want them to be millionaires or anything. A happy life in which they make the most of the opportunities that arise. What more could you wish for your children?"



Michael Perrott: "I do think the community is too materialistic"

Perrott today is a publicly listed company with a \$70 million turnover, 1000 employees in all states of Australia and New Zealand and a solid track record in South-East Asia and the Pacific.

While his father was building up the business, Michael was studying — first at Aquinas College where he made school captain in 1963 and then at the University of Western Australia where he took a Commerce degree. Two years

of national service with the army followed but Perrott did not see active service in Vietnam. He went to officer school, instead, and finished his army time at Melbourne headquarters requisitioning stores from the US services.

Perrott married at 22 and after his army discharge spent 18 months with Gardner Bros in Melbourne and Sydney. Rhonda, a teacher when they married, combines caring for four chil-

dren with community work. Their oldest two sons — Thomas Michael, 19, and Paul, 17 — both attended Aquinas. A third son, Matthew, is bound for there. Perrott himself has returned to his old school as chairman of the council. His sole daughter, Joanne, 16, attends Iona College. "We both regard ourselves as better off than our parents at our age," Michael says of Rhonda and himself. "Dad was pretty successful but I would be better off in material wealth because I had his wealth to springboard from."

Perrott's fears include strife in the community resulting from high unemployment and tensions over Asian immigration.

"I'm very concerned about what will happen if the anti-Asian attitude by Caucasians, and especially the young, prevails. The young see Asians taking their jobs and being somewhat cliquey but they have just come into the country. The Italians were cliquey, too, when they first came but the next generation — the ones born here — you wouldn't know if they came from Ireland or Greece or Italy or Asia. They are as Australian as you or me.

"I'm concerned that Australians have an unpleasant characteristic of being a bit racist and a bit unfair on Aborigines. We have a number of Asians working with us here and they are very good people and have always fitted in terribly well but I get very embarrassed when I see stickers saying 'Asians out!' or 'Asians taking our jobs!'."

Community service is part of the philosophy of Perrott's family and his business.

The group has built schools and wells in India and is a sponsor of both the WA Crippled Children's Association and the WA Cricket Association.

"The greatest ill Australia has is unemployment. I'm not concerned about employment for my children. Fortunately, they are fairly industrious and will get jobs.

"It's terrible to see people who have been unemployed for a long time. Something has to be done."



Alison Anderson: "We hire and fire our own staff"

Aboriginal worker

ALISON Anderson is 29, Luritja, and one of the most powerful figures at Papunya — an Aboriginal settlement 250 kilometres north-west of Alice Springs, dead in the heart of Australia.

It takes about an hour to fly to Papunya from Alice Springs in a singleengined plane. The Macdonnell Ranges around Alice Springs gradually give way to another range sweeping west, its magnificent escarpment resembling a chain of sleeping dinosaurs. Once past Mount Zeil, the Northern Territory's highest peak, the land flattens out into a brilliant red plain with only the haze of Mount Wedge indicating the distant horizon. From the air, Papunya is a township of silver roofs with vivid splashes of green and red dust in between. This is Luritja country, extending from 200 km west of Papunya to 15 km east. To Anderson, Australia means Luritja land. She says: "It is our home, it is our land. We were born and bred on the land and it is really part of us. All I have to do is spend a couple of weeks in Alice Springs and I'm homesick.'

Anderson is Papunya's administrator, a former president of the settlement's community council and a former member of the Aboriginal Development Commission — a position she gave up because it took her away from Papunya too often. She was born at Haast's Bluff, about 30 km south of Papunya, in 1958. She says: "My parents lived there under the old Lutheran missionaries, living in humpies.

We lived there until I was four. By then, Papunya had become a well established settlement of mixed tribes — Warlpiri, Aranda, Luritja and Pintubi — so my parents moved here. I have one brother older and two younger. We did have a lot of cultural problems originally because we all spoke different languages.

"I was eight when I moved into Alice Springs to board with my aunty. I don't know why I was sent to Alice Springs but I went to school there until grade 10. Alice Springs was scary when I first went into town. I was just used to living out here and it was different. I didn't have the kids I went to school with out here and I had to learn to speak English. I ran away a couple of times to Papunya. I used to catch the welfare cars they had in Alice Springs. They didn't know what I was doing. They had to come back out and pick me up the next day. I missed my family."

Anderson took a job with the Aboriginal Affairs Department at Papunya. She moved back to Alice for a while five years later but has been back at Papunya for eight years.

"Now I'm administrative officer of the council and I oversee the power house, the garage and all our municipal officers. I make sure the garbage gets picked up. The council's job is to make sure the community runs smoothly and to sort out any problems like petrol sniffing and alcohol. We had a lot of problems with petrol sniffing for six or seven years. It started out here because the kids had nothing to do. We got a sports and recreation officer who set up basketball, softball, football, BMX and movies at night. It sort of kept them out of trouble."

Papunya has been more successful than many Aboriginal communities in dealing with petrol sniffing, a habit which can cause permanent brain damage and death. I was told the recreation officer was aided in his task by lectures to parents and children, by the dangers and by a regular night shift of council workers.

Papunya received television only in October but video has been a popular form of entertainment for years. The Warumpi Band comes from Papunya (its name refers to honey ant dreaming) and rock music remains a popular pastime there. Papunya has a large artist community producing works that are among the most celebrated in the modern Aborigines stream. Other leisure activities include hunting for kangaroo and goanna (with guns and cars), playing cards and drinking. Papunya is officially a "dry" community but boozerunning from Alice Springs and all the associated problems continue. Most of Papunya's men have been jailed at some stage for drinking offences or assault and while I was talking to Anderson a man appeared outside her office wielding a knife. Outside, the dry heat is shocking and people sit sensibly in the cooler shadows.

Across the street at the Papunya school, a white teacher in shorts and bare feet is showing his class how to knead bread. The students learn to read and write in Luritja before English. The school's literacy centre produces its own Luritia books. The children learn about bush food at school and every Wednesday spend time with old people in the community to learn the songs, dances and legends of their tribes. Despite her own homesickness as a child. Anderson has sent three of her four children to live with her mother in Alice Springs where she believes they will receive a better education. Her youngest daughter Tani, 3, lives with her at Papunya. Anderson's husband, Steve, is an Englishman who migrated from Birmingham with his parents as a child and settled at Finke. He runs the power house at Papunya.

Anderson is definite about the change she has seen in her community. She says: "The Aborigines are the boss, now, see; that is the big difference. They can do what they like now. They don't have to go to some big boss that's sent down from Canberra and say, 'Look, I want to do this. Can we go somewhere for the school holidays?' because, when Aboriginal Affairs was here, every school holidays it was arranged to take

ranged to take the children out west or something like that.

"Services have improved a lot, too. A lot more people are housed and being trained in professional services like operating the power house and mechanics and there's Aborigines on the tills at the store. We have financial control. And we hire and fire our own staff.

"When (DAA) first put Aborigines from humpies into those houses, they had no training program for keeping their houses clean. They had no long-term plan. Instead, they said, 'Look, you been a good Aborigine for a couple of years, there's a house for you and it's got everything in it.' They didn't even show them how to turn on the air conditioner or how to operate the fridge and washing machine.

"Aborigines and Europeans are working together much better now. We don't sort of get involved (in issues such as the push for national land rights legislation). We sort of mind our own business. All those things are up to politicians and people who work in the area of land claims."

Papunya is a shrinking settlement as more of its residents choose to move further out into their country to outstations or more isolated communities. About 300 people live in Papunya and another 230 on 14 outstations. About 500 Pintubi people formerly living at Papunya have moved about 300 km west to a new settlement, Kintore, on their tribal land. The Pintubi had to vacate their country in the early 1960s because they were living in the flight path of Woomera's Blue Streak missiles.

"I think people here are fairly contented," says Anderson. "I feel sorry for those Aboriginals living in cities when I read about them."

Unlike many urban blacks, Anderson is not in a rage over plans to celebrate the Bicentenary. She says: "We are not really sort of worried about it, you know. It is nothing to us, really. I've been looking at some programs lately about the first Australians and I think they've got genuine reason to be upset. Half the Aboriginal people were wiped out and a lot people don't forget the past. But we don't bear grudges."

This is despite Papunya's people having also suffered under savage European hands. The "Conniston massacre" took place in the area as recently as the 1950s and claimed dozens of Aboriginal lives — apparently the result of a white cattleman taking revenge for rustling. Anderson explains: "You see, not all white people are bad. If you can learn to live with them and get on with them, that's better for both races." She adds: "We are not prejudiced against any color."



Minh Tran: "a very warm welcome and I can do business"

The hopeful refugee

WHEN Minh Tran fled Vietnam by boat in 1977 with his wife, three young children, his parents, two brothers and 38 other Vietnamese, he had no idea whether they would perish or survive—and, if they did survive, where they would end up. He knew only that he could not live under what he calls the communist yoke and that he was prepared for any dangers to find a new, free home. That home is Australia.

Minh was 29 and a building materials supplier in Saigon when communist troops won the city in 1975. He was not wealthy nor a senior official but he found the repression under the new government intolerable. His wife Bich-Lien was 26 and his children aged five, three and one when a friend secured a boat for their escape. It was a small boat, built for river patrol rather than sea voyages, but this did not deter the family and the party set sail from Can-The province on the Mekong Delta soon after. They were among the earliest of the stream of refugees who fled Vietnam during the decade after the end of the war there.

They were at sea four days and the seas kept getting rougher. Some on board wanted to turn back but, according to Minh, more wanted to continue. He says: "The majority thought the dangers of returning and facing prison or long terms in re-education camps were greater than the perils of going on." The escapees were fortunate that the first boat to sight them belonged to Thai fishermen, not pirates. They were

taken on board. "By this time, the sea was so rough we would certainly have perished if we had not been rescued by the Thai boat. We felt heaven had helped us," says Minh.

He and the other boat people were installed at a military camp in Thailand where they lived for months under terrifying conditions. "We were terrified because Thai soldiers frequently raided the camp to rape and rob," Minh says.

A United Nations High Commission for Refugees delegation eventually arrived to investigate military camps in Thailand and about 500 Vietnamese were accepted by third countries as a result. Australia took 150 of those. Minh and his family arrived at East Hills migrant centre in Sydney on March 17, 1978.

"To be honest, I had no expectation of going to Australia. I had no expectation of going to any country in particular. The only condition was that it was free," says Minh.

Minh and his family have settled a decade later at Cabramatta, a southwestern Sydney suburb which has undergone a transformation since becoming the city's Vietnamese centre. Minh and Bich-Lien run a popular restaurant, the Pho Minh. They have bought a four-bedroom fibro house in Cabramatta and a Holden Camira and he is proud that his oldest children Bao (15) and Duc (13) attend a selective high school.

Minh's children speak fluent English, unlike their father. His friend,

JOHN ELLIO

Fairfield alderman Phuong Ngo translated at our meeting.

The family has worked hard for its achievements. The Pho Minh was a family concern initially with staff including his parents and, after school, his children. Success has meant replacement of his parents and children with four employees. Bich-Lien still works at the crowded restaurant. Minh works 14 hours a day, seven days a week. He has not had a holiday for 10 years and is nostalgic for his pre-1975

life in Saigon, with more time for leisure and for his children.

"The language barriers and the completely different atmosphere and society here make business harder," he says. "I have to work longer hours to regain what I lose because of these barriers. We are always working and no one has enough time to look after the children properly." Despite this, Minh says: "I feel very lucky to be in Australia. We have had a very warm welcome and I can do business. The family

has never experienced any anti-Asian prejudice. The children have been making friends with many other Australian students. Australia is a free country and I am happy to be in it. I am quite happy with what I am and what I have.

"Australia is still a very lucky country with a very friendly people. They are more than humanitarian."

The Pho Minh is his fourth attempt at running a restaurant in Sydney. The others failed, he says, because of his lack of experience in the business and

The anguished single parent

TO MARILYN Beard, single parent of four children, Australia means hardship and hard work all the time and little optimism.

She does the best she can to feed her children adequately but her sole parent's pension of \$190 a week and \$33 in other allowances does not stretch nearly far enough. After deducting money for rent, gas, telephone and electricity bills, loan repayments and transport, Beard has \$110 a week to cover food, shoes and clothing, school excursions and Christmas and birthday presents ("It really hurts not to be able to give your kids a present," she says). She estimates that she needs \$160 a week just for food for the family.

"I do the best I can but I've had to cut down on their food. I started with their lunch. I cut down to half a sandwich. They are coming home now and they are starved. I mean starved. For their tea I do my best but we don't have meat and vegies every night. We alternate with something like egg on toast or spaghetti on toast. You have to be careful, because the children go to school tired if they are not fed properly and come home worse and there is no way they are going to get through homework like that. I always buy fresh apples and oranges, no matter what."

Trying to make ends meet is a fulltime job. Without a car of her own, Beard cannot hunt around distant shopping centres for bargains. An asthmatic and very slight, Beard says many stores will not deliver and she cannot manage heavy food parcels besides carrying her youngest child, Kelly, aged three — a product of a brief reconciliation with her former husband. However, Marilyn does scour opportunity shops, fetes and garage sales for second-hand clothes, books and other bargains. She bought the family's record and cassette players for \$10 each this way.

Beard says that a little extra income from odd jobs is essential for her family's survival. She minds children for \$8 a day when she can, although it is not often, and sometimes takes in ironing—badly paid, heavy work late at night that early last year brought on a bout of pneumonia. Sometimes she does the rounds of the Salvation Army, St Vincent de Paul's and the local council for food vouchers—especially when a child needs new shoes—but she does not always succeed in getting them.

Despite the hardship she is experiencing as a divorced mother, Beard describes leaving her husband as the best thing she has ever done. With children Sharon (12), Kate (9), Danny (8) and Kelly, she lives in a three-bedroom Ministry of Housing home in the Melbourne suburb Bennetswood. house offers security, low rent and warmth for her children. It has a small garden where Beard is growing flowers and a few vegetables. She is proud to have furnished it on her own - when she left her husband blaming his spending habits, she took nothing with her but the clothes she and the children were wearing.

Now 35, Beard looks older. She was born one of eight children at Robinvale, Victoria, where her parents took up a settlers block after the war and labored to start a vineyard. Although her young years were disrupted by her mother's long illness with cancer, Beard remembers this as a happy time and in particular that the children were presented with three square meals a day, "and something after school".

When she was 15 the family moved to Portland, NSW. But Portland's bitter winters drove the family back to Victoria 18 months later and Beard says

her parents packed her bags and pushed her out of home to take a job as a nanny in Hawthorn. She says: "It was great. A huge two-storey house and gas stoves, just click! and they turned on. I was used to the much older ways, like fuel stoves and chip bark wood heaters. None of this — just turn on the tap and have boiling water. I could not believe such things existed."

Beard met her ex-husband when she was hitch-hiking back to work in Melbourne after a weekend with her parents. He took her to her job and asked her out. She was 19 and he was 27. They moved in together two weeks later and married two years later.

Beard completed third year secondary school by correspondence to meet the educational requirements of her dream of joining the police force but she discovered on applying that she was too short. Her disappointment means she is determined to do all in her power to help her children meet their goals.

"I'm hoping to get the children through school but whether I can afford to or not I don't know. Today, I can't see them going beyond 15. I'll have three in high school at one time and the cost would be too great for me. Maybe in a year things will be different.

"Sharon wants to be a barrister. She's very clever and I'll do everything in my power to help her get where she wants. Kate is very good with her hands. I don't think she will need to go to form six. Danny worries me most as a future breadwinner. I just hope and pray I can get Danny where he needs to go."

Beard says: "During the school holidays it is hardest. The kids can't go to the pictures or McDonald's. We went to the zoo recently and it cost me \$35. It nearly killed me. Luckily, I got a cheque for ironing that week; I took it

because he was not well known in the local community.

The Pho Minh was crowded and noisy when I visited, the food inexpensive but delicious. Vietnamese are its main patrons but it is also popular with Laotians, Kampucheans, Koreans and Australians. I asked Minh whether he thought Australians were lazy in comparison to Vietnamese. He said: "The Vietnamese come from a war-torn country where we were asked to be industrious and we just keep working like

we did in our home country. Australians were born and grew up in a lucky country under completely different economic circumstances and this reflects on their way of working."

Minh practises his religion, Buddhism, openly at pagodas in the Cabramatta area. He watches television and video and reads and is involved in community service organisations. He raised part of the money for his restaurant through a Vietnamese-style pool system which involves a group of people each contributing a certain amount to a central fund at regular intervals, the money becoming available to group members for interest-free loans. Phuong Ngo says this system dates back 500 or 600 years.

Although he can afford little time with his children, Minh has aspirations for them. He says: "I hope they can complete their education and do whatever they can to contribute to the development of this country. To build for a better country." \square



Battling: Marilyn Beard with (from left) Sharon, Danny, Kelly, Kate

up again for three weeks but my lungs started to go again." Beard is paying off a video cassette recorder she bought on hire purchase as the cheapest form of entertainment she could think of but she worries about the kids being stuck in the house.

"It hurts me to know they can't do this and they can't do that but I'm doing my utmost. They used to complain about not being able to do things but now they seem to have become immune to it. They say, 'If you can afford it'." Kate asked about horse riding but the cost was too great. Sharon would like to join the Guides but her mother cannot meet the cost of term fees and uniforms. "I think the children miss out on too much," she says. "My pride got thrown out the window years ago. It hurts at first to know people had to drop clothes on your doorstep and pay for your child's excursions. Now I'm determined to get part-time jobs to be the one who pays. Like I've now paid for Kate's camp: \$72 for two days. They rang and offered to pay but I said, 'No, thanks, I think I can manage this year. It's a struggle but I think I'll make it'. Seventy-two dollars is an incredible amount for two days but it doesn't matter as long as Kate enjoys it."

Beard's battle to keep going means there is no time for herself or for wondering whether or not she is happy. She says: "You are too busy sorting out how your money is going and getting food for the week. The children are bringing something home every day — \$1.50 for this, \$1.50 for that, \$3.50 for swimming lessons. You are constantly worrying about money."

I asked Beard whether she saw any hope of things improving for the family over the next 10 years, whether she felt any optimism. She replied: "No, definitely not. I'm expecting the battle to continue. The only thing I can see changing is the government saying, 'All right, we are stopping here, we can't afford to do this.' I'm worried about that. I truly am."

NEW FIAT REGATA TAKES TO BECOM



For Fiat, the route to Europe's No. 1 has been via a succession of outstanding motor cars.

The latest of which sits proudly before you. The new Fiat Regata.

It's no coincidence that 405,000 Regatas command the roads and highways in one of the most performance-oriented areas of the world—Europe.

After all, the strength of our brand new car lies in a combination of Italian styling and flair

and important on-road advancements.

Equally, you'll find that the Regata displays a features list that's become the envy of many other cars in its class.

Europe's appreciation for the new Fiat stems from a robust 1.6 litre engine that boasts both electronic injection and twin cam power.

Engineering that encourages a driver's enthusiasm, instead of extinguishing it.

As well, Fiat's devotion to front wheel drive,

the precision of rack and pinion steering and an agile all-independent suspension ensures great road-holding.

You'll discover that the new Regata demonstrates the poise and stability synonymous with legendary European handling.

The stationary appeal of the car is cleverly heightened by a striking wedge shape.

At speed, and in combination with flushfitting windows, a distinctive new grille and

Fiat dealers are located in all Capital cities and most major rural centres. For your nearest fiat dealer, contact your state distributor or ring (OOB) 226643. STATE DISTRIBUTORS. NEW SOUTH V

Thompson Pty. Limited. 30 Johnston Street, BULIMBA (07) 399 0999. SOUTH AUSTRALIA: LNC Distribution Pty. Limited. 191 Gouger Street, ADE

HE KIND OF CAR IT E EUROPE'S No.1.



streamlined headlamps, the car is now more aerodynamic with a lower Cd factor.

This is Italian form and function at its best.
The new Regata welcomes you and your passengers with 3 cm more shoulder room, room for five adults and a quieter ride.

As standard equipment you benefit with a

performance control monitor and an autodiagnosis system to streamline the servicing.

Additional features include central locking, electric front windows, and a hi-fi system with four speakers, not two.

Going a long way to make such a fine sound system worthless to thieves, it is fitted with

a special anti-theft device.

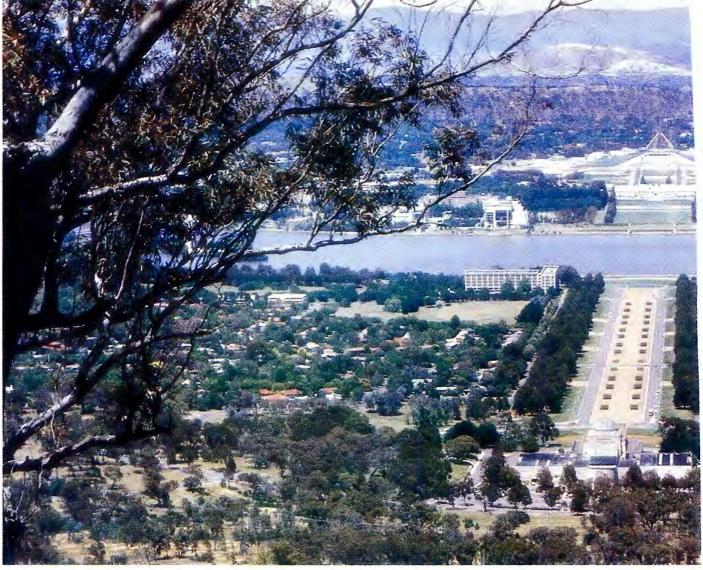
Fiat Regata, in sedans and wagons, manual and automatic, comes with the full backing of the manufacturer.

Namely, a 2 year, 40,000km warranty. Test drive the latest from Europe's No 1 now at your Fiat Dealer.

2 YEAR 40,000 KM WARRANTY. FILAT

C Distribution Pty, Limited. 250 Victoria Street, WETHERILL PARK, (02) 725 9111. VICTORIA: LNC Distribution Pty, Limited. 12 Plan Tree Avenue, DINGLEY, (03) 551 8133. QUEENSLAND: Annand & 8) 519 222. WEST AUSTRALIA: LNC Distribution. Lot 29, Standard Way/Westchester Road, Alexander Industrial Estate, MALAGA, (09) 249 2600.

LNC0034



Canberra: one can believe in being in control of life in a city as small as this

The magic of

By BLANCHE D'ALPUGET

I'VE LIVED in Canberra for fourteen years, but in dreams it's the landscape of my birthplace, Sydney, that rears up: the harbor, yachts, tall buildings with flashing windows. Surf, dirty streets, guzzling conviviality.

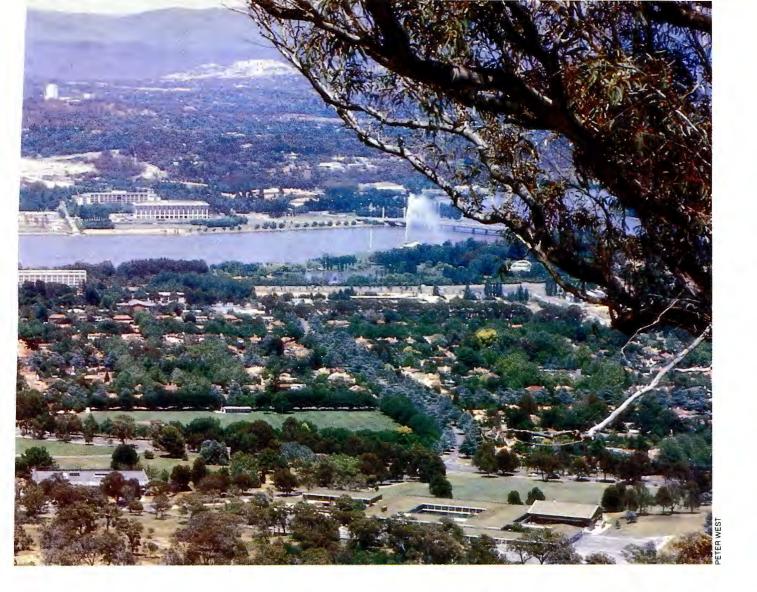
It's as if my body is here in this clean, decent town — Canberra has been called the city with the grey flannel mind — while my soul is revelling in coarseness, in the fleshpots of the coast. Up here we're safe, but down there in

Sydney they have cloven hooves ... Sydney's feasting crowd, its density of people in shops and restaurants, promises an increase in life itself. Sydney is abundance and noise. Canberra is temperance and quiet.

One day soon I'm going to leave Canberra, although I cherish the place—this collection of suburbs in search of a city, this indulged country town, this Monumentsville (Billy Connelly's description), this sterile oasis, this fat cat's basket, this tea-shop that ruined a fine sheep run, this, the best-lit paddock in the world. It has charms that reveal themselves only to its residents, and only over time.

Many are so small and ordinary I'm almost embarrassed to name them: the trees, the air, the birdsong, the color-changing hills that ring the city, the inland sky, the feeling of community, the rhythm of the seasons.

Once a year it snows but for months



Monumentsville

there is frost on the ground each morning and snow on the Brindabilla Ranges. When spring comes, Canberra celebrates: the youth orchestra gives a spring concert — the girl violinists and cellists wear pastel ribbons in their hair and the conductor sports a pink cummerbund.

There are tai chi classes in Telopea Park and the suburbs are jubilant with daffodils, jonquils and hyacinths. Great tracts of town turn into blossom displays.

The politicians return from the winter sojourn in their electorates — or, if they ve been favoured, a trip abroad — and once more the big white common-

wealth cars are parked, waiting for honorable ladies and gentlemen, all over town. Protestors pitch their tents on the lawns outside Parliament House — where, until the early 1960s, sheep did safely graze — and outside the Russian and South African embassies. We put away the extra heaters and our winter coats and boots and steady ourselves for a new run of laughs and lies from the greatest show on earth.

I love the clarity of the seasons in Canberra: it appeals to a sense of order and continuity.

By spring one has forgotten the miseries of July and August — when the airport closed because of fog, when you

got chillblains, when you shook so hard from cold you punched the wrong buttons on the autobank.

And by autumn one has forgotten Canberra's January, when it is 40 degrees day after day, when there are bushfires throughout the hills, when blowflies seethe on the wire screens of doors and windows.

"The first blowie of the year," householders remark to each other each November, with grim satisfaction. And in May, looking a little sentimental: "The blowies have gone." Some perverse streak in me welcomes the annual fly plague. It brings a sense of renewed connection with nature, and more than anything else that is what Canberra offers — a smooth, post-industrial city life densely interwoven with the natural world.

Visitors often dislike and fear the capital. They get lost when driving in it Canberra was designed by a mystic, but more of that later - and they tend to meet it only as the seat of power and secrecy, as a compulsive territory in which the natives impersonate Australians, while speaking pidgin English: "He's an FAS"; "She's on an IDC"; "They are writing a PPQ". (FAS: First Secretary; IDC: Inter-Assistant Departmental Committee; PPQ: Possible Parliamentary Question. All those questions in Question Time in Parliament which politicians so cleverly answer are part of a huge verbal chess game played by the bureaucracy, decade after decade. Whatever else Canberra is, it's cerebral.)

Its remote, unhurried atmosphere, its bewilderingly empty spaces, its national buildings that command the landscape like cathedrals in medieval towns, its artifice — the planning of each street, the man-made lake — these things chill the visitor from the warm, crowded coastlands.

It takes time and patience to learn the dialects here, the cant of the public servants, and the language of the earth — the glare of moonlight on the lake, the screams of a flock of white cockatoos at dusk, the tingling of the trillion stars you can see in this huge, clear inland sky.

I used to live in the Tuggeranong Valley, 20 minutes from the centre of town, a stroll away from the Murrumbidgee River and waterholes where there were wild ducks and yabbies.

On an evening walk it was common to see kangaroos. In autumn, with friends and their children, we could pick five kilos of mushrooms in an hour from the paddocks behind Curtin.

Now I live in Kingston, Canberra's version of Paddington. Around the corner there are restaurants, dress shops, banks, coffee houses, a cinema, pubs, florists, hairdressers, drug dealers, iridologists, foot masseuses, you name it, it's inner-city living, we have burglaries, graffiti and security doors — but the air! The air is alive. You can breathe in Canberra.

It's such a small thing, breathing, that day to day I forget what it is to have sparkling clean air — until I go to Sydney or Melbourne.

My Kingston street is lined with pinoaks, their branches meeting 10 metres above the roadway. In summer they turn it into a deep green tunnel. I love the pinoaks, and I've come to know them as distinct personalities: each one has its own time for frothing into leaf and for turning red and dying.

When I enter my street they greet me like old friends.

A couple of minutes away is Telopea Park, planted with eucalypts, flowering plums, willows, wattle, pine trees, silver birch. Every bird that visits the city comes there, some time or other, to feed. There are flocks of white cockatoos and galahs, budgerigars, mountain lowries, lorikeets, resident families of magpies, sometimes the amazing peagreen king parrots, and once black cockatoos, clutching like pirates to the branches of a cyprus, screeching and yelling as they ransack its load of nuts. In spring the air smells of honey people who suffer from hay fever die and even here, in a built-up area, I find mushrooms beneath a stand of stringy bark trees at the edge of the park.

Blanche d'Alpuget is well known for her journalism, biography of Robert Hawke and her novels. She is currently writing the script for a feature film set in Broome.

I know the postman. I know the garbage man. I know the leather-aproned men at the produce markets, who often have hangovers, who know sure things for the races, and who, when trade is quiet, ask as shyly as boys, "Can I give you a hug?"

Canberra is very small: at the airport there is always someone to talk to. Shopping, I am certain to run into an acquaintance. I remember my mother in Sydney in the 1950s saying wistfully, "I went into town today, and I didn't meet anyone. Before the war ..." Canberra is Sydney before the war in several respects: when you go to dinner or Sunday lunch in one of the older suburbs here you will often be served fruit and vegetables grown in the garden, and sometimes eggs from the backyard chooks.

The village atmosphere is reassuring. One can believe in being in control of life in a city as small as this. There is nowhere I fear to walk alone, day or night. Last time I went walking at night in Sydney, in salubrious Darling Point, my hosts insisted I take their black alsatian for protection.

The real estate ads boast about "quiet street", "quiet cul-de-sac". Visitors find our hush unnerving. There is a Canberra story about the arrival one Sunday morning in the mid-1970s of men from China coming to establish an embassy. Australian diplomats met them at the airport, took them for a drive around the capital — where it happened that there was nobody at all on the streets — then out to Yass for a bar-

becue on a sheep station. There was no traffic on the highway. Before they reached Yass the Australians realised that their celestial visitors were in a state of grave distress.

"What's wrong?" they asked.

The Chinese could contain themselves no longer. Weeping and tearing their hair they wailed, "There are no people!"

Well, there are people here, and not all are children of the Enlightenment. Much is hidden in this city. Perhaps as a necessary counterpoise to its physical and intellectual life, an inner Canberra serves the ancient, irrational gods.

Burley Griffin, the city's architect, was a theosophist and he designed Canberra as a mandala, a pattern symbolising cosmic relationships. Aborigines who are sensitive to earth energies, and white dowsers, say that Canberra's plan is in accordance with ley lines in the area.

Others, who claim knowledge in such matters, have told me that the city has a particularly strong spiritual energy. Perhaps this contributes to the many "spiritual" goings-on in Canberra — a sometimes feverish contradiction of the bland exterior.

There is witchcraft in the city. There has been a coven at the ANU for decades, it's said, but on campus these days the administration worries about the proselytizing of fundamentalist Christians: parents are barring their doors to student children who get born again. The kids turn to the university for shelter. "And they draw fish all over the walls," the master of a college complained. (Of course, 10 years ago, it was genitals. This just proves that Canberra, apparently so static, moves with the times.)

Elsewhere in the capital there is charismatic healing and speaking in tongues. There are theosophists and Steinerists, Quakers and Subud. Mahikari, the Divine Light movement which originated in Japan, has its Australian headquarters in Canberra. There are groups who study dreams and crystals and Ramtha and Old Chinese. There are mystic masseuses. A local businesswoman has booked Shirley MacLaine to lecture here. One meets wives of ANU scientists who believe themselves guided by the spirit world. One meets professors who wish they were. There are alchemists. And maybe there is magic.

But for me the magic of Canberra is, was and always will be the hills "groaning purple", as David Campbell called them in a poem, the three nights in every month when a full moon stands above Russell Hill and the Defence Department buildings and looks at its face in the lake, and waking to the sound of magpies singing.

Qantas offers young Australians the sort of education they won't find in a classroom.



The best way to broaden young minds is to broaden their horizons. The Qantas Youth and National Development Awards cover many fields to give promising students every opportunity to gain experience overseas. We also sponsor Work Skill Australia, the Young Achievers Organisation, and the Australian Nuffield Scholars. So you see, at Qantas we do more than just take an interest in students. We educate them.

Perth By ELIZABETH JOLLEY



Perth: on some days the stillness of the water

PERHAPS there is something invisible which a person is given early in life, a sort of gift but the giver of it, not expecting any thanks, is never given it.

My father liked what he called a splendid view. He would dismount from his high bicycle and, paring the hedge, he would exclaim on the loveliness of what he could see. We would have to lean our bicycles up against a fence or a gate, scramble across the wet ditch and peer through the rain-soaked hedge at a sodden field or a dismal hill hardly visible through the rain mist. But first something about his bicycle. This may seem irrelevant but perhaps it is necessary to say that the bicycle was enormous; 28-inch wheels and a correspondingly large frame. He collected the parts and made it himself and once, when it was stolen, he went round the barrows and stalls in the Bullring market place in Birmingham and bought back all the parts as he recognised them and rebuilt it. I mention this because it shows something of the kind of man he was.

We had to ride bicycles too. When I was six I had a 24-inch wheel with hand brakes, left and right, back and front respectively.

"Never use the right hand brake before you use the left," my father said. Excellent advice of course but my problem then was that I was not sure about my left hand and my right. The back mudguard had small holes in it for strings which were meant to keep a lady's skirt from getting caught in the spokes. I was terribly ashamed of these small holes and wished I could fill them in with thick paint or something...

The reason that I mention all this is because I believe that my own love of what my father called scenery or a splendid view comes in part from the bicycle rides he insisted upon. We had to go with him. The bicycle rides through the rural edges of the Black Country in England were his relaxation and pleasure. We stopped frequently while he studied gravestones in small overgrown cemeteries and explained about lychgates. He told us about turnpike houses and about towing paths and lochs - those mysterious sluice gates so powerful in altering the water levels in the canals. My own love of the quality of the air comes too, I realise, from my father who often simply stood at the roadside enjoying what he declared was fresh air, unbreathed air. He marvelled at the beech trees in the fenced parklands of the wealthy. He paused before fields and meadows explaining about the rotation of crops and about fallow fields. He was inclined to make a lesson out of everything. To him health and learning were the means to a particular form of freedom and the bicycle was the way in which to achieve these.

I developed the habit in my letters to my father of describing in detail the places where I lived and through which I journeyed. Wherever I went I was always composing, in my head, my next letter to him...

My mother, who loved order, cleared up her house as she moved steadily into old age. Before she died she had, in a sense, tidied up, thrown away and burned up her household so that nothing remains of my descriptions posted home every week during all the years.

There are people for whom the details of landscape, the rocky out-crops, the particular hollows grown over with soft mosses, the groups of ancient trees and the little paths, unchanged from one year to the next, do not provide much excitement. Scarcely noticed, these things are not carried in the memory. Such people are capable of going for a walk and not really seeing anything of their surroundings, rather like the concert goer who does not really hear or feel the music and does not know afterwards whether a symphony was being played or a string quartet. Similarly, people have been heard to remark after crossing the whole world by ship that they haven't had a decent cup of tea since they left home.

To travel to Western Australia by ship is to receive images in advance. Being told, a few hours away from the coast of Britain, that it was necessary to place the legs of the dining table in tin cans of water to prevent the ants from demolishing the meal before the family



seems to hold in restraint a hidden power

could get to it presented an unusual picture of Western Australian furnishings. Added to this the fact that stockings and "underclothes" had to be kept in screw top glass jars because of the ravenous ants, still unsatisfied after clearing the dining room or kitchen tables, gave another unusual image and the suggestion of an entirely different way of living. Would the glass jars be stored like jam on open shelves, labelled and dated?

The arrival in Perth in 1959 was a short time after the official opening of the Narrows Bridge. This requires elucidation for the majority of Australians who have never had the privilege of visiting Perth. A glance at a moderately large scale map will show that the modern Perth is divided into two by the Swan River. An encyclopaedia will reveal that the original Perth was placed well on the north bank of the river and that the southern parts developed later and soon acquired an independent existence. At first there was no bridge across the river between the traffic bridge at Fremantle and the Causeway at the eastern limit of the town. Whatever it may once have been (and I have heard it described as a bush track covered all over with a species of wild lily) the Causeway became, in fact, a bridge. This lack of bridges seriously inconvenienced north/south traffic but it had a much greater bearing on the local mythology. At parties in 1959 people

were still describing the smell of the stagnant water before the river was reclaimed for an efficient road and bridge system. The claim was also made that gentlemen wishing to call on young ladies in the evenings used to strip off on the northern bank and swim to the south bank holding their clothes above the water. It was further widely reported that businessmen in Perth set up their chosen secretaries in discreet apartments in South Perth. Whatever the truth is in these stories South Perth now preserves no signs of its shady past. Another story told to the new arrival was of the sports mistress of a respectable school for girls who, being an ardent swimmer, used to swim every morning across the Swan river and back before breakfast. She was said to have declared that any shark venturing up the river as far as Claremont would never attack a lady.

The garden suburbs of Perth now, like any other garden cities in the world, lacking these earlier legends, are clean and well watered and, most of the time, incredibly dull.

The suburb, so littered with people and yet empty of life, sometimes suggests that the people who live there have no real feeling either for their surroundings or for each other. It is true the lawns are shaved and clipped and water is drenched religiously over everything. You see it every day, white spraying mists leaping and dancing, an

endless ballet, the choreography extending across the gardens and the street lawns. Street lawns? To the newcomer the street lawn makes a great impression. Perhaps these grassy verges need a chapter to themselves. They are the carefree owners of box trees, chopped and trimmed clear of the overhead electricity and telephone wires. The grass is sometimes a deep, springy, dark green buffalo grass carefully nourished and mown repeatedly; sometimes the grass is of a weaker kind, sparse on the bleached sand, neglected and, at times, lavishly covered with the brilliant yellow flowers of the cape weed. Perhaps a word about the cape weed. Picturesque as it is, where the cape weed grows nothing else can grow. It is fleshy and tenacious, smothering and spreading to the size of Victorian (the queen, not the state) dinner plates. It is attractive on a picture postcard but detestable in reality. Some street lawns are endowed with a prickle grass vicious to the bare foot. Dogs enjoy street lawns and people park their cars on them (the lawns not the dogs).

"Will you have it on your virgin strip?" the man delivering fire wood asked me once. Deliveries of sand are dumped on the street lawns, also garden loam and, more recently as older houses are being pulled down and replaced by more modern models (though we do not have the Bavarian mountain hut yet), all kinds of building

materials including a particularly rugged, unwieldy, freshly quarried stone. Builders, plumbers and carpenters are a floating population in the suburbs and can be seen, at intervals, taking their rest time under the box trees on the street lawns. Their lunch wraps are often a sort of decoration.

Every morning the sprinklers make water snakes in the dust. The fragrance of this water on the dust is sharp like an anaesthetic. There is too the smell of petrol and of dogs' dirt and of empty champagne bottles, of scented groins and burning toast. Sometimes there is the sweetness of cut grass drying in little brown ridges. Then there is the aromatic scent of the yellow broom and of roses and of a lemon, bruising slightly as it falls. The spindles of rosemary, straggling by a gate post, brushing the legs of people as they pass, add their fragrance to the Chinese privet and the datura – those long white bells whose perfume can lift the passer-by into a temporary forgetfulness.

The letter boxes, exposed to the street, reveal their owners' intentions; battered rusty tins nailed to rotten posts or often something galvanized and durable. Occasionally there is a homebuilt edifice bulging with mortar and crawling with snails. Many are imitations of art, a fortress, a windmill, a ceramic boot, a gnome, a goddess - her belly gaping conveniently for newspapers. Some letter boxes have tiny slits or lopsided lids or lids broken off and hanging rough and sharp and sad. Some are never cleared and some houses do not have one at all. At all times of the day inhabitants can be seen wandering with vague steps across lawns and down paths to peer with hope or fear into these strange contrivances. Many make several such pilgrimages as the postman on his bicycle does not always keep to a fixed time.

In an area between the railway line and the sea there are certain places, a bend or a gentle rising of the road, from where it is possible to see the sea. Serene blue surprises in glimpses between the trees and the houses. This smooth blue sea, beyond immediate reach and yet visible from time to time, seems to meet the sky in a quiet gentleness only possible in dreams. And dreams are necessary in the suburb ... For the lonely or the heavy hearted the neat streets with well kept lawns, brick and tile houses with closed doors, blank venetians and drawn curtains, as in other parts of the world, seem to be unpeopled and without exuberance of any sort. In other words they seem to be the most sad and depressing places to be in especially on a Sunday. And, now that the fashion for high brick walls is coming in, escape is essential. Perhaps the imagination can come to the rescue

and a mulberry tree be inhabited by people having a mulberry fight, arms, legs, faces, hair and clothes purple-red with mulberry laughter. Or, at a given time every afternoon, at a certain time of the year, a shepherd complete with lamb and crook appears on the roof of the house next door. A trick of light and shade and chimney? but a Blessing all the same. A woman, unseen by anyone else, takes a slow walk every morning pushing a small girl in a push-chair and, almost at earth level, is teaching her the world which is at her feet, stones, twigs, pavement, hedge, flowers, tufts of grass, gate posts and scatterings of gravel. A postman plans to tamper with the mail and a travelling salesman hatches a plot to burn down the house of one of his customers . . . The suburb

Elizabeth Jolley teaches in the English Department of Curtin University. She was the winner of the 1987 Miles Franklin Award and her novel The Sugar Mother will be published in March by Fremantle Arts Centre Press.

offers a great deal . . .

From another direction, this time approaching Perth from that small distance possible from the west in Western Australia, the road fringed with shivering nodding grasses follows, high up, the curve of the Swan river. On some days the stillness of the shining water seems to hold in restraint a hidden power. It used to be said (another of these legends) that you could walk across the Swan at any point. Anyone who has foolishly lost an outboard motor will tell you that this is not true. Across the wide saucer of water the city lies in repose as if painted on a pale curtain. Often in the mornings it has a quality of unreality as if no life with all the ensuing problems could ever unfold there. In comparison the large cities left behind in other parts of the world seem, with the incessant nightlong pulse and beat and roar to have no rest.

The mood of the river can change very quickly. Is it possible to hear an image? Something unforgettable is the screaming and complaining of a flock of black cockatoos as they fly low over waters changed by gale and heavy rain. One of the questions I am asked from time to time is, has it made a difference to my writing coming to live in Western Australia? And what would my writing be like if I had stayed in Britain? There is no answer to the second question, I am unable to answer it. To the first, of course, there is a difference. Until I came to Western Australia I had never seen or heard a flock of cockatoos.

These maurauding birds, heralding a mysteriousness unfathomable to us, fly low almost breasting the choppy waves of the river swollen with rainstorm and purple brown with top soil washed down from the vineyards in the Swan valley. As the cockatoos disappear the rain bird calls, little phrases of bird notes climbing up in among the flame tree flowers brilliant against the dark clouds. Drops of water quiver on the fencing wire and the thin narrow leaves of the eucalypts tremble. To come to this country is to come to foreign land.

How can I be the same person after the flight of the cockatoos? The images of Western Australia on arrival made and continue to make an impact. They serve too to sharpen the images from the places where I was before.

Can air be described as an image? Can it really be as my father used to think it was? Fresh and unbreathed?

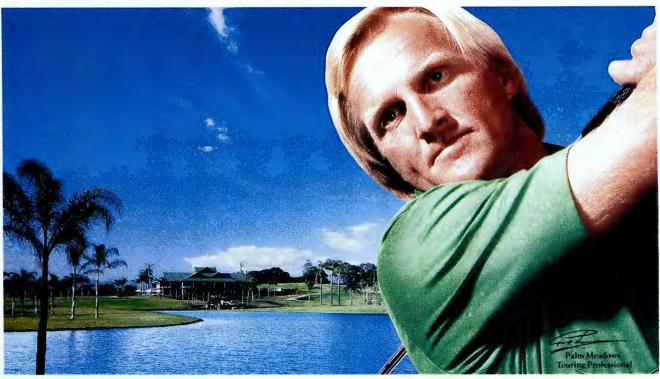
It seemed, on my first visit to the vineyards in the wide sand plain through which the Swan river flows (close to Perth) that the air there was light and clean and softly refreshing. The sweet fragrance I discovered came from the flowers of the beans growing between the vines. Later, I was told, the stalks would be ploughed back into the earth. The road through the vineyards was crossed then by sandy tracks and there was a fig tree standing in a sandy patch just back off the road. A rough trestle table stood under the tree and some scales hung in one of the lower branches. Behind the golden tranquillity which seemed to drop from the heart of the fig tree there was a small shabby weatherboard and iron house. The wooden planks of the table were piled with melons and the sweet muscat

This place, after a great many years, is still there. Whenever I pass the place now though I am unable to see it as I saw it the first time (it is always hard to recapture something exactly) I never fail to feel again a deep excitement. I gave the place, on my first visit, to my character Uncle Bernard. I caused him to think it would be his.

There was a time when writers, some writers, felt they had to deny their regions. But it is in the very places where you live and walk and carry out the small things of living that the imagination, from some small half seen or half remembered awareness, springs to life and goes on living.

I never thanked my father for giving me the gift of looking. I was never able to show him the places which he would have liked. I could only describe them for him first in my letters and later in some of my fiction. I do not regret that I never thanked him because he understood that some things do not come back to the parent from the child. □

SHARK ATTACK SHARK ATTACK ON THE GOLD COAST



On January 28th, the world's best will tee off at Palm Meadows with one thought in mind — stop Greg Norman, The Great White Shark, taking the \$500,000 Daikyo Palm Meadows Cup.

Marsh, Faldo, Woosnam, Aoki, Ozaki, Senior, Davis, Graham and other world class professionals are invited to challenge. And for four full days the magnificent Palm Meadows International Golf

Palm Meadows was designed by top Australian golfer Graham Marsh as a great course for all golfers, as well as a course to test all the skills of the greats. Join the gallery for the tournament and see how to play Australia's premier course.

WIN A TRIP TO HAWAII

You can win one of 15 seven day Hawaiian holidays for two including airfares and accommodation.

magnificent Palm Meadows International Golf
Course will sort out the victors from the victims.

Bass or Tickets for the Cup are available from your nearest
Bass or Tickets for the Cup are available from your nearest
Bass or Tickets for the Cup are available from your nearest
Meadows (075) 52 9800. Tickets are

\$15 per day or \$50 for four days. (Children under 13 free)



Daikyo Palm Meadows Cup-January 28-31,1988 \$500,000 PRIZE MONEY

Palm Meadows International Golf Course, Carrara, Gold Coast. Telephone: (075) 52 9800.

Myth City Sydney

By ANGELO LOUKAKIS

IT would be no trouble to speak of Sydney, if only this thing people call "Sydney" were easier to establish. Sure, there is a geographical region that goes by this name - bounded more or less by the Hawkesbury River in the north, the Royal National Park in the south and the Blue Mountains in the west. But as to its fundamentals you really only hear gossip. All right, I admit there is more than just gossip. There is fiction, interpretation, empty talk and plain lies as well.

In the endless outpourings of verbiage about this city I have yet to hear a story that is undoubtedly, inimitably, the story — the one we all might agree upon. As it is, there is something about the place that seems to encourage a mania for definitional mayhem. You get the likes of "Sydney is its beaches".
"Sydney is the Harbor", "Sydney is its suburbs", "Sydney is tinsel town", "Sydney is a tart" and so on and so forth. Physical descriptions or moral assertions, what you generally hear are clichés, built at best on little bits of truth.

There is a suggestion in the way people always talk about Sydney that it is just this one thing and, if you're really clever, you can catch it and stick it to the display board with a pin through its thorax. But it can't be done. Paradoxically, the one thing that is screamingly evident is the thing that makes it impossible to sum up the place in a single phrase. This is a patchwork, bits-andpieces city where experiences and habitats are so multifarious that it is silly even to try. There is no essence, or centre, or any other suchlike heart of the thing. When we talk about this city, it is very rare that we can talk about our city - more often than not it is your Sydney or my Sydney.

Cities are at least as much mental constructions as material ones. It is a labor of love constructing your own city and, like a lot of other people in Sydney, I have worked up mine over the years. Having first set about it at the age of six, the city in my head was pretty much in place by the time I was 26 - that is, about 10 years ago.

This city was physically a small, fairly circumscribed place. It was to be found in the central parts of town and had its material existence in no more than a few locations in those blocks ringed by Liverpool, Elizabeth, King and George streets.

In no particular order, some of the sacred sites of my old city were: the Athenian in Castlereagh Street, the original Diethnes restaurant in Pitt Street, the Prince Edward Theatre in Castlereagh, the New Hellas restaurant in Elizabeth Street, David Jones' men's store in Market Street and Abbey's and Gould's bookshops in George Street. Some of these came and went to other places in those 20 years — if sacred sites can do that. A few of them, I now understand, I inherited from my father. For he, in the '30s and '40s, imagined a very similar city; only his sites included Packy's in Elizabeth Street, Repin's coffee shop in King Street and Prince's, Romano's and the original Hellenic Club - all in Castlereagh. I came along too late, however, for these also to be a part of my dreaming.

Once upon a time, much of the life of Sydney did take place in the downtown district. In the days before the trendification of inner suburbs such as Surry Hills and Paddington, you would literally go to town for a night out or to meet visitors from overseas and interstate or to talk over coffee. And, as my family lived no more than six kilometres from the GPO, such delights

were easily available to us.

It was at the since-demolished Australia Hotel, for instance, that my old Uncle Spanakis - that fabled gent who this boy thought was the richest man in the world - used to stay when he was in town. Once every year or two, it seemed, I would ascend the steps into that lovely old foyer in the company of my parents and be met by this whitehaired old man with his waistcoat and money belt who would sit me on his knee and pat me on the head and reward me with an English gold sovereign. Always an English gold sover-

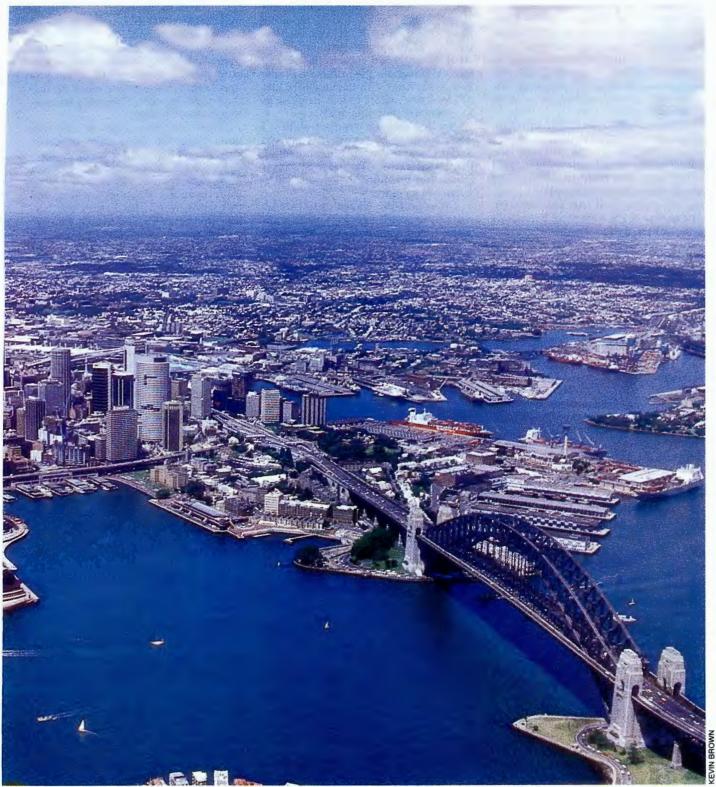
Not far from this hotel was the Prince Edward, the first cinema I went into on my own. About 12 years old I was at the time and so big and important as I sank into one of those plush vel-



Sydney: "a patchwork, bits-and-pieces city of

vet armchairs in something called the smoking room. Never mind that my skinny little arms were splayed out on the armrests at a 90-degree angle to the rest of my body.

It was at the Prince Edward, in the darkened stalls at a matinee session, that I got the biggest fright of my life to that time. During some forgettable fea-



multifarious experiences and habitats - with no centre"

ture, I began to hear these strange grunting noises and heavy breathing directly behind me. I turned around to discover it was "Brute" Bernard, one of the most feared wrestling villains ever! The last person in the world I would have expected to see and I suddenly realised the guy was not a fake. That twitching, grunting, snorting maniac of

the ring was exactly the same outside it. I sat there scared out of my brain for the rest of the movie, hoping nothing would happen in the movie upsetting enough to cause him to lean forward and grab my skull in a crushing grip.

And the restaurants, the restaurants. How could I forget the Athenian, where my mother used to take me for that wonderful Greek food — those magical lamb stews and grilled octopus and fantastic salads — and where the owner and the waiters all seemed to be friends of ours? Diethnes, as well, which was run by yet another of my father's acquaintances — a fellow Cretan with whom he had served in the Australian army. Another exotic attraction for a

little boy, this place had as a kind of talking-piece an illuminated fish tank. Sunday lunches gazing at the fish moving lazily around in the bubbling water and me sprinkling red pepper on everything — Diethnes is probably the only restaurant I've come across where cayenne was a table condiment — what great occasions.

The cafés and restaurants and clubs of my city were nearly all hidden away, upstairs worlds. To get to them, you would mostly have to climb the stairs in some small old building of the kind which would now be described as having "character" - if only any were left. For character has long since been done away with in Sydney by the local apostles of internationalist and modernist skyscraper architecture. Ever since the lifting of the building-height code in the early '60s, the joint has been filling up with cramped parodies of structures that have probably only ever worked in America. Try as they might to turn over parts of these structures to more human and social uses, it never seems to work. Thirty or more storeys of space devoted to Mammon over a ground floor housing a few sad little feed-and-guzzle stops and a newsagency does not represent a felicitous balance of values. Where you do get more expensive shop-and-people areas, the decor of rampant themery turns them into absurd nightmares. Coffee lounges tricked out with pseudo-hi-tech or pseudohistorical touches are all the go. If it isn't pipes hanging from the ceiling, it's mock-Victoriana with genuine veneered chipboard wood-panelling or mock-Middle Ages where a plastic suit of armor - a menu hanging from its extended arm - greets you at the door-

The new city is just not conducive to the sort of civilised life I am harking back to here. Somehow I can't see it being the sort of feeling-and-memory generator for the young that the city I've been describing was for me, although I could be wrong. Not that there hasn't been some continuity, either. Some places live on, even if they are almost unrecognisable in their new guises. The decor of the new version David Jones' men's store is, for instance, nothing like that older version where I worked briefly in 1970.

David Jones' figures in this world for a couple of reasons. It was there that I first fell in love and there that I first got the sack from a job — two not-unrelated events. My "bad" attitude seemed to be a bit of a problem with management at the time. Apparently they wanted something more from a junior assistant trainee executive, or whatever I was called, than someone who would take three-hour lunches and then hide in corners to write poems for the girl

across the way in Knitwear. But David Jones' men's, when I was mooning about there, was a wood-and-glass-cabinet affair where gentlemen still went to purchase their tobacco and hats. Although the place lives on for me as a connection with the imagined city of old, I can't relate to it in its guise as an upmarket shopping mall.

But don't get me wrong in all this. I don't mean to be saying that my old Sydney was "deeper" or something than what exists. The older Sydney I loved had no more of a "soul" than what is in its place.

Cities probably haven't had "souls" since Byron died, anyway. I mean nothing as romantic and impalpable as that — just that the old (to me important) city had lots of that solid 19th-century

Angelo Loukakis is the author of two collections of short stories, For the Patriarch and Vernacular Dreams, as well as having worked as a television scriptwriter. He is working on a fictionalised memoir of growing up Greek in Sydney in the '50s.

notion, character, which was in keeping with a Sydney that was itself a good 19th-century invention.

What's more, there is no mythical quality in today's manifestation of Sydney, beyond that associated with money. As a place that generated social myth and meaning, the centre of the city is long since dead. It is not a gathering place for writers and thinkers any more and hasn't been since the demise of the Push pubs and other watering holes and restaurants they once patronised. The last interesting writers' cafe to go was the New Hellas, a restaurant I had known since the days when I was still sensible and hadn't taken up this ghastly writing business. Once I had, though, I always felt my ability to read the Greek side of the menu gave me an extra and welcome cachet with my newfound literary companions. I won't mention names; they know who they

Not only is the city not home to Bohemia anymore; it is not a place which seems me to give ordinary people much pleasure, either, except in their capacity as consumers. The scenes of social pleasure for me have shifted back to Leichhardt where I have lived most of my life anyway. Here in the delicatessens and coffee shops and back streets and little parks there is at least a partial substitute for the life that has gone from town.

I'm not the only person to have realised this, however, and the interest in

this neck of the woods is beginning to match that which led to the revival of other inner-city suburbs. To the older population, with its large migrant component, are being added all sorts of creative types — a mix which, when you think about it, was pretty much the one that made the city of memory fascinating in the first place.

There are other parts of the city, quite beautiful parts some of them, which don't figure much in my mythology although I have loved visiting them from time to time. Who could deny those beautiful Botanic Gardens and that whole wonderful Farm Cove harbor foreshore? Or, for people who are outdoorsy and physically inclined, the waterways and bays and coves of the Harbor itself?

I suppose what's missing from these places of recreation and contemplation is talk. The city I had built over the years was in reality a landscape of conversation, sometimes as abuse and sometimes even as genuine argument. It's somewhat difficult, after all, to elaborate one's recently invented theory of poetics while lying on the beach or perambulating in the park or bobbing up and down on a boat.

I have heard there is another world out west which people are more and more dreaming into existence as "Sydney" also. This is the real new city, where they are right at this moment busily acquiring their own special places and belief systems — not that I am authorised to speak about them. What is going on out there is unfamiliar to me and belongs to others, anyway, and Sydney — as in the big picture, the geographical region — is nothing if not a place of many tribes whose customs must be respected.

Parramatta, once the end of the line, now signals the beginning of another city entirely.

I would like to visit out there one day but, when I do, it's certain I won't be going by car. This has nothing to do with traffic jams on the freeway or such. It's simply that we writers, when we are off to new worlds, tend to like to go by water. With the honorable tradition of Conrad, Twain, etc, to keep up, I will probably have to catch a ferry up the Parramatta River. There is such a ferry these days, although I doubt that it goes far enough. A ferry to the other city – a fascinating thought, even if it turns out to be an impossibility. What a relief it would be to leave this truncated, pseudo-Manhattan skyline behind and journey up that historic waterway. Perhaps up there is absolutely and no kidding the essential, contemporary Sydney. If so, I could offer my services "Situation wanted — dispossessed mythologiser of cities. Willing to learn …" □

Makeit in Darwin for Export

Find out all about Australia's first and only **Trade Development Zone**

Darwin's Trade Development Zone is an Export orientated manufacturing estate with associated Bond Warehousing and other services on site.

The Darwin Zone is similar in principle to successful Free Trade Zones and Export Processing Zones throughout the world. The Zone allows manufacturers to import their raw material and components free from customs duties or sales tax if the final product is to be exported.

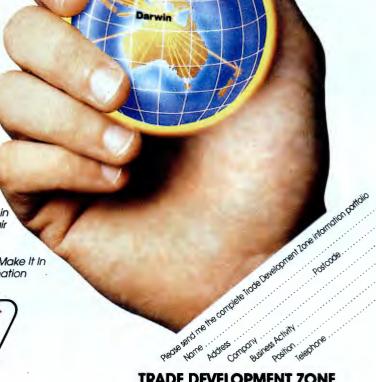
LOCATION: Closer to S.E. Asia and the world's largest markets than other parts of Australia.

INCENTIVES: Operating within the scope of optimised Australian Customs legislation and an attractive list of Northern Territory Government incentives and freedom from bureaucratic red tape.

PHYSICAL PLANNING: Quality factories located in key proximity to Darwin's sea and international air cargo facilities and the city's residential suburbs.

Manufacturers, can find out more about how to 'Make It In Darwin for Export', by sending off for the TDZ information portfolio.

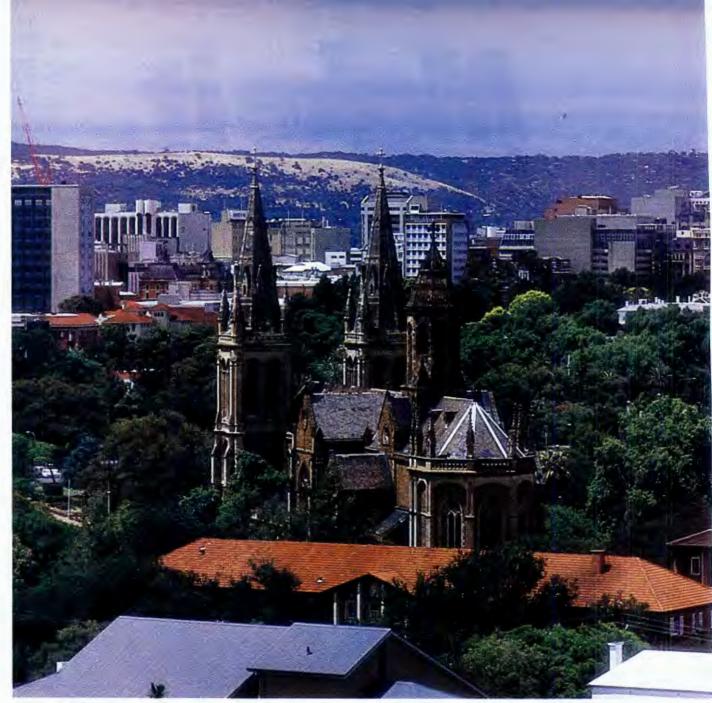




TRADE DEVELOPMENT ZONE

Department BUL 1/88, PMB 88 Winnellie, Darwin N.T., Australia. Tel (089) 470133 Telex: 84064 TDZ N.T. Fax: (089) 843417

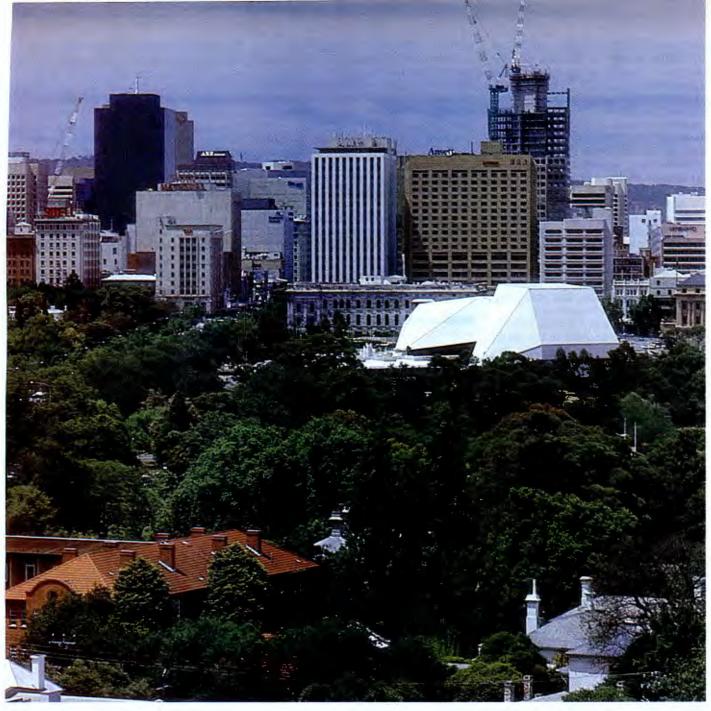
Mattingly 10472



Adelaide: an oasis hugging itself on the very edge of a huge, hostile continent

Network charm

By ROSEMARY WIGHTON



ON BRICE

SOME people love living in the great metropolis; some prefer the predictable peace of the small town. I prefer small-city life, which is what you lead in Adelaide. It's slightly more complex than life in a provincial town but without the impersonality and hurly-burly of the great cities of the world.

Big-city dwellers look down on small-city dwellers, so it's hard not to write on the defensive — not to be apologetic that you truly prefer to spend your life in a middle-sized pond.

Melbourne and Sydney people's eyes pop when I say how delicious I find Adelaide drinking water (its fruitiness makes other, purer water seem very insipid). They are often equally scepti-

cal about my praises of this city. She has to live there, they think, so she's making the best of it.

As this is a personal view of Adelaide, doubtless infuriating to other Adelaide dwellers as the one-eyed view of a limited observer, here are some of my limitations: I was born here in the 1920s, middle-class and Anglo-Saxon, with ancestors who settled here in the 1830s; educated and employed here; married to an Adelaide man and having brought up a family here. I expect to die here, too. While I frequently visit other cities, I never have any doubt that Adelaide is where I prefer to live.

ADELAIDE doesn't just happen to be

small: it was designed that way from the beginning by Colonel Light — a small, square city separated from its suburbs on all sides by parklands; built on a grid a mile each way with streets running neatly north, south, east and west. He placed it in a saucer of fertile land enclosed by a semicircle of hills on one side and the sea on the other.

As a child, I firmly believed that my Adelaide-based sense of direction was universal: that wherever you are in the world you are either facing the hills and the east or the sea and the west. This view is still quite hard to shake off.

As well as learning about the clever planning of our city, at school we were taught that Adelaide was originally settled not by or for convicts but by respectable people — families of substance or hard-working artisans who came here of free will. The possibility that both these categories probably included people with criminal abilities was never mentioned. Lurking at the back of many Adelaide minds is the feeling that life here is still slightly less professionally criminal than life in Sydney or Melbourne because of our purer origins.

Adelaide is the capital of a state without great natural resources, without great industries. It's the only city of any size in a large state surrounded, except for small fertile pockets, by huge areas of desert — much of it either created or worsened by our forebears' furious felling of trees and ploughing and overstocking of fragile land.

From anywhere in Adelaide you can get in about half-an-hour to the bland local beaches or to the lush hills. But travel further and you are likely to find kilometres of inhospitable rocky coastline, bare windswept hills, small cocky farms, hectares of unproductive mallee scrub or hot red desert. Some of us love to visit that sort of landscape but we return to Adelaide as to an oasis hugging itself on the very edge of a huge, hostile continent.

Small-city living makes it possible to feel that you know and own a single social and geographic environment. You can get your mind around not only where people and buildings are but also who they are and how they fit.

Even within this small city itself, the main centres of activity have clustered tightly together on the northern side in the kind of intimacy and inter-relation which small cities encourage. I can't quite envisage the circumstances in which I would want to do all this during one morning but it would be quite easy in that time for me to stroll to the main shops, the head office of my bank, the casino, Parliament House, the Festival Centre down by the lawns along the edge of our tiny dammed-up River Torrens, the State Library, the Museum, the Art Gallery, the university, the Adelaide Hospital and the Botanic Gardens. And I could count on getting home without anything like the peakhour traffic horrors that big-city dwellers take for granted.

Old Adelaide buildings — whether mansion, cottage or business house — are typically of stone or brick construction; not for us the flimsiness of tin or timber. Old cottages are, of course, being remorselessly gentrified or bull-dozed but you can still recognise characteristic Adelaide houses. In real estate agents' terms, they are "cottages" (verandah across the front, passage through the middle with small rooms on either side) or "villas" (similar but

with one of the front rooms jutting out) or "bungalows" (likely to have a gabled roof, a pillared verandah; made of brick or bulging pudding-face stone). The most beautiful Adelaide building material is old bluestone, with sandstone a close second.

These houses will almost all have their own gardens with probably an apricot, almond, orange or lemon tree, perhaps climbing grape vines, buffalograss lawns, surrounded by picket, brush or hedges.

Even the newer, lower-rental houses built by our excellent Housing Trust respect the universal Adelaide wish to live in a separate box in its own garden. The trust has not gone in for high-rise low-rental apartment blocks, preferring a long flat sprawl from one end to

Rosemary Wighton is a historian of Australian children's literature and has for many years been involved in Australian literary life. She is chairperson of the Literary Arts Board and has been a resident of South Australia for all of her life.

the other of the Adelaide plain.

As a social environment, in spite of the usual post-war changes, Adelaide still tends in some mysterious way to be one small society rather than lots of unmixable groups.

Networks are very real in Adelaide. We all know them and place people in them quickly and efficiently whether they are arts, commerce, industry, farming networks or whatever. It takes no time at all for an Adelaide person to "place" a new acquaintance living here. Somehow, somewhere in the first half-hour of conversation, you'll discover the link or the clue and — hey presto! — that person is safely slotted into the familiar scheme of things.

Dinner parties, Sunday lunches, board meetings, first nights, poetry readings... at all of them you're likely to find a mixture of people you've known all your life, with interesting newcomers.

The Dunstan era in the 1970s was in many ways the heyday of Adelaide's originality — a time of liberation when new ideas, new laws, new achievements came thick and fast. The 1980s move more staidly but the effects of the exciting '70s are still with us and so are some of the people who moved here as a result of those changes and the intellectual environment they created.

And every two years comes The Festival, widely believed in Adelaide to be our own invention, now being copied rather unfairly by other capital cities. The Festival brings to Adelaide the best and the newest in the performing, visual and written arts and helps to keep provincialism at bay. It is a good antidote to the influence of the morning newspaper, which is arguably the most parochial and trivial in Australia, apparently determined to keep Adelaide minds concentrated on the parish pump.

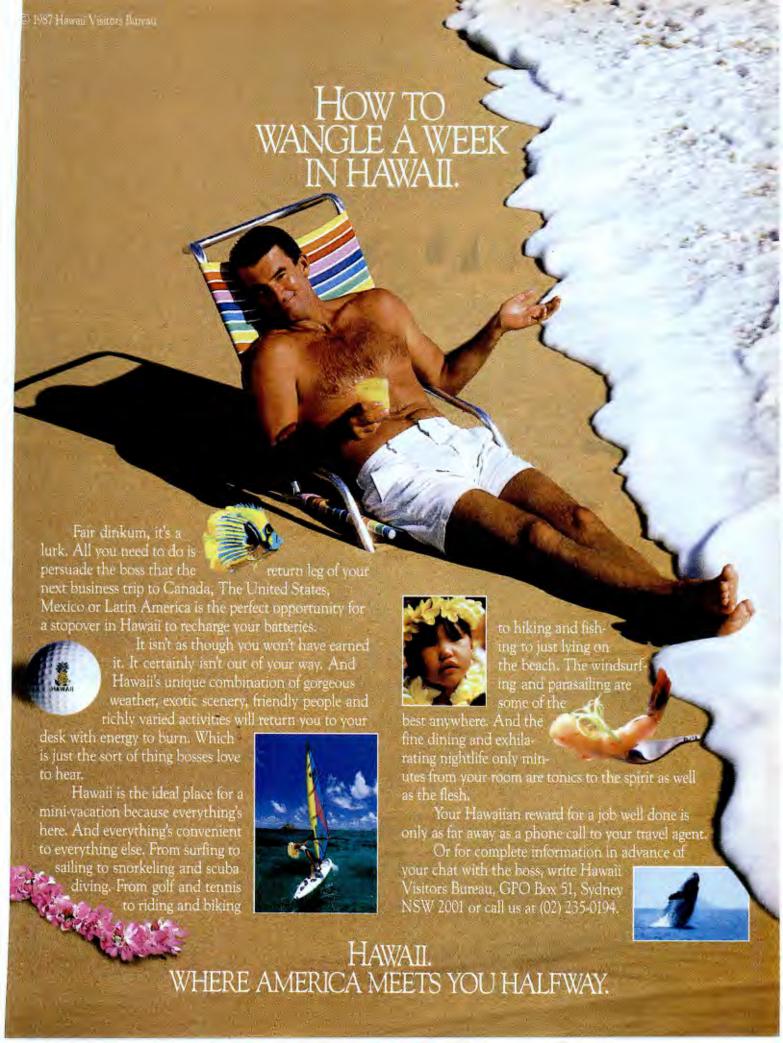
On the other hand, a remarkable free monthly journal, Adelaide Review, has arisen and flourishes. It provides informed discussion, debate and analysis of ideas and issues and adds a general stylishness notably lacking in the rest of our local press.

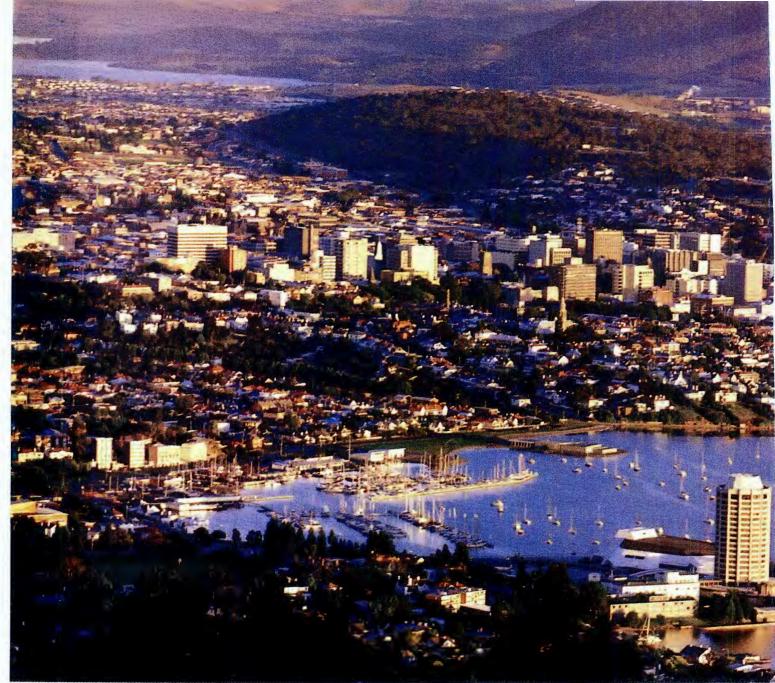
But I suspect that time is running out for the small-city charm of Adelaide. Some of the reasons for this are economic. Unemployment rates are high, especially for our young people, who leave us for jobs in Melbourne and Sydney or overseas. In an attempt to stem this tide, the state is increasingly getting into the grip of the great god Tourism. Quite simply, this leads to the belief that to attract tourists we have to pretend to be a big city - to compete with the others irrespective of whether we destroy our city's character in the process. For example: the state flings vast resources into the staging of a very different event from the Festival or its companion, a youth festival called Come Out. Now we have, every year, the Grand Prix, the ultimate hideous glorification of macho-male violence, and a monster with no place in a smallcity environment.

The Grand Prix causes the violation of our sacred parklands, the erection of ugly obstructions around the streets of the city and the inner-eastern suburbs; it plasters our streets with gigantic advertisements for a particular brand of beer (we always thought that it was a Victorian beer) and inflicts noise pollution of the worst order. At the same time, some of our existing attractions are starved for money. The Festival Centre is in a shabby state, urgently in need of repair and restoration. North Terrace where, in spite of everything a true small-city character still remains, is threatened with major desecration and tree removal.

Somehow or other the dreadful conflict between economic urban progress and the preservation of quality and individuality has to be solved and solved urgently for the sake of this particular small city.

It's still worthwhile to come to Adelaide to savor the atmosphere of smallcity living. But don't come in early November (Grand Prix time). And be prepared, whenever you come, to hunt a bit harder for the real Adelaide before it is homogenised out of all its old originality.





Hobart: a marvellous silvery tranquility all of its own

City of two times

By JAMES McQUEEN



RICHARD EASTWOOD

IF ALL cities are inventions of the devil, then Hobart is surely the invention of a very small and lazy devil. True, 40 percent of its workers are public servants; but they are *Tasmanian* public servants. And if we will boast a bureaucracy, then our bureaucrats must after all live somewhere. And where more fitting than Hobart? It is a long way from anywhere, and it's disappearing anyway.

It is true — the city is disappearing, is being slowly submerged like some antipodean Atlantis; but the tide which is rising about it is less one of bureaucratic bumph than of architectural flotsam — imitation bauhaus and pinkbrick block-house and lavatory gothic. The sandstone islands of the old col-

onial town are everywhere besieged by plastic and ferro-concrete, and the smell of tar and salt is gone from the canyons of the city.

Well, so it seems. Perhaps it is just my nostalgia; after the 50th birthday one is prone to resent all intrusions on the geography of one's youth.

But it is not just the antic bones of the place that are disappearing. Those sure measures of a city's worth and identity, the great eccentrics, have long departed too. All that remains now, it seems, is the Mad Seagull of Franklin Square. Buy a bun, sit on the green benches under the racked arcades of the public buildings, and wait for the performance. He is smaller than the average gull, the Mad One, red of eye, furious of temper, apoplectic of mien. He marshals his less military fellows, charges, squawks, pecks — Behind the line! Back in rank! Not that crust! Should they break ranks, mutiny, cross the invisible line, the Mad One pounces, drives them back... He never tires, his temper remains untamed, his bright colonial vigor unimpaired ... mad, mad.

But what a fall, my countrymen ... Fouche is gone, and Reggio, and Lizzie Dwyer and all the rest, and our solitary claim to be a civilised society rests on the puny shoulders of a mad and runty seagull ...

Even our politicians — and Hobart is as much a city of politicians as of bureaucrats — have lost the quaint charms

they once had, abandoned their rude and rustic ways. Today they are soberer, better dressed, less eggspotted, less given to apocalyptic utterance. In a word, they are duller. It is years, years, since punches were thrown in cabinet, and now even ministers can read and write, a change indeed from the heady days of the great Franklin debate. Well, not debate, perhaps. Frenzy? Debacle? Civil war? Whatever it was, it changed - if not the stuff - at least the perception of politics in Tasmania. It is not often, after all, that both major parties are defeated simultaneously on a single issue. Great days indeed in Hobart with the Old Testament being proclaimed from the Upper House, and the government Whip being bounced on the Speaker's billiard table.

No more. The glory has departed, and the best we can do today is a vapid debate on shopping hours. Even the scandals are mean and picayune and get lost in committee.

Well, never mind. We can always watch the Japanese tourists. More and more of them are coming nowadays, although not so many as in Cairns. Down here the public buildings have not been sold, nor the police station, and no Japanese developers have made a bid for the golf course. But give it time though...

I would probably resent it if a mainlander poked fun at Hobart — after all, we islanders are an insular lot — but somehow it seems permissible for me to laugh a little; after all, my links with the city go back a long way. It was in Hobart that my great-grandfather, a young and semi-literate dyer from Ayr, landed in 1864. He married an Irish servant-girl called Mary Murphy — not even semi-literate — and joined the police force.

Nowadays, rather than Scots and Irish immigrants, it is the Japanese who come, and all the other tourists. And few of them see the city for the first time as it should be seen — as my greatgrandfather saw it — from the sea. For Hobart is a maritime city, and the great harbor is one of the world's most beautiful. It hasn't the scale of Sydney Harbor, nor the breathtaking quality of Papeete, nor the great panoramic breadth of Auckland; but it has a marvellous silvery tranquillity all of its own.

And there are few places in the city from which the water can't be seen. The smokey blue-grey hills seem to enclose the great bay, and the city climbs its riverine spurs towards the dark monument of Mount Wellington. The suburbs dissolve in bushland, attenuated arms of a creature spawned by the sea, and still belonging more to it than to the land.

Yet most of the shipping is gone, the traffic is mostly through the north now — another pinprick to stimulate the century-old rivalry with the north of the island. Pork-barrel politics is a fact of life, and no road is built, not school refurbished in one end of the island without screams of indignant rage in the other.

The docks of Hobart remain, of course, and the old sandstone warehouses of Salamanca place still crouch by the water; the texture of permanence is stamped in their honey-brown stone. Yet they have a strange abandoned air that belies their present usage as pubs and cafes and gift shops. The brittle and rootless grafts seem out of place, anachronisms that demonstrate the city's duality.

James McQueen is a well known short story writer, novelist and conversationalist. He has recently completed a new collection of short stories and is working on an orchid book.

For a duality it has; beside the old solidity lies the new transience, for every besieged sandstone outpost there is a plastic facade, for every use-worn stone a gloss of acid neon. The old Hobart has a clear identity; the new one is no more than a wave of small-town chic that with every added boutique moves the city closer to a thousand indistinguishable sisters.

Some claim, of course, that Hobart isn't a city at all, that with fewer than 200,000 people it is just another ambitious small town. All the same, it is, I think, a true city. It has core, a kernel of purpose and identity that some enormous conglomerations — such as Manila — lack. It has theatre and art and music and some fine restaurants; it has a cultural unity and a flavor; it has the bones of its history intact, and a certain vigor in its pace.

And yet... and yet. There is a certain counterfeit quality to it nowadays, a certain fakery, a touch of all-too-obvious window-dressing. Nowhere is this more obvious than at the Salamanca market. Salamanca is all very nice, but somehow it lacks the bite, the enthusiasm, the *brio*, of the great markets — Rusty's in Cairns, or the old St Andrews market outside Melbourne. Too many spectators, perhaps, and not enough actors? Too much tinsel and not enough sweat?

Hobart, of course, has the perennial and insuperable problem of being too far away from the rest of the world. Too small and too distant, a Helsinki of the southern hemisphere, living nervously at the extremity of a continent, surviving on parochial paranoia and subsidised freight rates . . .

Living in Hobart is a little like living in any other outpost, concern is too often with escape. Escape to the Mainland, escape to Europe, escape to Anywhere. Of those contemporaries of mine in the Hobart of the early 50s who were, or became, writers of one kind or another, Christopher Koch and Vivian Smith are in Sydney, Robert Brain in Italy. I am the only one still in Tasmania. I escaped too, of course, but came back.

Life in Hobart is still probably a little like it was in those days — rather like living in a kind of pleasant purgatory; not too painful, but trying to the soul. Serene and more than a little soporific, our purgatory seemed nothing more than a staging post, and all true magic lay to the north. Magic that was deeper, faster, more mysterious...

So we left Hobart behind. Hobart, of course, didn't even notice our flight. It remains almost where we left it, locked into a kind of dulled expectancy, waiting mutely for some mythic apocalypse that will open the gate to glory. The Japanese tourists may bring it, who knows? Or oil in the Antarctic, or amalgamation with New Zealand?

But then, who knows, perhaps Hobart's isolation may be its salvation? Abandoned by its poets, it may find poetry in its own slow veins. Because poetry is often a thing of place rather than motion. And Hobart belongs unequivocally in its setting. It is married to the south, to the sea, to the Victorian solidity of its beginnings, eroded though they may be.

It has, still, a robust and declarative sense of identity with its seashore plot. In few other Australian cities is there such a strong sense of footing welded immovably to the globe.

Hobart is above all a visual city, a place where sea and sky and stone fuse into something which transcends its banal parochiality. No painter has captured the essence of Hobart as did Edith Holmes; and her paintings are as much a product of the landscape as of the artist. Indeed, I find it impossible not to think of Hobart in a painter's terms. The clarity of the sub-antarctic sky transforms brick and stone and earth into rich impastos of Naples yellow and terracotta and flake white . . . stone becomes paint, and paint light . . .

Hobart, in the end, may be no more — and no less — than this special quality of light. And while the great cities that in our youth offered us improbable visions and delivered only small wounds are left behind, this small city may — if we approach it without too much fuss — reward us with space and brightness and a dreaming kind of presence. □



Is This an Executive at Work? Or a Challenge to your Business Attitudes?

Modern business is changing. Dramatically. Top executives may be young or old, male or female. And increasingly, the best ideas and decisions don't originate from behind the desk.

Accordingly, at Queensland's beautiful Coolum Beach, just south of Noosa, and an easy direct flight from Sydney and Melbourne, the Hyatt chain has created a world-first.

Hyatt Regency Coolum. A luxury hotel that's really a health resort where individuals and corporate groups can relax and enhance their health and fitness levels under professional guidance, but without boredom or self-denial.

Hyatt Regency Coolum has its own championship golf course; surf beachfront; sports, health and rejuvenation facilities; many superb restaurants; world-class convention facilities and comprehensive secretarial service.

Best of all, you can own your own piece of Hyatt Regency Coolum. Included in the resort concept are luxury villas available for private or corporate ownership – a potentially tax-effective opportunity that will obviously appeal to innovative management.

Hyatt Regency Coolum is an exciting, revolutionary concept that deserves detailed explanation and consideration. Phone or write for further information. And discover how to get the best out of life at the top.



loint Venture CDI 2338



Melbourne: trams are like stepping into a time capsule — the minute I step onto one I am instantly that ungainly student with his gladstone by

Essential aspects Melbourne

By MORRIS LURIE

ASPECTS of Melbourne are a grandfather taking his little boy to the zoo. An unholy marriage, these two, the one strict and stern to the point of pain, a three-piece suit on the hottest day, a walkingstick, a hat, when he gripped your hand to cross the street it was worse than iron, the other, the little boy, why, baffled, bamboozled, unsure in life's every regard, save one: escape. But when, but how? Well, never mind all that, that's later, if at all, if really at all, meanwhile here they are, the hard stern grandfather and pink innocent lovely me, and I guess by now we'd seen the various monkeys, the bears in their concrete grottos, the this bird and the that bird, the cages where you couldn't see anything because the thing was asleep, the assorted pungent odors, the

shameless pungent piles, lions, the camel — "No, you're not having a ride!", which I wouldn't have dared anyway — in short, life's usual pendulum of boredom and danger, until here we are, I see it as somewhere on the zoo's edge, the main things all done, and while the grandfather rests for a moment on his stick the little boy approaches some sort of beast obviously



tripping everyone up again

not dangerous because not even in a real cage, just behind a fence, a hairy sort of horse thing, yakkish, I see it in retrospect, and maybe in general frustration or emboldened by boredom or just plain smartypants he gives the thing a zazz, a yar, a practically almost a poke, and with not the least flicker of its dull eye, not even a hint, without in fact the slightest outward foreplay or preamble it suddenly shoots out from its mouth with uncanny accuracy straight at me this hot green stuff where if I'm alive to this day it's a miracle and what, I wonder, would a visiting Jap make of an aspect of Melbourne like that?

It used to be called the Queen City of the South.

My other joke was it was your top leaping-off spot for the South Pole. This was usually in America, when people sought to know the city's uniqueness or why the hell I continued to hang around. Later, I found out New Zealand was better.

But let's walk down Collins Street.

Up here, in a building which no longer exists, an old man in a dark office checked out my eyes. This was done with drops and my mum had to steer me carefully on and off the tram to get home. On the old wall of the old office of the old man who no longer exists hung in a black frame that Sistine Chapel detail of God's finger about to touch the about-to-be-enlightened figure of recumbent Man. I can still see it hanging there exactly, but I'm not sure if I remember if I needed glasses or not.

Around here too, somewhere around here, I either read somewhere or was shown or told, a Polish Russian woman concocted her various unguents and powders, and though the goods bearing her name may be found

up and down the street, the actual premises where Helena Rubinstein started out in business are neither honored nor remarked.

Nor, also around here, though I seem to recall a little lower down, behind a terrazzo-tiled golden door, a restaurant designed by Robin Boyd, a sweet architect I always thought, a lovely feeling to his work, but nope, this is not a city of reverence, we seem not to treasure stuff like that, gone, not here, long gone, search in vain.

History of another sort is across the road, that vacant about-to-be-demolished building there, the corner, on the lane, where a pal of mine lay for years on the couch of a woman trained by the great Freud himself, you'd see his green Porsche in the street and you'd know that's where he was, and I don't know how you honor such associations, how a city does, but anyhow we haven't, we

don't. I mean to say, you get my drift?

But the past is ineradicable, try as you might. Trams. I remember when we were promised that trams would be replaced. Buses made more sense. Quieter, nicer. Rissen, the fellow's name was, a beefy Melbourne face. No new trams would be built, he said, and when the old ones wore out that was it. I hear them rumble as I write. Trams. Like stepping into a time capsule. Because you can have them modern, you can make them in Sweden, you can get Leunig to draw on them from one end to the other, but the minute I step onto a tram all worldliness, all sophistication, all jetset aplomb drop from me like a towel in a Turkish bath and I am instantly that ungainly student with his gladstone bag tripping everyone up no matter where I put the damn thing. Remember how you used to ask people if you could shove it under their seat? How the conductor would shout at you for having your bag in the way? And don't stand in the door, people are trying to get off! (A kid I went to school with who became a conductor got manslaughter for chucking someone off blocking the doorway who landed on his head.) Trams. Nine-tenths of your life spent waiting for the bloody tram. Imagine trying to have a Pugh on a tram! Tram ticket bookmarks all these decimal years later turning up inside Penguins gone brown with age. Explain that to your touring Japanese.

Or do you think I'm talking ossification? That Henry Buck's should still be where now we have our City Square? And Tim the Toyman in the lane behind. Oh? But aren't they? And in that arcade behind Henry Buck's that snazzy place where I rushed in last thing on a Friday and who cares what it cost rushed out with this bright yellow dress to be sot the sensibilities of this amazingly ugly girl I was more than crazy about. Well, her breasts. That aspect of Melbourne I am able to revisit forever I call her breasts.

You get my drift?

No, I'm talking ossification.

Preservation.

Bombed-out opera houses painstakingly restored, à la Berlin, à la Vienna.

Naah, we don't do that kind of stuff

That's not an aspect of Melbourne.

And I don't mean because we haven't had the bombs, because there are all sorts of bombs.

I mean, it's not our penchant.

Turn it into a disco is more this city's style.

And should one have a moral stance on this?

You get my drift?

An aspect of Melbourne, another aspect of Melbourne, is how, a little while back, the populace as a man turned

against a commissioned work of sculpture we first nicknamed The Yellow Peril and then turfed it the hell out of our new City Square where it was harboring perverts and no, didn't destroy it, didn't melt it down, didn't sell it as scrap to the Japs, no, destroying expensively commissioned works of sculpture is not an aspect of Melbourne, no, what we did with it, and a good thing too, is stick it down on the river practically under an overpass where if any pervert wants to harbor there, that's his business, and every time I drive past I never fail but to give it a good searching appreciative look but I've never seen anyone I know, and you may think, How provincial! How parochial! Imagine doing that to a major work of art! and all I can say is, before

Morris Lurie's Melbourne is known to readers through his previous fiction. His autobiography, Whole Life, was published by McPhee Gribble last year.

you start throwing around words like provincial and parochial, have you been to New York?

Listen, this is the city of Moomba, not the Adelaide Arts Festival.

Which a place has to be pretty backwoodsy, pretty insecure, in my opinion, my Melbourne opinion, unsure of its own talent and drive, in a word, of its worth, to have to stoop to stuff like that.

We do the Herald Outdoor Art Show here.

That seems to suffice.

In the 60s, the mid-60s, the lushly named Swinging Sixties, when so many of us went to London, the obligatory overseas whiz, in my case I thought forever except I grew out of it, an essential aspect of Melbourne was revealed in how, once a week at least, depending on my need, I'd leap from my wretched Maida Vale slum-fringe bedsitter (with the hairball in the communal bathtub you could have used in the World Cup) down the tube to surface round the corner from my bank, the ANZ Bank, International Branch, the one near the Stock Exchange, Bank of England, men in top hats, all that, grab a walletful of money and the desultory aerogram or two from the stuck-at-home pal, and then, pausing only to check out every shop window on the way, I'd charge down to Fleet Street and possibly lunch, on to Trafalgar Square and a look-in at the Gallery (sometimes the Portrait Gallery too if I was feeling particularly nosey), then up Charing Cross Road for the bookshops, the record shops, a dive into the labyrinth of Soho for a quick coffee, a magazine, a peep at

a prostitute, a quick whiff of sin as I darted on to Liberty's, Jaegar's, Oxford Street, and only at Marble Arch would I finally call it quits and plunge back onto the tube, and it always came as some sort of a surprise to me when I got back to the wretched Maida Vale slumfringe bedsitter (with its waiting hairball) to discover smoke issuing from my socks, the smoke of city miles, those hard city miles, only it wasn't smoke, of course, it was aspects of Melbourne, because who would even think twice of leaping from one end of my town to the other, Flinders Street to Little Lons and back again, I do it to this day, and why we've built that underground loop I have no idea, I've never been on it, don't see the need, it has to be, knowing Melbourne, either some misguided civic work like a bomb shelter or else someone was on the take.

I mean, this is the city where we build bridges that fall down and no one even gets a serious smack.

Where there should be a statue of a Mercedes to commemorate the Lands Deals scandals where cars of that make, it was said, were discovered in driveways on Christmas morns, surprise gifts from grateful real estate men, only we don't, as I've said, honor our history, and anyhow how would you explain it to a visiting Jap?

I nominate the Japanese in these ruminations, by the way, only because they seem to be the most recent people unto whom the misfortune of tourism has befallen.

Except we are all tourists, of course, tourists of one sort or another, in one way or another, forever on the move in front of our television screens if not actually crammed into a sightseeing bus, look left, look right, here is the city of my people, my quiet suburban people, this is the Paris end of Collins Street (does anyone still call it that?) where the shimmering multi-storeyed Hyatt in best American Fall-of-the-Roman-Empire architectural style is our most recent obliteration.

Would my grandfather have taken me there, iron hand gripping, on the sumptuous marble steps?

Forbidden me a camel ride? The ice-cream I really wanted?

You get my drift?

Because there is a road where every time I drive down and just as my hard stern grandfather washed with his handkerchief and his own spit from my innocent surface that insult of spitting yak, forever, forever, lovingly forever, so do my eyes invariably turn and take in, aspects of Melbourne, the upstairs window in that block of flats, there, there, where I watched, heart thumping, spellbound, my gift of yellow dress being donned.

And taken off. □

Our key to the future at Expo'88.



The Ford Motor Company of Australia is proud to be the only vehicle manufacturer participating in Expo '88. Our involvement demonstrates our eagerness to compete in the International marketplace.

Meeting new challenges and embracing new technologies enables us to continue to raise the standard of quality in everything we do.

QUALITY MATTERS TO US BECAUSE QUALITY MATTERS TO YOU.

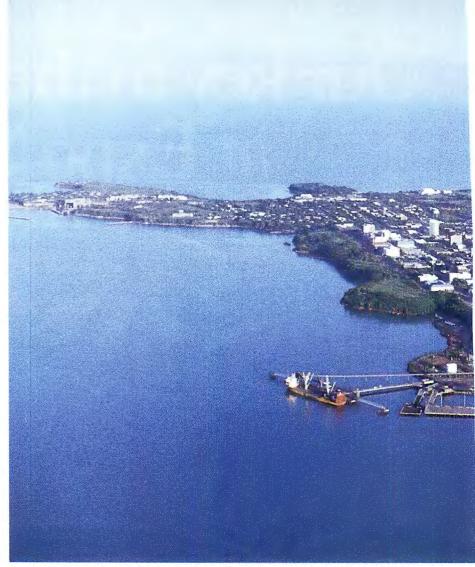


SINCE the first European settlement in Australia's north in 1824, white inhabitants and visitors have felt strangely compelled to pass judgment on the place. This writer is no exception. I lived in Darwin for three years, 1982-5, a period that might be considered just long enough to lend some validity to my opinions, and just short enough to avoid irrational local bias. Research for an anthology of Territory literature and themes (past and present) that I'm putting together for the Bicentenary has only served to confirm my own impression of Darwin and the wider Territory. It is this country's last, tottering frontier; it's beautiful, bad, brash, bewitching, and often brutally hot and humid.

For our white population, it has always been so. One man's hypnotic, tropic Top End, it seems, is the next man's nightmare. "Land of perpetual summers," "land of smiles and wealth," "land of opportunity," "land poets sing about," "Australia's wonderland," "Australia's front door," "the hopeless, nwanted door," "the land of heat, rain, mosquitoes and sandflies," "a place fit for aliens and savages," "the color-mad hole," "a land of ratbags" these are only a small cross-section of the multitude of epithets coined by writers searching for the definitive description of that area of Australia which has the city of Darwin as its focus. The jewel in the crown? The sewer of the continent? The southern taxpayer's lament? Gateway to Wordsworth's gorgeous East? Aussie's outhouse? You see, I'm no different.

The place simply demands that you declare your allegiance. So, true to the venerable century-and-a-half old tradition in which I'm writing, I fully intend to do just that - but not before carefully reviewing for readers a few of the Northern curiosities of climate and character which down the years have regularly sparked the most bitter controversy.

When writing a tourist blurb on Darwin for the Eastern and Australian Shipping Line, some 90-odd years ago, A. B. Paterson approached his subject with typical candor and not a little prophetic insight. "Palmerston" (it would officially be renamed Darwin in 1911), he said, "is the city of booze, blow and blasphemy." The three Bs still have a conspicuous relevance, as I'll show later, but for the moment I'm concerned with the Banjo's broad argument. In the article from which his three-Bs come, published in The Bulletin in 1898 as "The Cyclone, Paddy Cahill, and the G.R.", Banjo spends most of his time depicting a Darwin lifestyle. It was then, it is now, totally distinctive. Indeed all my creative predecessors, when challenged by a region



Darwin - you luxuriate in its Dry, you don't live

s and By DAVID HEADON

so different from the rest of Australia, have like the Banjo endeavored to capture that very special style of living. It is still with us. So let me bring it up to

Some aspects are perennial, like the climate. Southerners in the know (for Darwinians every non-Territorian Australian is a "Southerner") will tell you that Darwin has two seasons: the Dry and the Wet. They'd be wrong. Locals will tell you that, like most of the rest of the world, they have four. It's only that up north they're a little different, that's all: the Dry, the Build-up, the Wet and

the Build-down.

Darwin's Dry - what Australian poet Les Murray has accurately called "the crystalline dry" - thankfully continues to be one of Australia's best-kept secrets. It is superb. Magical. Sipping a gin and tonic, downing a beer - the beverage is irrelevant — at the Darwin Sailing Club in June or July, as the sun slowly, then, at the last, races to set, giving way to the most sensuous of twilights, simply has to be experienced to be believed. That fierce passionate sun. Every day, every day of the Australian winter months, Darwin's Dry comes



high life

through at 70-80 degrees, accompanied by the odd zephyr; no rain, no humidity, and the most radiant yet brittle blue skies. You luxuriate at that time of year, you don't live.

And if you happen to be a relatively new arrival from down south, it's even better. Because you're not acclimatised, the water temperature is perfect; for the locals, it's cold. They don't go to the beaches, they won't swim in their pools. So you just happen to have a beach like Casuarina all to yourself, miles of white, sandy beach merging with an azure that appears to go on forever. You,

amid this virgin, golden acreage. If you ever saw Donald Sutherland in one of the sleeper films of the late 1960s, Joanna, then you'll know what I'm talking about: the scene where Sutherland looks out from a delicious Moroccan beach, on a balmy day, dressed all in white complete with matching panama, philosophising about his place in the scheme of things. That, too, can be you at Fanny Bay or Brinkin, or Casuarina — in the Dry.

Just about everyone wears shoes or less in the Top End, whether shorts and long socks to parties (the much-maligned, yet socially approved "Darwin rig"), shorts and long socks to the Public Service air-conditioned offices of the workplace, or a tacky pair of stubbies partially obscuring a copious Fostered beer gut to any shopping centre in town.

Fay Zwicky visited Darwin recently, marvelling at the natural wonders (the "milky opal-blue sea") and sneering at the human wonders: "Oh, the people ... Sides of beef supported by long white socks — I mean, how do you talk to a side of beef?"

I suspect if you spend too long whingeing in the air-conditioning, the local human sides of beef are about all you'll get to talk to. The real Darwin, of course, happens outside. Banjo said that in his day the town was "unique... inasmuch as it is filled with the boilingsover of the great cauldron of Oriental humanity. Here comes the vagrant and shifting population of all the Eastern races. Here are gathered together Canton coolies, Japanese pearl-divers, Malays, Manilamen, Portuguese from adjacent Timor, Cingalese, Zanzibar niggers looking for billets as stokers, frail (but not fair) damsels from Kobe; all sorts and conditions of men. Kipling tells what befell the man who 'tried to hustle the East', but the man who tried to hustle Palmerston would get a knife in him quick and lively". If one can look beyond the standard chronic 90s racism pervading the piece, the point still holds today. Darwin is truly cosmopolitan; it continues to be something of a melting-pot of Asian nations, among others (like the Greeks, especially the Kalymnians), and it is much more lively and colorful for being so. When next up north, try visiting the "cauldron" known as Sunset Markets, at the Mindil Beach Asian food fair, held every Thursday night in the Dry, and see if you agree with me.

The Wet and its onset have their own attraction. First the constant, bulging mushroom clouds coming from the south in the Build-up, when a visit to the bog results in the loss of, amongst other things, two pounds of sweat. Every one swelters in nature's sauna, August to November. Then, if you're lucky, the monsoon comes early - say, December/January - and what relief it is when the cloud masses swing around and start bearing from the sea. You live again, having survived another "suicide season" without going troppo (the latest statistics, for the record, do not substantiate the claim that the Build-Up causes an increase in the local suicide rate).

One of the delights of Build-Up and Wet alike is that period of 10 minutes or so as the storm approaches. The temperature drops dramatically; breaths of wind start moving the chimes, creaking the shutters, blowing your notes around, cooling the sweat. Then the deluge begins. Nothing matches a tropical storm, especially if (as regularly happens) the storm centre sits above your suburb, teasing and terrifying. On one occasion I'm sure it was directly above our house, and when one clap of thunder boomed - no, exploded - as we watched Part 2 of Bodyline through several blackouts (how good was the presentation of Stan McCabe's epic 186, on the box, anyway?), the dog shrieked, the bird squawked, and my wife, me and the kids lifted, as one, some two feet off the couch. Ah, what pandemonium and excitement was had that night.

The Wet, for the myriad of gardeners in Darwin, is a revelation. Green to everyone's doors, and windows, and roofs. An egalitarian season. Everything drips, sodden and surging with growth. Palms put out three or four branches in a season; fronds multiply, grow big and statuesque; newly planted display gardens burgeon in a single season. There is no such thing as an unsuccessful Darwin gardener. The elements give you their all; and working among it is one of the most gratifying of life's pleasures.

Roland Robinson captured the essence of the Wet in a beautiful poem called *Aborigines Passing*. It begins:

I hear laughter coming from frangipani darkness across the road, rapid, rippling laughter answered by deeper throated, still liquid laughter from under bauhinia boughs. It's the Aborigines

going past, carrying bundles of pandanus palm

fronds, talking, calling in laughter-calling voices.

The Wet is infectious. Palpable to the senses and the soul.

Cyclones of course do have a habit of hanging about, just off the coast, sucking up energy and moisture, taunting mainland towns. I went through one, a relatively small one, in 1985; even so I moved the family to a mate's house, a brick fortress of the kind built shortly after Tracey, to a code curiously no longer followed. We all slept peacefully through a pretty good blow (winds about 160km/h), which was enough to knock over the acacias and those massive-trunked, shallow-rooted giants in Darwin, the African mahoganies. So my vivid recollection is of cleaning up, chopping the trees to manageable proportions - which, as any local knows, means crossing swords with the greenant armies.

Post-cyclone, the trees, the road, everywhere, seethes with outraged

210

green ants looking for a scapegoat. Enter the lonely axeman. Chop, chop, chop, until the lime and brown hordes get to about your lower thigh, then the crazed dash to safety, whack 'em off, start all over again. I did that from 8am to well into the afternoon to move a black wattle. Routine procedure in what Les Murray has termed, "the banana zone, in the poinciana tropics". The green-ant belt, too.

The Top End climate inevitably determines the nature and extent of social life in the place. For example, during the Build-Up, wherever you go, verandah party, house barbie, Mindil Beach, wherever, it is impossible to continue to look smooth, no matter what you're dressed in. Sauvity disintegrates. The sweat runs in rivers, trickles from the

David Headon is a lecturer at University College, University of NSW. He taught Australian literature in Darwin from 1982 to 1985. He is compiling a comprehensive anthology of Northern Territory literature.

brow building to torrents at about ankle level.

Fortunately this is all the excuse you need to concentrate on your food and drink. My favorite occasion, indeed the archetypal Darwin mega-feed, is the buff (buffalo) and barra (barramundi) barbie, washed down with a steady supply of blue heelers (Fosters in the traditional can) at my mate Jim's. Coming in close second is Aboriginal bush tucker, in any combination: dumudgarra (long bums), wild geese, crabs, duck, fish of the day. Next: any Asian assortment, particularly spicier Indonesian fare.

The secret to successful Top-End socialising is to maintain a healthy working relationship between your tucker and liquid refreshment. Not everyone in the Northern population, present or past, has made a habit of adhering to this useful principle.

While the luckier ones loaf and invite their souls over barra and beer at the Hotel Darwin, replete with decor straight from a Somerset Maugham novel, far more of the North's milling masses determinedly get pissed and lose their money within the walls of that most grotesque of architectural monstrosities, the Mindil Beach Casino. In an intensely competitive field, the Casino emerges triumphant as the ugliest building in Darwin. I still haven't made up my mind which is in the worse taste: the interior or exterior. The architect, I understand, was later promoted to flag poles at Parliament House.

Like-minded members of the mob frequent the so-called "Cage" at Lim's Hotel, Nightcliff. Lim's "zoo" of a Saturday night amply demonstrates Darwin's less attractive visage, as riotous behavior often turns nasty.

Hoon element apart, there is no denying the contribution that the shifting human population makes to the distinctive Top-End style. In Clare Martin and Claire Colyer, ABC TV/radio has two of the most intelligent, professional people in the business; Dave James has given 8Top FM radio a sound of quality; Dave Carment and the people from the National Trust have helped to shape the community's keen awareness of its history (per capita, Territorians are the biggest book-buyers in Australia, and they devour local material); and the efforts of Phil Harris and Adrian Welke, of Troppo Architects, have given locals a clearer sense of the importance of the visual and imaginative landscape.

Of all the contributions to a unique Territory style, perhaps the local Aboriginal population makes the most important. While the Casino and all those recent cement-fortress, conditioned buildings present a model of vulgarity and southern money, the Aborigines, by their very presence, tend to counsel on matters of greater significance. Matters of the spirit.

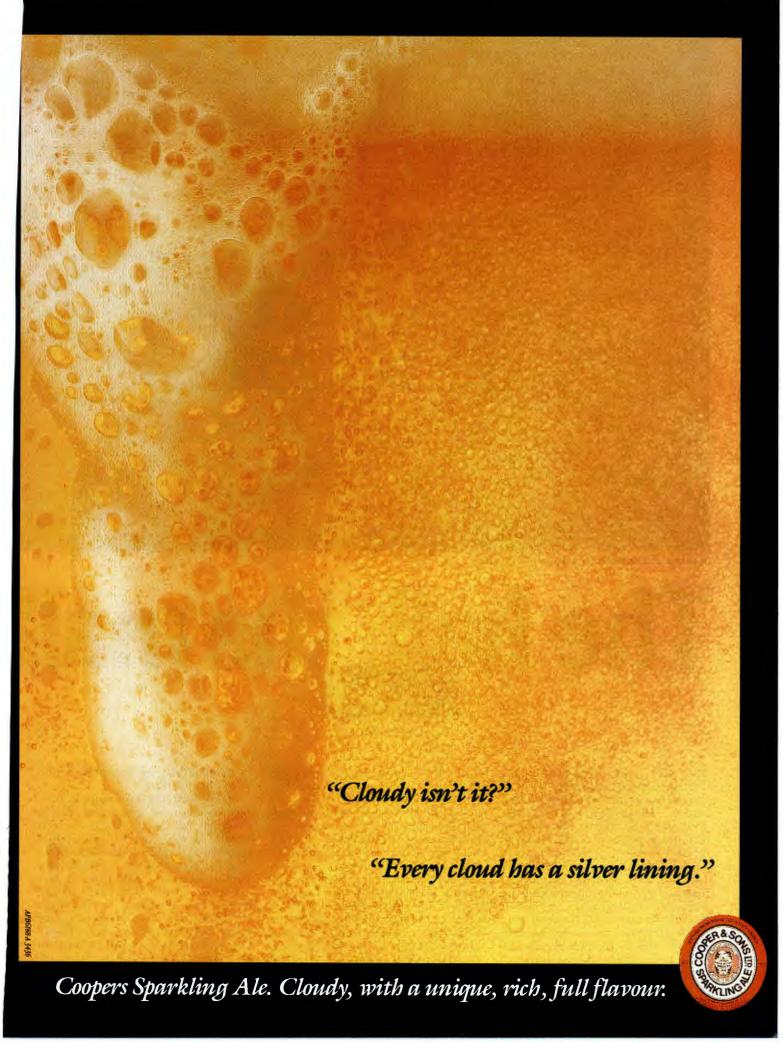
One image will have to suffice: visit Darwin Hospital (built to a similar design, I understand, to a Canberra hospital, all shut in and air-conditioned) any day of the week and you will be confronted, outside, by a host of Aborigines in various states of repair. Sometimes there are beds on the footpath, occupied by people at home in the open air. The same ease with the world typifies the Aborigines sitting at the entrance to the Mall, or those under the trees anywhere in town. Western capitalist values, the excesses of the technological society, are not relevant here. White commercial behaviour is passively resisted. The push won't work.

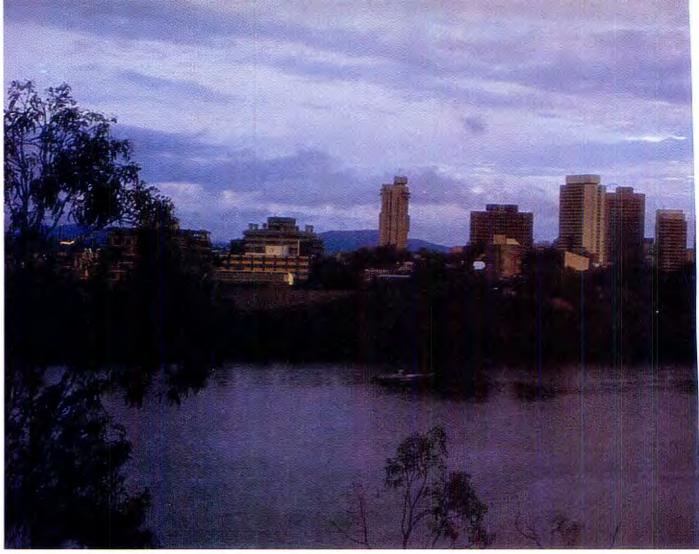
Nor does it work for Aussie Rules teams in the Darwin competition when they attempt to put on the biff. For whatever reason the "wisdom" continues to prevail that you can overcome the wizardry of St Mary's, the much vaunted, mostly Aboriginal team, by playing physically.

St Mary's wins just about every year, sometimes by cricket scores, playing a breathtaking brand of fast, open football.

Finally no valid discussion of Darwin distinctiveness would be complete with out some mention of that most prominent of local creatures: the common cockroach. He is everywhere, infesting, shitting, pervading all with his distinctive fragrance.

Once familiar with cocky aroma you can never forget it. □





Brisbane: one senses that a new city is forming

The hall the mall

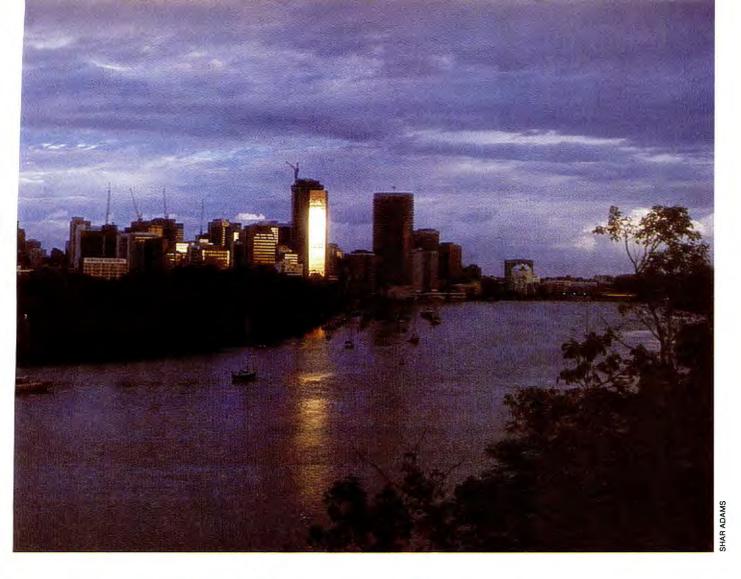
By TOM SHAPCOTT

AS A BOY, in the 1940s, I came down to Brisbane from the country whenever I could. Our grandmother lived in Brisbane - Taringa, one of the hilly suburbs with big, old, wooden houses, palm trees, groves of ironbarks up by the back fenceline, chooks, chokos and a bus that took you right into the city. The place was drenched in magic from possums on the roof at night to the Buck-Rogers-silver trams. I used to pester for a tram ride; the conductors had képi style hats that made them seem as glamorous as a French Foreign Legion movie. Trams, buses, trains: in Brisbane there were always different

forms of transport. Top favourite was the Mirimar, the little boat that took us upriver to Lone Pine fauna sanctuary or downriver to the big water of Moreton Bay. Our priority tram ride was down through the Valley to the Museum and Art Gallery near the Exhibition Grounds. We always went there, and spent hours, days poking around among glass cases. We were encouraged to be curious about everything, even the Aboriginal and Islander artefacts (snigger, snigger) or the Norman Lindsay etchings (are people allowed to show all that?). In those crowded old buildings we learned about history and

geography, facts, figures and the fiction of recent settlement.

Then there was the city itself. Brisbane had the most beautiful city hall in Australia, we were told. The streets were, it seemed, jammed with picture theatres. We could just remember being driven down in dad's car (with the gasburner) to see the Yanks come in; that was 1942. Brisbane had tall buildings, some of them at least seven storeys high; and it could be seen stretching for miles in all directions if you went up to the Mt Coot-tha lookout. We used to look down from the lookout and pick out grandma's house, nestled in one of



and the river

the folds of hillocks, all tree-studded, that spread out below us. Until the 1950s none of us had been in an aeroplane.

As I grew older, and then lived in Brisbane for extended years of my life, and got to know others cities as well, the glories faded. The wide city streets became truly what Governor Gipps had notoriously ordered: narrow thoroughfares fit only for his stubborn 19th century village ambition. It's an overgrown country town, we agreed, and let them put up the Branch Office glass towers with nearly as many mirror walls as Calgary or Edmonton on the Canadian prairies. The main cityside river bank proved a wonderful site for a series of freeways; it also reduced a whole strip of riverfront land to concrete. Commuter traffic now stops and

starts right above where McDonnell's Boatshed used to be under the huge weeping figs; many an adolescent learned the facts of life and dance in the sweaty environs of the old boatshed as the Pride of Erin was succeeded by the jitterbug and revival Charleston and the rigors of rock.

I began to look at Brisbane as a city of compromise. Visits to other cities, here and abroad, confirmed in my mind the Venetian-revival splendor of the City Hall — but the new plaza, or City Square as we properly called it 20 years back, has never become much more than the fancified roof of the underground carpark dug out to make use of the space. The 1970s international passion for malls was realised here in the late 80s with the Queen Street Mall a shonky mess only surpassed by the

Pitt Street Parody a year or so later — proving that Sydney can be as blinkered as anywhere and add in a monorail to boot.

But the magic cannot be rubbed out like chalk on a blackboard. Last September, after a few years away, I returned to Brisbane for the Warana Festival. The bauhinias were in flower, trees like great crammed bunches of bloom. The clear September air (no bushfires this year) was utterly different from Sydney. It is no wonder that so many of our artists have spent long periods at the easel in southern Queensland: Sidney Nolan, Charles Blackman, John Perceval, Lawrence Daws, the list lengthens. This quality of light makes you look, then look again. And even the funny old City Hall, with its sandstone Daphne Mayo pediment

where pigeons plaster the bare buttocks of symbolic Pioneers of a sort you would never see in the Queensland Club - even its pastiche charm is actually enhanced by the Monstera Deliciosa elbowing up the sides of the building. It is settling in to its own environment. They have even planted a few street trees in the inner city. African Leopard Trees, admittedly, nothing local. Still, I did find myself looking around again, with something of the old childlike curiosity. Who would have believed the Anne Street Presbyterian Church would shake off its fussy Victorian revivalism and look, well, pretty? Then I realised: it is the glassy SGIO building behind it that does it. The church is now mounted, framed and mirrored. And further up Anne Street they have scraped back and restored a fine sandstone Colonial, complete with lacy verandahs.

Can this be the city notorious for midnight demolitions? Remember the Bellevue, the wondrous deco dome of Cloudland? Brisbane will not easily lose its reputation as the bullocknecked watering-hole, the quick quid quagmire.

It didn't take long to confirm all that. Even as you glance with respect at the new South Bank Cultural Centre, your eye takes in the banner-and-sunstruck wastes of the Expo site, or you detour into the gulches of Queen Street where the wind-tunnelled grit sandpapers your eyes almost before you can survey the enormous ash-brick waste of some forthcoming shopping cavern (with the teetering facade of the Carlton Hotel, last of the inner city charmers, being stuck on to the new emporium like a vintage advertising poster or one of the pagan corners of a Gothic cathedral). Queen Street itself seems in a stage of seige, torn up to create a new bus tunnel so that the centre of the town looks like Beirut after the latest bombing. Two other inner-city monuments were razed in the week I was there. Jack-hammers cry out in the early morning air like crows in the suburbs. Police stroll in pairs in a way that makes even shop assistants look furtive. At Gambaro's seafood restaurant enough mudcrabs are eaten each night to deplete all the mangrove beds still remaining in dredged Moreton Bay. The antique shops do a roaring trade. I am told Alan Edwards, for 18 years the director of the Queensland Theatre Company, now retired, was never once invited into the homes of any of his board members. The QTC had a characteristically local namechange a couple of years back. What is it called now? I remember: something like Royal Queensland Royal Theatre Royal Company. Second looks always bring Brisbane back to size.

Third looks: let me hasten on to them. Third looks are probably more accurate. I drive round the hilly old suburbs - St Lucia, Taringa, Toowong, Auchenflower (the name doesn't exist officially any more but the crusty locals refuse to believe that), Bardon, up and along round the foothills of Mt Coottha, surely one of the great bits of bushland and still only a hop and jump from the city. It was up at Mt Coot-tha, under a gumtree, that the mysterious vandals (or art lovers) who stole the Picasso masterpiece La belle Hollandaise led the cops and the trustees a paperchase, back in the 60s. It was surely that exploit which became a role model for the Victorian game with Weeping Woman. The great Picasso, undoubtedly the most important single work in the

Tom Shapcott is a poet, novelist, librettist and short story writer as well as Director of the Literary Arts Board. His collection of stories, Limestone and Lemon Wine, will be published by Chatto and Windus next month.

Queensland Art Gallery, had been the gift of the late Major de vahl Rubin and he had let it be known that he was considering bequeathing to them his entire art collection, one of the most important private treasures in the country. Shortly after his initial gift rumors flew that the gallery trustees wanted to sell the Picasso. Reason: with the funds from the sale of that one work they would have enough cash to build a whole new gallery. Enough, presumably, to house the anticipated Rubin windfall. The Picasso mysteriously disappeared. A note was then found: it will not be returned until the trustees promise in writing and in public never to hock it for bricks and mortar. It must be retained for the people of Queensland. Flustered protests, near denials. But indeed it was not until there was a formal assurance undertaken that the "thieves" relented and the paper chase led them back to their treasure, wrapped in brown paper and sitting under a gumtree up on Mt Coottha. Major Rubin, understandably, gave no more art works to that gallery. I believe his estate made a fortune at Sotheby's.

At the foot of Mt Coot-tha are the new Brisbane Botanic Gardens and the Planetarium. They are one of the top destinations for international visitors. The new Brisbane is being nurtured in places, it has its delights. There is a paddleboat, the Kookaburra Queen, which took a double storey boatload of writers and drinkers up and down the river for a Tirra Lirra cruise. We stared out into the darkness and amazed interstate and overseas visitors with tales of the great floods: 1893, 1933, 1974. The water looked calm as a millpond.

All round, old houses on stilts have been spruced up, restored, and they're crowded not only with yuppies but with kids, bikes, readymade veggie patches, blotched puppies and casual chatter. Underneath the house the young mums still hang their washing on thunderstorm days and the harmless big spiders snooze. Hibiscus, oleander, papaws and the ubiquitous mango fill out the backyards that are big enough for dads to sweat off all the liquid lunches each Saturday as they mow: even the Victa has a strenuous time of it going up and down hillsides once the summer growth takes over. I am a refugee from the day of manual mowers and the guerilla warfare of paspalum, the quickness of crowsfoot and the blatant campaigns of bindi-eye. If the casualties section of the general hospital is called the Victa Ward, the motor mower still calls forth my homage; it is a homage that is echoed up and down hills in every suburb of the city. The Saturday or Sunday murmur of motors is its cantus firmus and kids rolling and tumbling across lawns are its justification. As my parents and grandparents said over and over: a great place to bring up kids.

So I go back to the centre. There's the river, always the river. When I was at Warana one of the overseas visitors remarked to me: "Brisbane is amazing; there are so many different rivers, each of them broad as the Thames!" I had to point out (this was before we made Tirra Lirra on the river) no, it was just the one river but it loops and snakes round so that it seems to be everywhere. In any other city, I thought then, the whole life of the place would centre on that. We looked across from the Cultural Centre to the main city. The networks of freeways are more elegant than Toronto's are. But then, the Toronto downtown freeway system had nothing to hide, it was built on the flat lake edges, marshland originally. In Brisbane there was a high riverbank that could have made the whole town look outwards, into the breeze. Well, at least the new arts complex is demonstrating just that, taking a lead, and the whole city is in love with it.

In Sydney the Opera House transformed the perspectives of living, it opened the way to new priorities, new confidence. Brisbane's cultural centre, less spectacular and debonair, is making its own transformations: in 20 more years it will be interesting to see how the city shapes round its river. There have been some nice restorations in George Street. One senses a new Brisbane forming. And anticipation is as pleasant a stimulus as remembering.

TWO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

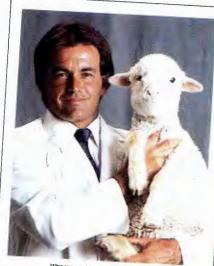


Mirage Resorts are Australia's first 5-star international resorts right on the beach. Mirage Gold Coast Resort, embracing both the Pacific Ocean and the Southport Broadwater. Mirage Port Douglas Resort, the closest point to the wonders of the Great Barrier Reef and the Daintree Rainforest. The complete ensemble that will make Mirage Resorts unique on Australian shores presents...magnificent is Sheraton 5-star hotels. Complete sport and health clubs. 18 hole

world championship golf course at Port Douglas overlooking the Coral Sea. Vast lagoons. Elegant shopping. Marina Mirage. Marina berths and condominiums for private ownership. Hover Mirage. Exhilarating transport and tours. You'll be pinching yourself to be sure it's true. Book from anywhere in Australia through Sheraton 008 222 229 toll free or your travel agent. For full details on Mirage Resorts' facilities or brochure, phone 008 074 443 toll free.







WEBSTER'S VETERINARY VACCINES.
THEIR EXTENSIVE RANGE OF ANIMAL VACCINES HAS IMPROVED PRODUCTIVITY AND HEALTH WORLDWIDE.

Fortunately Australians aren't the only ones who recognise quality when they see it.



AKUBRA HATS.

FROM MODEST BEGINNINGS AKUBRA HATS IS NOW CREATING
A SUCCESS STORY IN THE LUCRATIVE, HUGE AND HIGHLY
COMPETITIVE MARKETS OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

HISTORY HAS SHOWN THAT AUSTRALIAN COMPANIES CAN TAKE ON THE WORLD. AND WIN. FOR EACH

COMPANY WE'VE MENTIONED OPPOSITE THERE ARE DOZENS MORE SUCCESS STORIES.

STORIES OF INITIATIVE, QUALITY AND PERFORMANCE. IN THE MANUFACTURING AND MARKETING OF PRODUCTS

AND SERVICES THAT HAVE MATCHED AND RETTERED

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. BUT THE THING IS, AUSTRALIA

NEEDS EVEN MORE SUCCESS STORIES. FOR US TO 3

COMPETE INTERNATIONALLY WE MUST TAKE THE

TO THINK GLOBALLY. WITH THIS IN MIND THE STATE AND FEDERAL GOVERNMENTS IN A JOINT ATTITUDE TO DO BETTER.

EFFORT, HAVE SET UP NIES. DELIVERED IN NEW SOUTH WALES BY THE DEPARTMENT & OF INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

TO ASSIST COMPANIES IN BECOMING INTERNATIONALLY 🌋 MORE COMPETITIVE. ONE OF OUR AND DECENTRALISATION,

HIGHLY EXPERIENCED NIES INDUSTRY ADVISERS CAN VISIT, HEAR, AND IDENTIFY YOUR

COMPANY'S BUSINESS PROBLEMS

AND/OR OPPORTUNITIES. ALL AS A FREE SERVICE. WE CAN THEN RECOMMEND APPROVED NIES PROFESSIONAL

CONSULTANTS TO ASSIST YOU WITH TASKS LIKE STRATEGIC PLANNING, INVENTORY CONTROL,

STAFF TRAINING, QUALITY CONTROL AND PRODUCTION. EACH CONSULTANT'S COST MAY BE SUBSIDISED ON

A 50:50 BASIS, UP TO \$50,000. IT IS IN THIS WAY THAT AUSTRALIAN COMPANIES CONSTANTLY ON THE LOOKOUT FOR NEW

MARKETS AND OPPORTUNITIES CAN BE

HELPED TO PRODUCE, LIKE ROSEMOUNT, WEBSTER'S AND AKUBRA,

world class goods and services. So please contact NIES at the N.S.W. Department of Industrial

DEVELOPMENT AND DECENTRALISATION RIGHT NOW ON THESE NUMBERS:

SYDNEY CALLERS PHONE (02) 2506710. OUTSIDE SYDNEY PHONE TOLL FREE (008) 451147.





The bush, the

By FRANK MOORHOUSE

The Bushman is alive (and well?) — in an emblematic sort of way.

Recently I tried to convince the Immigration Review Committee that despite our apparent wide differences in ways of living, our urbanisation, our sophistication and the ethnic diversity of Australia, the Bushman or a variant of the Bushman was still the emblematic "Australian" or the personification of Australia.

I said that at first I'd found this rather an amazing paradox.

I pointed to *Crocodile Dundee*, a film which about eight million Australians have seen. It is still showing and the video has been released for rental — it is likely that it will be the only single entertainment experience we all share.

It seemed to me that this and other evidence showed that Paul Hogan/the larrikin/the Bushman/the Anzac/the Digger was still perceived by Australians and maybe by the rest of the world as *The Australian*.

Professor Helen Hughes on the committee, in particular, found this both unpalatable and disputable.

In some ways, I don't like it myself. But I said that I wasn't advocating that the Bushman be seen as the personification of Australia, only that it did seem to be, and I hazarded a guess that it might well be in the year 2001.

I even admitted that I had resisted taking the film seriously for a time and didn't particularly like it. But it does mean *something* (but I don't want it to mean too much).

The Bushman was perhaps inescapable because of the legendary pioneer experience and the inescapable Bloody Bush (I include the desert in this) ... "the rotten landscape that dominates everything", as Murray Bail says.

These would mould our emblematic perception of ourselves for a long time because our culture would return and be returned to it for the foreseeable future. There seems to be a continuous transfer of this legendary experience both to later generations and to new arrivals, by humor, use of language, customs, playground lore and so on.

I am aware that the Bushman, superficially, is white, Anglo-Celtic, male, vulgar, anti-intellectual and pretty limited. But emblems, as far as I understand them, are somehow "enfolding"—they are a distillation of essences, all of which are not represented by the literal nature of the emblem. And all these essences are not in play at the same time. Maybe emblems lose gender significance as in, say, Joan of Arc. Consequently, I don't feel that it is appropriate to bring the full force of feminist patriarchal theory against this emblem.

As with dreams and totems, emblems are probably either surreally inclusive or they somehow reconcile the ambivalences and categories of the culture so that the Bushman comes to "stand for" the Bush People of those early days or maybe the Spirit of the Bush.

And we have sub-emblems — the Station Owner's Daughter on Horse-back comes to mind or is this just a personal fantasy? And we will certainly create other sub-emblems. But it does seem that the Bushman is still the dominant emblem.

I don't think that emblems should worry us too much — emblems are not role models, nor do they affect how we ultimately arrange ourselves socially and politically. The way we are politically will determine the innocence or not of the emblem. I don't think they can deform us.

Maybe they are really more like mascots — if we have the kangaroos as our mascot or totem, it doesn't mean we behave like kangaroos.

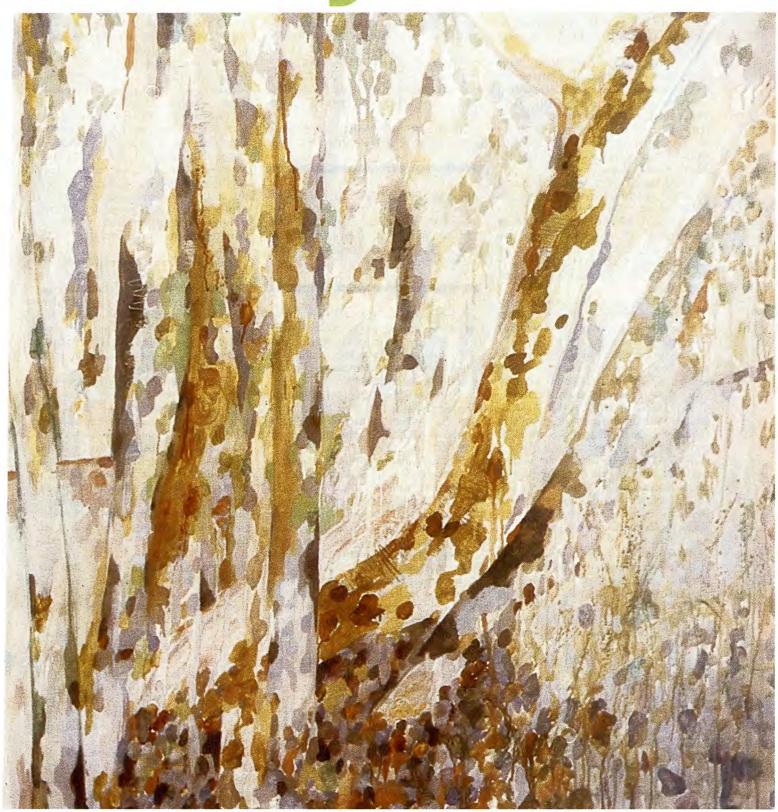
The emblem must represent something about our past and maybe something about the "national character" but I suspect we selectively use whatever characteristics reside in the emblem and have been modifying them as we go.

So some of us might like to take from the Bushman some idea of self-reliance, mutual aid or scepticism about the role of authority or whatever. And we wouldn't all give a welcoming reading to the same essences at any given time — the macho deadshit is less culturally



"Part of the terror of The Bush is that it is so

bloody bush



empty of verbal coherence"

welcome now. But I suspect we are all taking some of the same things and this makes it dominant. Crocodile Dundee is gingerly aware of what has been erased from the image of the Bushman and what has been newly drawn in — the new constraints. Maybe the emblem is an essence of the way we were once (or how we like to imagine we were) or an essence of how we like to imagine ourselves sometimes or a joking presentation of how we pretend to be to others sometimes.

I think many Australians have sometimes experienced the emergence of the Bushman's ghost when travelling overseas, especially when aggressively challenged or threatened by a dominant culture — it is embarrassingly easy to become the Drunken Shearer, maybe only by a broadening of accent or the use of a rough Australian phrase.

On the persistence of the Bushman I gave the commission some other impressionistic evidence — the transformation of R. M. Williams from "bush outfitter" for the rural workforce into an inner-city fashion boutique, the use of Slim Dusty singing *The Overlanders* on SBS TV as a promotion for multiculturalism.

Advertising also shows the persistence of the emblem — "a legend that became a beer — once you get a taste for the country — nothing else will do".

Maybe the more pluralistic the society the more it needs a strong emblem as one source of communal security and cohesion, as relief from difference.

It is statistical wisdom that Australians are the most urbanised people in the world. But living in the cities, as nearly all of us do, in a country the size of Australia with its weird inner wilderness, is a relationship with The Bush. I think The Bush is an excluded presence.

That most of us no longer work or live in the bush means that our relationship to it has become both recreational and ritualised.

Four million people go into the national parks each year. The Bush has become a national park (our national parks now cover as much land as the whole of New Zealand). The rituals are performed not only by backpackers but also by the off-the-road four-wheel drivers, by the pilgrims who do the Around Australia ritual drive and at the barbecue and bush picnic.

This re-entry to The Bush is also accomplished by the use of narratives about Nature or The Bush.

We attempt to become players in contemporary narratives which sometimes sing undetected in our heads—the historical Bushman is only one of the active characters (with many narratives dragged behind it) which we play out.

There are others.

The Bush as national theology

But more curious than the persistence of the Bushman as national emblem (and at variance with it) is the emergence of The Bush as the source of what I see as an attempt at national religion — as a new spiritualism with the national park as its cathedral.

The impulse comes from part of the conservation movement. The movement is more than a political lobby "to make the world safe for bushwalkers".

Those who speak for "nature", in particular the Deep Conservationists — their term — those who feel that they not only speak for nature but also to nature, are a zealous, mystical movement.

Deep Conservationists are not only about preserving the wilderness; they

Frank Moorhouse lists his hobbies as nightclubbing and bushwalking. His new work of fiction, Forty-Seventeen will be published internationally in 1988 and launched at the Sydney Festival in February.

are arguing for a new relationship between the human species and "nature", a blending of these, and the fashioning of a new ethic and a new consciousness which in turn would change our politics and living arrangements.

They draw on a spiritual authorisation by claiming the sole right to interpret the meaning of nature. This authorisation, they feel, puts them above constitutional politics.

It is apocalyptic. In its presentation in some school courses it teaches that, if we do not radically change our relationship to nature, the world will come to a nasty end. They present pictures of a planet devastated by pollution, acid rain, poisoning of the food chain, disturbance of the "balance of nature" and destruction of the ozone layer.

I am not opposing the general argument of the conservationists — at least the Shallow Conservationists (or pragmatic conservationists) — that we need to keep wilderness and go carefully with the planet.

We do make mistakes but we have, I hope, a correcting capacity as a species and the conservation movement is part of the correcting process. But the Deep Conservationists worry me and they seem to have an uncritically sympathetic reception in the educational systems, the arts and the media.

Part of this new nature mysticism is borrowed from Aboriginal culture. While I think we all should know Aboriginal mythology, I do not think that it will be sufficient a guide to relating to the continent or to each other for those of us who arrived post-1788. I think we have to go on with the making of our own narratives.

It draws also on European and American philosophies of nature, on antitechnological and anti-Western sentiments generated by other movements, the return-to-nature movements, and in part from new knowledge we have about how the planet works. In its extreme expressions it is a cult of the natural, seeking changes in eating practices, abandonment of the cities for a more simplified rural and communal arrangement, a hands-off attitude to animals, vegetarianism, and a minimalist approach to standards of living.

It has a literary strand illustrated by Veronica Brady in a recent issue of *Island* magazine, "... it becomes clear who and where we are, a people a long way from home. The spaces open out, our sense of isolation and vulnerability expands. Space, like peace, Les Murray has said, is one of the great, poorly explored spiritual resources of Australia."

Like the Deep Conservationists, the literary spiritualists (not, by the way, the mainstream of Australians writing) want there to be something other than the material reality. They express, and generalise to the rest of us, their own anxieties and isolation. They want to write a mystical narrative for the land-scape which will include us all.

Fiona Giles has analysed this in a paper on "absence" in Australian writing in the 19th century. She looks at the poet Henry Kendall but her analysis could apply to many of those who want more from The Bush. She says first that the sense that something is absent from our landscape is a way of creating a mystery from the "unknowable aspects" of Nature (and then the spiritualists become those who alone have the key to it). Second, there was a felt deficiency about the landscape in relation to England - it was not like England. Third, she argues that absence has to do with Kendall's sense of deficiency as a poet and his failure to find an appropriate poetic to grapple with The Bush.

The attempts both by some Australian writers and conservationists to lay their mystical narrative onto The Bush also draws on European and other nature philosophies including the Aboriginal mythologies in a similar restless attempt to incorporate the Australian Bush into older, established mythologies.

John Martin, who developed the HSC course "Values and Human Ecology" for the Victorian schools, writing in *Habitat*, puts the Deep Conservationist position: "Even those most firmly committed to Western values and the

scientific world view admit that we have again turned ourselves down a metaphysical cul-de-sac... The ghastly possibilities of ecological disaster and nuclear warfare hover before us. Apathy, lack of faith and spiritual uncertainty eat at our hearts... The Deep Ecologist wishes to restore the quality of the 'sacred' and of 'the mystery' to the world... This quality of the sacred is caught in Blake's words, 'To see a world in a grain of sand'... It is an attempt to centre, to restore wholeness, to drive us back to our cosmic roots."

I do not have the space to analyse fully the discourse about the new nature spiritualism and its political implications. I want to just describe it as one of the new attitudes to The Bush (or to Nature).

Oddly, as a writer, I have tried to keep my bush experience "unnarrated" or at least non-verbal in a simple sense. I resist "the naming of parts", I resist a nature-study approach to the land — I want it to have a pre-literate vacancy, to be a raw, undifferentiated experience.

But this is because I am using it as respite from writing and a very verbal life full of narrative.

Inescapably The Bush fills with narrative — I can't help but pick up botanical and geological information, the personal stories of early trips overlay on the successive camps. The history of the region I walk in is also slowly being written and fills my mind.

Part of the terror of The Bush, especially for the first settlers but also for us at times, is that it is so empty of verb-

playing within it. But I do not go there to "find myself" or to "be in harmony with nature" — I often feel unharmonious with The Bush — but even at its most discordant I would rather be there than not be there.

I enjoy prowess — whether of finding my way in wilderness or of moving in The Bush with grace, although sometimes I find it a feverish and disorienting experience, a grappling friction with an unstructured nature. Sometimes The Bush seems so active and imposing that I need to go into the tent to exclude it.

Going into The Bush for me is also the exercise of atavistic skills — securing myself against the elements and a return to problems, postures and skills which go back to the beginning of

the race, the species.

I like the abandonment of some of the civilised practices and the re-appreciating of the fundamentals of water, fire, shelter

I guess the way to describe my relationship with The Bush is that I am in it, of it even, but never one with it (insofar as I understand the way people use that term) and would not wish to be and do not see how that could be.

In other ways, though, the landscape is always being completed by the words we use to describe it and by the stories or narratives — both scientific and literary — to make the continent ours and to make it manageable.

The Aborigines covered the landscape with stories, dance, song and paintings, to make it theirs — narratives which were maps, history, archives and mythology (the

narratives of why we exist).

Those of us who arrived after 1788 may no longer believe narratives of "why we exist" or seek them but we are still making stories, songs and dances to help us belong here.

A former director of the Australian Heritage Commission, Max Bourke, has argued that we are still pioneering Australia linguistically, that we are still devising a vocabulary to explain ourselves and describe the continent. He quotes the American linguist Benjamin Whorf: "The limits of my language are the limits of my thoughts". But I have a feeling that it might also be good to hold onto the pre-verbal "vacancy" of The Bush (good for what or whom?). Whorf is not quite right; there is a preverbal experience which is a sort of knowing, without its becoming mystical, and the so-called vacancy is a profusion of experience.



The Bush: "a new spiritualism with the national park as its cathedral"

There are other variants — perhaps the least mystical is the attempt to find a code of behaviour in the theories of ecology, it presents itself as more rational than the mystical reading of the lessons of nature in a grain of sand but it has a close relationship to it.

My self and The Bush

What am I doing in the bush when I go out camping on my own for eight days? I often ask myself this when I am out there — especially when I am fatigued, uncertain of my position despite careful map and compass work (which is not the same as being lost, please note) and oppressed by the Bloody Bush and its ceaseless, teeming, indifference. The Bush seems to go on with its business without any consciousness of me while I am so conscious of it (a significant difference between humans and plants and animals).

al coherence.

We seem to need narrative for security and comfort and control.

European landscape is overwritten with history and mythology.

And in my stories and by writing this piece I am contributing to the filling of the Australian landscape with narrative — whether it be narrative in the fiction sense or in the sense of cultural theory.

And what is my narrative?

I sometimes see my backpacking and camping as an activity which tries to integrate the conventional formulations of male and female (of which I am made) — the rugged "explorer" image of the backpacker is of course a male stereotype while the making of the camp can be seen as a stereotypic female activity, home-making, a creating of domesticity in the wilderness.

This is a laying of a personal, inner narrative on The Bush and on my role-

Do the twist

It's a whole new kind of driving. It's a unique Speed-Sensing 4-Wheel Steering system. And it's developed by Mazda, of course. The pleasure of dancing; it comes from a harmony of mind and body so in tune that there is only a feeling of at oneness. It was just this kind of harmony between car and driver that Mazda has long been seeking with our innovations in rear suspension and toe control technology. A harmony that has now been realized with the development of Mazda's unique Speed-Sensing 4-Wheel Steering system. Cornering confidence.

Drivers will be able to take cor-

ners at surprising speeds with surprising ease, because all four wheels are steering with them when they turn. Steering with the mind.

Mazda's 4WS system's response to the driver's steering is so fast, so natural, it's as though the car had read the driver's mind.

Straight ahead to the fun.

Straight line stability is simply exhilarating since the 4WS system dismisses the effects of wind and uneven roads.



Twist and shout for joy.

Driving in narrow, twisting, congested city streets can be nervewracking. But Mazda's 4WS system enables drivers to maneuver with incredible ease; making U-turns that others can't, or simply sliding into a tight parking space.

Speed-sensational.

What gives this unique 4WS system the edge is that it controls the steering direction and angle of the rear wheels in response not only to steering input, but to variations in the car's speed as well. So when driving over 35km/h the rear wheels are steered with the front wheels in the best angle vis-a-vis the car's speed for mid-to-high speed handling stability that's sensational. At lower speeds the rear wheels twist in the opposite direction for a dramatic difference in maneuverability.

The next step.

Mazda's Speed-Sensing 4WS system is only the latest step in

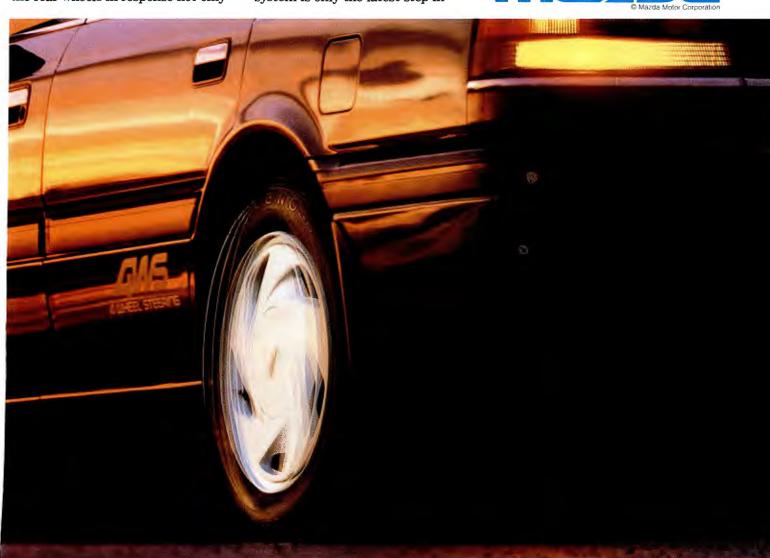
our long history of working to bring an experience of oneness with the car to drivers. And you can be sure that at Mazda, the dance won't stop here.



This warranty is valid only in Australia.

Your kind of car.





To us you still look as fresh as a daisy



200 YEARS OLD and Down Under still looks on top of the world.

A good time to take a fresh look at the wonders of its unique fauna and flora and magnificent scenery.

And to capture those fleeting, unrepeatable moments when she reveals her breathtaking beauty.

A popular Olympus choice among professional outdoor photographers is the Olympus OM-4Ti. Cast in tough titanium, this rugged and versatile camera expands your creative horizons with features like Multi Spot Metering for

Winning entry of the 4th Olympus photo contest

full exposure control over any situation. But if you are just entering the SLR market may we recommend the Olympus OM-707. The first camera in the world with a pop-up flash built into the grip. Fast and accurate autofocus lens and AF Illuminator ensure great results, even in poor lighting. With total flash synch up to 1/2000 sec. with the

Then of course there is the Olympus AF-1. Voted camera of the year by

F280 flash.

Australian Camera Craft for its small, light design, weather-proof construction, and extensive auto functions.

On the other hand, the Olympus AF-10 combines elegance and style with picture taking ease.

But if you are of two minds about which Olympus camera suits your needs then look no further than the AFL-T. It offers you a choice of either wide-angle or telephoto at the touch of a button.

For results that are as fresh as the morning dew take a fresh look at Olympus.





Frank Smallhorn (right) and Philip Bronk on the wreckage of their Gannet in remote Arnhem Land

Saved by good humor

SUZY BALDWIN retraces the lives of more Australians history has tended to overlook.

DAWN, May 19, 1942. Just south of Darwin, Air Ambulance No.2 takes off from Batchelor Hospital to pick up an Air Force casualty from Groote Eylandt in the Gulf of Carpentaria. The pilot-navigator — barely 20 years old — is Sergeant Frank Smallhorn, RAAF. He is accompanied by nursing orderly Corporal Philip Bronk and an Air Force radio operator, A.C.1. George Booth, at 26 the "old man" of the crew.

Their plane, a Gannet, is probably

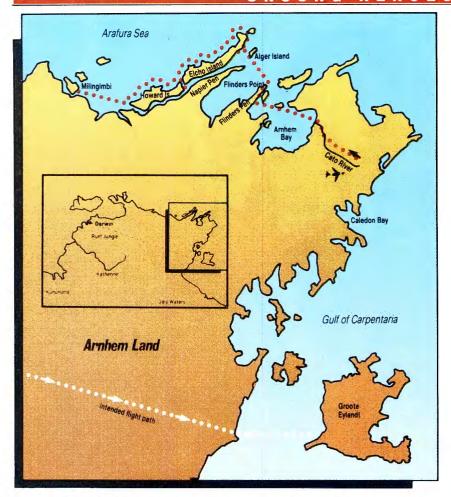
the ugliest craft ever to fly. The name of this ill-fated species of aircraft proves to be prophetic: the gannet is a seabird noted for its spectacular dives into the ocean.

11.00 am. The coast below is barely visible. Through gaps in the low cloud, Frank, Phil and George see "an absolute maze of creeks, swamps, islands, peninsulas and mangroves, none of which even remotely resembled our map.

"'George!' yells Frank above the noise of the engines. 'I haven't the faintest idea where we are.'"

George attempts to make radio contact but all his efforts, including an SOS, meet with silence. Petrol is low. "'We'll go down for a look-see,'" Frank announces and heads the Gannet for what looks like a large, flat area of grassland.

The plane touches down, it lurches; then, at a ground speed of 70 kilometres



The route to and from disaster taken by Smallhorn, Bronk and Booth

an hour, "puts her nose down and flips over onto her back". The three men — bruised, scratched but otherwise uninjured — scramble out onto a wing and survey the scene. Their plane, smashed beyond repair, lies on its back in the middle of a vast swamp. They are somewhere in Arnhem Land, lost in one of the most inhospitable regions on the face of the Earth.

Thirty-two days later, "much the worse for wear but nevertheless intact", the three fall onto the beach at Milingimbi. They have travelled — travailed, as earlier epics in English are able to say, connoting a journey achieved by hard labor against great odds — 312 kilometres, most of it by sea.

FORTY-FIVE years later, Booth writes their story. His 40,000-word manuscript, 33 Days (as yet unpublished), recounts an epic journey — an odyssey of endurance, courage and brilliant improvisation pervaded by that peculiarly Australian brand of irreverent ironic humor which proves to be a literally saving grace.

Booth dedicates his book to "two remarkable men, one white and one black ... without whose assistance I would undoubtedly have perished". One is Matui, chief of Elcho Island. The other — the unsung hero of the whole journey — is Frank Smallhorn, whose "energy and initiative, courage, leadership ... incredible physical stamina ... and superbly timed clowning" brought his crew back from the dead whose ranks they were feared to have joined.

The three airmen assume at first that it is only a matter of time before they are rescued. They know that there will be a seven-day air search so they spread a parachute on top of the swamp reeds, Frank makes a bonfire and they wait. For seven days, "tormented by flies, mosquitoes and sandflies and harassed by mounting despair", they eke out their emergency rations as they look for search planes which never come.

"We discovered that the easiest way to stay reasonably cheerful was to keep up a lively discussion about anything—the war, the Darwin shemozzle... and religion." Religion becomes a subject of much affectionately irreverent joking between Frank (a devout Roman Catholic) and George (a Methodist). As they explain to a rather shocked Reverend Ellemor when they reach Milingimbi:

"We have developed ecumenical banter to a fine art."

However, attempts to remain cheerful do not obscure the obvious. Phil and George make an agreement that when food and water are gone they will use the morphia in the medical kit to "soothe our last few hours. Phil and I both felt this made sense. Frank thought otherwise. 'Look here, you buggers, we're getting out of here if I have to kick you all the way home!"

Frank's "refusal to countenance defeat at any price" saves them. There are many times when George and Phil, utterly defeated, are kept going by the sheer strength of Frank's will. This indomitable spirit is first responsible for their escape from the swamp.

Frank treks twice during the first five days across almost a kilometre of swamp to explore what they hope is a river but turns out to be a muddy creek, its banks 40 metres of impassable mud. It is a three-hour struggle through waist-deep mud that leaves Phil and George — each of whom makes the trip once with Frank — utterly exhausted and demoralised.

By Day Nine, all hope of rescue has gone and there seems no possible escape. George and Phil are utterly wretched but Frank still refuses to be beaten. He insists on going back to the creek once more to seek some way across. George thinks it's so loony that he goes along.

An hour later, the two stare in disbelief. The muddy creek has become a fast-flowing tidal river.

"Simultaneously, we saw daylight.

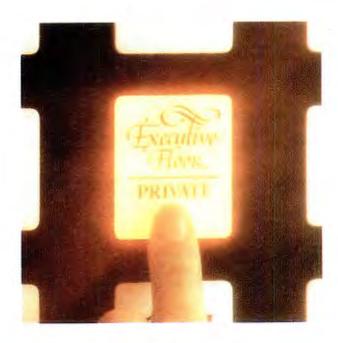
"'Build a bloody raft and go out with the river!' Frank shouts. 'You bloody bewdy!'"

Frank's plan is simple but he is the only one capable of sustained effort. "In the searing heat Frank hacked the four petrol tanks from the Gannet and, using slender saplings for a framework, constructed a raft which he christened the Santa Maria." The raft "floats like a cork". Frank and Phil position themselves on the front tanks but George is less fortunate ... "To maintain balance, I had to sit on a slender sapling midway between the two rear tanks . . . with my backside barely four inches (10 cm) above the water." The painful state of his rear for months afterwards is only one of the liabilities of this position: "In the late morning, I halfturned, expecting to push the raft free from yet another threatening mud-flat. I had barely noticed an old dead tree trunk until it suddenly developed life and legs - and appeared to come straight at me."

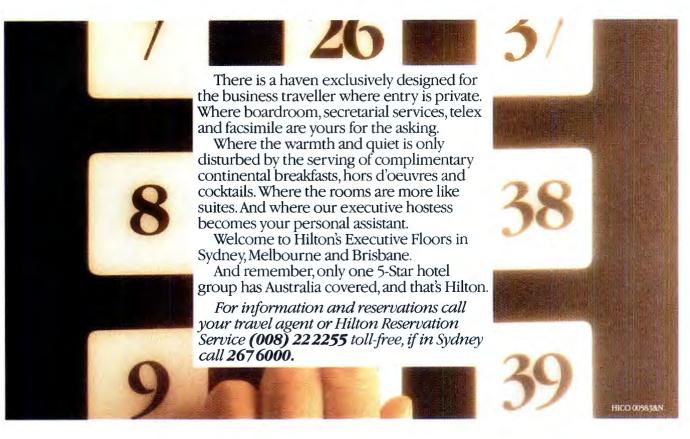
George sits frozen with fear while five long metres of saltwater crocodile

Versatility can make almost anything possible.





EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE.



HILTON INTERNATIONAL

Adelaide, Brisbane, Melbourne, Perth, Sydney, Sydney Airport, and Cairns.

- "the nastiest creature on Earth" dashes past, barely missing him in a lunge for the water. "The great ugly brute - and some of his friends trailed us downstream for a hundred metres . . . We saw 40 or 50 but . . . they were either not hungry or not very bright."

George is haunted by the first huge crocodile for the rest of the journey. Every night, Frank comforts him as George screams in his sleep.

About midnight, the drone of mosquitoes and the barking of the crocs gives way to deep silence. The raft has been swept into the sea. As it sits becalmed, free of the swamp at last, the dark stillness is broken only by Frank's gently snoring. "The sleep of the Just or the just buggered?" George asks Phil.

The next morning, undaunted by a huge white pointer shark that cruises beneath them ("Never a dull moment"), Frank rigs up a sail from the

parachute and, as he compares passing islands and mainland coastline with his map, triumphantly announces that he knows where they are - "Arnhem Bay!" They now understand why no search planes found them - they were probably 160 kilometres off course. 'Frank,' I said with a grin, 'what a great bloke you are - and what a bloody awful navigator!"

Frank grins back and plots their route. They will head for Elcho Island where, according to the map, there is a mission station. But between them and Elcho is Flinders Peninsula.

Heavy surf and vicious rocks make the landing on Flinders a nightmare. As the only surfer, George is in charge. They will tie everything - including themselves - to the raft, catch a big wave and ride it in. The plan is effective but George has underestimated the odds against them.

Tossed like twigs in the violent sea and hurled against rocks, they somehow reach the shallows still attached by parachute cord to the raft which is amazingly unharmed. They stagger ashore half drowned and, after 36 hours without food - "36 hours of crocodiles, sharks, gales and shipwreck" - they collapse into an exhausted sleep. But, "as sleep claimed me, I was vaguely aware that someone had lit a fire – a big, warm, comforting fire". Having crawled out of the sea more dead than alive, like the others, Frank has once again managed the impossible.

Next morning, having consumed the last of their food rations, they look for food and water. No water. But periwinkles are to become their staple diet for many days.

Although losing weight dramatically and steadily weakening, "food seemed to be the least of our problems". They have almost run out of water. On the raft, they had sucked their shirt buttons to fight thirst. Now, they ration them-



Radio operator George Booth on the wreck of the Gannet

selves to five mouthfuls of water a day.

Their biggest problem is how to sail the raft along the rocky Flinders Peninsula without damaging the buoyancy tanks. They can only leave their cove by waiting for the midnight tide out. Four nights in succession they try, pushing and swimming in the dark, but each time drift helplessly back to the rocks. On the fifth day (Day 15 of the journey), Frank has a better idea. At one o'clock the next morning, with oars made by Frank, George and Frank row through boiling surf in complete darkness and are at last in the bay again. By dawn, "wretched beyond belief", they row toward a beach for a much-needed rest. Seeing what they take to be "large areas of flat rock just below the surface", the three step overboard to wade ashore. Their mistake is agonisingly apparent - they find their legs grasped in "the needle-like embrace" of jagged coral. "We endured agony for only 20 minutes but it seemed like an eternity." Bleeding, despondent and barely able to walk, they set off again the next day. "We were now not only much more listless, . . . but our optimism had been severely blunted."

Spirits are lifted suddenly by a brief stay on Alger Island. Phil discovers a freshwater spring - a timely find as they have drunk the last of their water the night before -

and Frank, whose marksmanship is not his strongest point, shoots a wild duck ("Unluckiest bird in Arnhem Land," comments George) which George makes into delicious soup. After their other experiences, "it was almost . . . a holiday at the seaside".

Once on Elcho, they set off to find the mission – wading now and pushing the raft. But they are forced to abandon the faithful Santa Maria and all but the most vital survival gear two painful days later.

On Day 24, "the desire to lie down and sleep was almost overpowering. Phil was at times mildly incoherent. All I seem to remember was Frank's encouragement ... Phil and I were just about finished. Perhaps one more day.'

Suddenly, they see a single set of fresh footprints. "Like Robinson Cru-



Aboriginal chief Matui who took the men to safety

soe, we stared in disbelief."

By the middle of the next day — Day 25 - "we were completely exhausted. Only Frank had the strength to forage for food. Only he remembered that we had not really eaten for two days."

Within three kilometres of the northern end of Elcho, they find more footprints. Following them, they come across a great new canoe carved from a huge tree. "'This is it, chaps,' Frank announced ... 'George, break out the champagne!'"

George and Phil cannot stand unaided. At this point of collapse, "we saw him: a lone Aborigine with a baby on his shoulders, striding purposefully in our direction".

The saviour is Matui. His news is a shock for the airmen: the mission has left Elcho and the nearest European is at Milingimbi, 160 kilometres away.

But Matui agrees to help. After the canoe capsizes, dumping the men and their few remaining possessions into the sea again, they eventually set off for Milingimbi. Six hot, uncomfortable, frustrating days later — thanks to Matui's Herculean efforts they reach the light on the beach. "Five hundred metres — 200 — 50: our canoe grounded on the sands of Milingimbi. I was unable to move and felt wretchedly ill. Muttering, Frank climbed awkwardly to his feet.

"'Hail Mary, Mother of God, Blessed . . .

"'Hail Mary, Mother...

" 'Hail Mary . . .

"Frank was incoherent. Then, sobbing like a child, he collapsed in the arms of the missionary. As Matui's powerful arms lifted me from the canoe, everything went blank.'

The three men are flown back to Batchelor where 14 war correspondents interview them. Where the story is run at all, strict wartime censorship prevails and no names or places are mentioned.

PHIL spends a year in hospital in a successful attempt to save a leg from the effects of "that horrendous wading at Flinders Point". George and his young wife spend his leave in a house in the middle of an orange grove and George's nightmares gradually fade. After the war, George

returns to teaching and they buy the house in which they still live. They name it "Matui".

Frank Smallhorn serves in No 2 Air Ambulance for another two years and survives two more forced landings. Late in 1944, to his great delight, he is promoted and sent on a conversion course at a Beaufighter training unit near Newcastle.

In the late afternoon of November 7, 1944, a Beaufighter returning from a cross-country training flight is hit by a vicious southerly. "There were no survivors, no sign of wreckage. Frank's body was recovered from the ocean a fortnight later." He was just 23. □

From 200 Unsung Heroes & Heroines, to be published this year by Greenhouse Publications. RRP \$35.

Today's Bulletin is tomorrow's business



LETTENGRAM 40 LETTENGRAM



By tomorrow, every person or business you need to contact could receive your message on this distinctive blue Lettergram stationery.

Introducing E-Post Bulletin. A high quality, low cost, bulk communication service from Australia post.

Bulletin lets you send the same message, up to two A4 pages in length, to as few as 2 people or to as many as 1,000 people simultaneously. Each item is personally addressed and the mailing is delivered the next day almost anywhere in Australia.

Just give your mailing list and the text of your message by whichever means is most convenient to you - phone, fax, telex or at any post office. From then on, it's plain sailing because E-Post Bulletin does the rest bulletin does the rest transmission and printing, enveloping and delivery.

And, you can store your mailing list in the E-Post system ready for whenever you want to send an E-Post Bulletin!

So if you're not using E-Post Bulletin, you're wasting time and money. Phone the service and information number in your area today and give your business a boost.

97057

BULLETIN. WE DELIVER.

Australia Post

Bulletin Service and Information

 Sydney (metro):
 (02) 411 0711

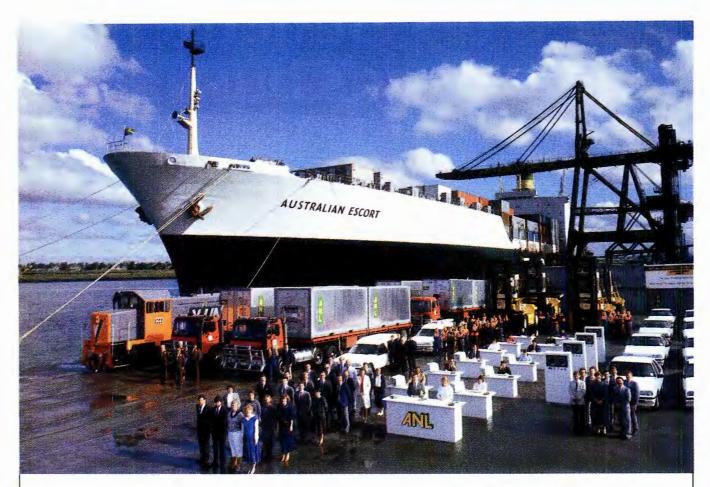
 Melbourne (metro):
 (03) 794 1911

 Brisbane (metro):
 (07) 233 0311

 Perth (metro):
 (09) 481 6622

 Adelaide (metro):
 (08) 236 1600

Northern Territory: _____008 888 578 TAS, ACT and non-metro areas of NSW VIC. & QLD: _____008 112 +22 Non-metro areas of \$A.__008 188 097 Non-metro areas of \$A.__008 198 147



Our business is shipping but we're not all at sea.

Today, shipping means more than ships.
That may sound surprising coming
from ANL, Australia's national flag carrier,
operating one of our largest fleets of
container ships and bulk carriers.

However, we recognised some time ago that our customers require a lot more than ships. They need a total cargo handling service. One that can move goods to, from, and around Australia.

Not just wharf-to-wharf, but door-todoor. Efficiently and competitively.

Our response? An intermodal transport system, coordinating sea, road and rail. A new concept requiring a considerable organisation on land; like systems, equipment and people, just as dedicated as the ANL staff at sea. That's why almost half our people never go to sea. And that's important, because without them, none of our ships would ever go to sea either.

We have people in customer service, finance, administration, marketing and sales. We have people who organize terminals, stevedoring, and work in industrial relations.

We have people skilled in computers and communications, to give you up-to-date information on your cargo's progress.

So, you see, we're not just about ships. If we were, we wouldn't be able to offer you a total shipping service.

ANLAustralian National Line

When Mabel took the reins

"Mabel" Bridges met an amazing challenge as a child, writes SUZY BALDWIN

SOME of them have left their names scattered about the landscape — Violet Hill, Flora Valley, Mary River, Mollie's Creek — but most have disappeared without trace. Very few have been remembered in the histories that claim to tell of the European opening up of the land

Yet we know they were there droving, carting and building as well as making homes and raising children. We have recently begun to pay homage to pioneer women as a group, but have found frustratingly few of the particular Violets, Floras and Mollies. When the Australain Bicentennial Authority asked for nominations for unsung heroes and heroines, some of these shadowy figures stepped out from the anonymous mass of "pioneer women" and once again took on individual life as their descendants - or others who had come across them by chance - told their stories.

Some, like the woman whose story is told here, are part of the history of a particular part of the country. Mabel Bridge Cole is a woman of the north—one of the pioneers of the great over-

land cattle treks that went from Queensland, through the Northern Territory, to settle the Kimberleys.

In 1895, Joe and Deborah Bridge sold what little property they had in Normanton on the Gulf, packed their remaining possessions and three young children — one a new baby — into a horsedrawn covered wagon and droving their cattle, horses and goats ahead of them, set off on a 2000 mile trek across the top of the continent. They were headed for Hall's Creek in the far north west of Western Australia, staking everything they had on the cattle country just then opening up in the Kimberley region.

Following his exploratory expedition in 1879 Alexander Forrest had predicted that the pastures around the Ord River would become "a cattleman's paradise". The famous pioneering Duracks, inspired by Forrest's report of vast plains and great rivers surrounded by spectacular mountain ranges, made their own expedition to inspect the west country then — some 10 years before the Bridges drove out of Normanton — overlanded their cattle

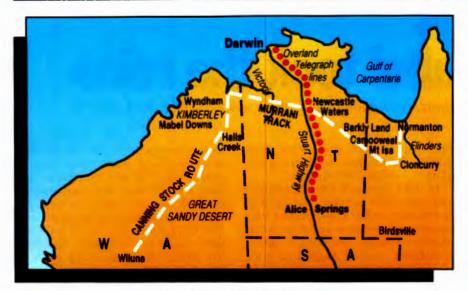
from Coopers Creek into the Kimberleys. Following water, they travelled around the Gulf of Carpentaria, then from river to river until they reached the Ord. The trek took 2½ years and half their stock perished along the way. The Durack stockmen were loyal and their resources enormous: they were left with enough surviving cattle to found the great Kimberley stations.

The Bridges' expedition is an altogether different story. Joe Bridge was a tough bushman, used to long, dry stages, rough country and unfriendly Aborigines. He had worked as a teamster between Normanton and Cloncurry for many years, but those 300 rough miles were at least familiar, unlike the vast interior which was then largely unexplored and uncharted, always perilously short of water, and peopled by Aborigines whose attitude they were unable to predict. Joe was undaunted by this prospect - this was his one opportunity to acquire a decent slice of land - but his hired men were not so intrepid. After leaving Cloncurry, they took one long look at the country ahead and fled, leaving Joe to



Mabel Downs — a station named after the heroic pioneer, Margaret May Bridges

HILIP GREEN



Map shows the Bridges' route from Normanton to the Kimberleys

handle the stock and the family's covered wagon without a driver.

Fortunately the new wagon driver was made of stronger stuff. Born and raised in Normanton, the Bridges' eldest daughter had spent her life around cattle and horses. Climbing into the driver's seat, she now took charge of the four-in-hand and its load. Margaret May — always known as Mabel, her father's nickname for her — drove the outfit for almost a year through country that was beyond the endurance of most grown men. When she first took the reins on this great overland trek, Mabel Bridge was 10 years old.

Mabel also became the protector of her mother and her younger brother and sister. Her mother, a young Irish immigrant, was plucky enough to embark on this adventure with her husband but she drew the line at handling a gun. So each morning, while Joe was away from camp mustering the horses, the rest of the family would climb into the wagon and Mabel would sit guard with the shotgun. Relief came when the sound of the Condamine bells told them that Joe had returned safely.

Mrs Aila Cole, another remarkable outback woman who became Mabel's daughter-in-law many years later, maintains: "The blacks in that part of the country never attacked white women and children then. They would kill the men along the tracks, but that was because the men used to take their lubras."

Instead of the roundabout Gulf trail taken by the Duracks, the Bridges took the more direct, but more dangerous route pioneered by the extraordinary Nat (Bluey) Buchanan in the 1880s. They struck out across the Barkly Tableland to Newcastle Waters on the Overland Telegraph Line in the middle

of the Northern Territory, and from there travelled along the Murranji Track. "Drovers knew that they tackled (this route) at their peril," writes Mary Durack. Some died, some lost all their stock, but those that got through "go down among the legends of the land". One of earliest to get through was the 10-year-old Mabel Bridge but, curiously, she and her father are missing from the written legends.

The route taken by the Bridges brought them into contact with tribal Aborigines who had never before seen a European. Mabel, in conversation years later with Michael Terry, fellow bushman and explorer, recalled their meeting: "They were so taken up with seeing white children . . . that they followed us for days. They camped near us at night and came over just to look at the white baby." As had been the case from her earliest days in Normanton, Mabel counted the Aborigines as her friends for the rest of her life.

After 12 months of hard tucker (salted meat) and harder travel, the Bridges reached Hall's Creek. Joe was so short of cash that he had to sell practically everything he had but he had come 2000 miles to find land and he wasn't going to give up now. He explored carefully until he found the land he wanted. Almost halfway between Hall's Creek and Wyndham, Joe Bridge staked his claim to what is now 709,000 hectares and named it Mabel Downs after his remarkable daughter.

The isolation that prompted Michael Durack to insist that this was fine country for men and cattle, but no place for white women and children, bred its own distinctive group of independent and unusual women. ("It's the isolation that's the hardest to take," says Aila Cole. "That, and the hard

tucker. But I'd go back tomorrow if I could.") Mabel had no schooling of any kind, but taught herself to read and write. And she made herself an outfit from blue dungaree cloth which she wore always with Cossack-style boots. Mabel regarded this as "a badge of the pioneer" and wore only this style of clothing until in 1909, at the age of 25, she married Tom Cole.

Tom Cole was another true pioneer, one of Australia's famous stockmen. In 1911, he became the first man to bring cattle through the Canning stock route, a 900-mile stretch of the Great Sandy Desert, running south from Hall's Creek to the railroad at Wiluna, north of Perth. Blazed only a year or two earlier by A. W. Canning, surveyor-general of Western Australia, it was the toughest stock route of them all. Two other men preceded Cole down the Canning. He followed a few days later with 500 cattle given to him and Mabel by her father as a wedding present. At one of the 51 wells, he found the bodies of his friends, speared by Aborigines. He buried the two men and rode on, arriving safely in Wiluna with his cattle in good condition. While Tom was driving their stock through the most arid land on the continent, Mabel was giving birth to Tom Jr, the first of her eight children.

The fierce independence that made her refuse to be left temporarily behind with friends in Normanton in 1895 (presumably to her parents' subsequent relief) never diminished. During World War II Mabel was living in Wyndham when the town was bombed by Japanese planes. The Army ordered the immediate evacuation of all women and children to Perth but Mabel refused to leave her husband. By then 57 she eluded the authorities by leaping onto a horse and riding 50 miles across rough country to Ivanhoe, one of the Durack's stations. Aila Cole laughs as she says of her mother-in-law, "She was very determined: there was no stopping her.'

After Tom Cole died in 1943, Mabel went to live in Alice Springs but spent much of the rest of her life travelling between the families of her four sons and four daughters. "She could never stay put," recalls Aila. "She was always on the move, and always happy. She had her mother's wonderful Irish sense of humor."

Mabel Cole died in 1964 aged 79 at Alice Springs and is buried in the tiny cemetery at the foot of the Macdonnell Ranges. She was, as the Alice Springs newspaper said at the time, "a real woman of the outback ... one of the most remarkable women of Northern Australia". □



THE ENGINEERING OF GERMANY'S GREATEST SUCCESS STORY.

Four cylinders is no longer a landmark in cars.

But it is in buildings.

Namely, the international headquarters of BMW AG in Munich.

Over 400,000 visitors are drawn to it every year.

Because it is also the site of one of the world's most popular commercial museums: the one that tells the BMW story.

Unlike other car manufacturers, this story doesn't start with a motorised carriage ride, but with a world altitude record for aero-engines.

In other words, the history of BMW doesn't begin with a social occasion, but with a sporting event.

Philosophically, little has changed since 1917.

BMW still manages to combine an overwhelming desire to attain technical perfection with a highly developed competitive spirit.

BMW has never been interested in production for the masses.

The focus is on one kind of car. An ideal.

The ultimate driving machine.



THE BUILDING OF GERMANY'S GREATEST SUCCESS STORY.

BMW's most exciting new model isn't a new car. It's a new way of making cars.

It's BMW's new Research and Engineering Centre in Munich.

The building alone will cost 1 billion DM.

But what comes out of it will be priceless.

For the first time in history, every discipline that goes into producing a new car will be linked, in logical sequence, under one roof.

(Just as the physical flow of material has long determined factory design, here the "intellectual flow of material" was the design criterion.)

Design engineers will be placed next to the workshops.

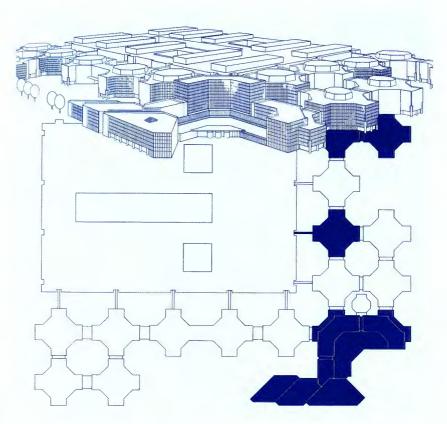
Stylists will interact with production engineers.

Test engineers will exchange ideas with tooling engineers.

They will even have their own production line to experiment with ideas.

It all seems so logical that you'd expect everyone to work that way.

But only one car company will.



OUR MOST IMPRESSIVE BLUEPRINT FOR THE FUTURE DOESN'T HAVE WHEELS.

One of the most demanding jobs in the world is that of a BMW engineer.

His job is to convert BMW philosophies and values into practical innovations.

Here, for example, are some of the most significant automotive developments of recent years.

Each one the brainchild of a BMW engineer.

□ Digital Motor Electronics □ Ellipsoidal Headlights

Service Interval Indicator

Electronic Ride Control

Double Pivot Front SuspensionCentral Body ElectronicsCentral Body ElectronicsCentral Electronic Engine Power Control

☐ Electronic/Hydraulic Transmission ☐ Speed Sensitive Windscreen

Automatic Stability Control Wipers

At BMW's new R and E centre, no less than 6,000 engineers will work together under one roof.

The strategy behind this massive investment in brainpower is deceptively simple:

Put 6,000 BMW engineers under one roof and inevitably they will build the best cars in the world.



DR.-ING. HEINZ-FRIEDR MUELLER. IMAGINE 6,000 LIKE HIM IN ONE BUILDING.

BMW engineers are smarter than most.

So are BMW robots.

They now weld to an accuracy within a fraction of a millimetre.

And can perform 4,800 such welds to a typical BMW body, each stronger than the metal around it.

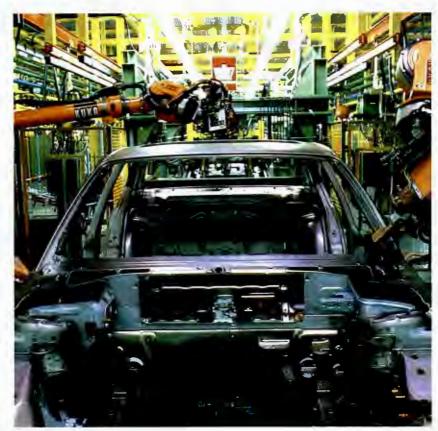
As well as working hard, BMW robots are intelligent enough to work with the most advanced technology in the world.

Such as laser technology to cut steel, water jets to slice plastic and diamonds to etch cylinder heads.

BMW even use a satellite link to control the accuracy of gear-cutting tools.

And borrowing from the aircraft industry, BMW uses fluid cell technology to allow short production runs with individual specifications for each car.

Because BMW robots are so smart, they don't churn out cars like robots.



EVEN THE ROBOTS AT BMW ARE MORE INTELLIGENT.

There is no greater aid to man's desire for precision than the computer.

And BMW has gone further than anyone in applying the power of the computer to automotive technology.

In the BMW 7-Series, for instance, a system using no less than fourteen computers controls all major operating functions.

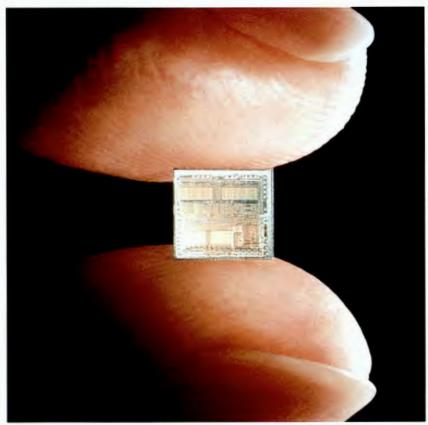
Using aerospace technology, if one computer malfunctions another takes over.

Together, they control the engine timing, fuel injection, transmission, acceleration, suspension, lighting, heating and cooling, even your seating position.

They can also tell such things as fuel consumption and how far you can travel on remaining fuel.

As well as precisely when the car needs to be serviced and exactly what needs to be done.

What's more, the computer can give you this information in German, French, Italian, Spanish or if you prefer, plain English.



THERE IS MORE COMPUTER POWER IN ONE BMW CAR TODAY THAN THERE WAS IN THE ENTIRE WORLD 40 YEARS AGO.

Last year, BMW invested huge sums on new equipment and improved quality control techniques at the Dingolfing Plant in Bavaria.

At the same time, the company opened an ultra modern new facility nearby at Regensburg, said to be the most advanced production plant in the world.

In both cases the objective is to set new standards for BMW drivers to enjoy. And the automotive industry to aspire to.

Such as a painstakingly precise 45-step painting process that leaves BMW paintwork gleaming after other cars have become chipped, scratched and faded.

Or a fully automated computer and laser measuring device that checks 2170 separate points on a typical BMW body.

(Only found at the company where every fifth employee works in quality control.)

Of course, such dedication is not without its rewards.

The astute motoring public is quick to recognise superior quality.

As a consequence, BMW production is increasing at a greater rate than any other German marque.

LAST YEAR BMW SPENT 1.7 BILLION DM ON PLANT AND EQUIPMENT.



THAT'S FIVE TIMES THE PROFIT WE MADE FOR THE YEAR.
(LIKE YOU, WE THINK OF THE LONG TERM.)

This happens to be a BMW dealer in Melbourne.

It could just as easily be a BMW dealer in Munich.

Or at any of a hundred countries throughout the world.

Because BMW Australia ensures that the uncompromising standards of the German engineer are cultivated throughout the local dealer network.

And of course, they have the best technology to do it with.

Such as computer-aided study programs for the continuous training of staff.

And computerised servicing equipment to bring those typically BMW qualities of speed and precision to every BMW service bay.

Ensuring that your investment in a BMW car is secure.

Of course this requires a huge commitment from BMW Australia and its dealer network, both personal and financial.

Last year alone, BMW dealers in Australia invested over \$20 million, a huge amount of money in most people's terms.

But not when your service and support facilities live up to the standards of BMW.



THE ONLY PLACE ON EARTH WITH THE SAME STANDARDS AS THE BMW FACTORY.

Half a century ago, a BMW roadster made its debut at the Nuerburgring.

This car, the BMW 328, ran away from the entire field to win the race, and earned itself a place in motoring history.

The 328 personified motoring in a roadster, combining traditional BMW driving pleasure with the joy of open-air motoring.

1956.

The BMW 507 established a new high point in the history of sporty, open-top motoring. It was the first time in the world that a production car was built with an all alloy V-8 engine.

1988.

The new 320i Convertible again offers the outstanding merits that have made BMW famous for open-air motoring over the years: namely the rare combination of style, sportiness and technology.

The 320i is sure to be considered the latest in a line of classics.



1936. 1956. 1988.

Last year, BMW took the history of the motor car to a new zenith with the introduction of the 7-Series, the most technologically advanced cars in the world.

This year, BMW makes the ultimate in driving technology more attainable.

With the latest generation of 5-Series cars.

A unique blend of aesthetics and precision engineering, the 5-Series has an elegantly distinctive character of its own.

A dynamic new body shape that's longer, wider and lower. With more interior space and creature comforts than ever before.

It also brings a host of new refinements in performance and safety to the medium-sized luxury class.

Including the advanced technology developed for the top of the line 7-Series.

Such as its much refined six cylinder engine coupled with the latest, most sophisticated engine management system.

Which, of course, puts the new 5-Series ahead of every car in the world, but one.

THE 39TH GENERATION OF THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.



THE NEW BMW 5-SERIES.

BMW's reputation has been built on building exceptional engines. Whether they be aircraft engines, motorcycle engines or motorcar engines.

The latest engineering milestone from the Bavarian Motor Works extends that substantial reputation even further.

With the first 12 cylinder production engine made in Germany in fifty years. The new BMW V-12.

It is both an aesthetic and technological masterpiece, truly an engine without equal. To be specific, it is the smoothest and quietest engine in the world.

And as you'd expect of a 12 cylinder engine from BMW, it is lightweight, fuel efficient and delivers superlative performance.

Of course, BMW has also created a car to justify the engine.

The culmination of the seventy years of effort outlined in these pages. The new flagship of the 7-Series, the 750iL.

It has already been described, by the UK Motor magazine, as "the world's finest large saloon".

Which is exactly what BMW intended it to be.

IN 1917, BMW MADE ENGINES THAT FLY.



NOTHING'S CHANGED.





THE WORLD'S BEST CAR NOW HAS A NEW NAME.

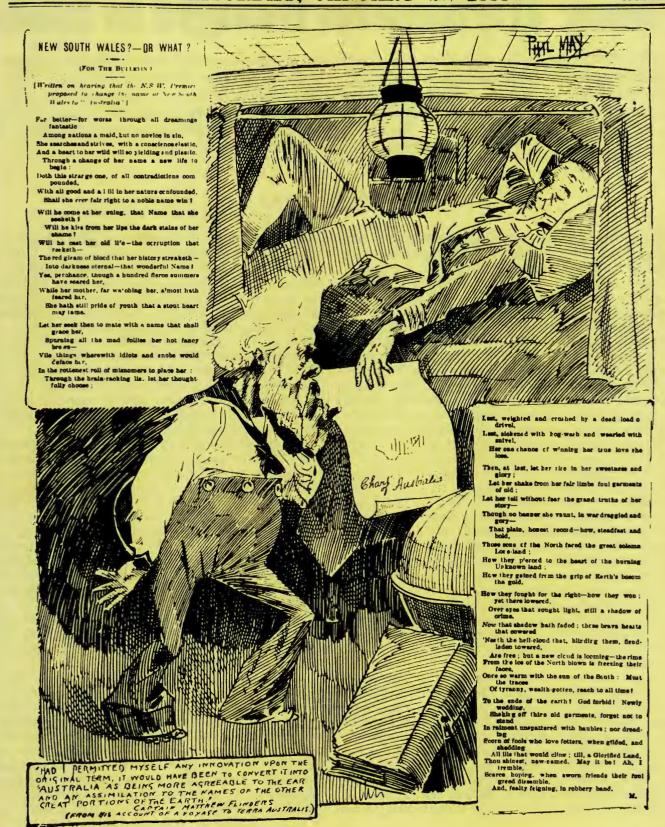


THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

VOI 9 No 415.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1888

Price. 6d.



What The Bulletin thought in 1888

ADVISING readers "to try to forget the anniversary of a loathsome tyranny and spare a thought for the day which Australia ought to celebrate", The Bulletin, in its edition of January 21, 1888, published two speeches (reprinted below) which its then famous editor J. F. Archibald, said "will probably not be delivered at any Centennial banquet in NSW or, if delivered, will certainly not be reported by the slavish daily Press". The day The Bulletin preferred to celebrate was December 3, 1854 — the date of the battle of the Eureka Stockade.

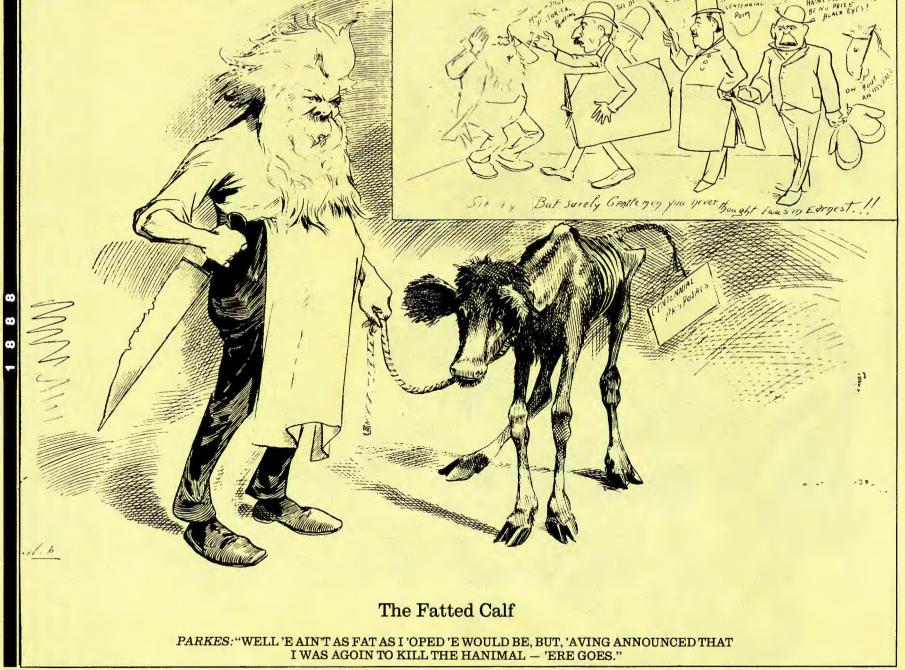
The Day We Celebrate.

ON this 26th of January the people of New South Wales will be called upon to jubilate. This is as it should be. In this the "authorities", as in the past hundred years, arrange the festival and "command" the obedient enthusiasm of a nation of serfs. The 26th of January is the gala day of Officialism - the ragamuffin stands without, cap in hand, to cheer a docile approval when the hired band within the banqueting chamber plays "God save the Queen" to the first toast on the list. One hundred years ago Governor PHILLIP landed in the little bight whereon now stands the city of Sydney. He named the cove after a viscount; the curse of official patronage began with the baptism of the settlement. He found "a fine run of fresh water stealing silently through a thick wood". The wood has vanished, the stream still flows, but polluted, subterranean and noxious. This is typical of our progress from the date of that eventful landing down to the present day. Our early history would disgrace the annals of an Ashantee sultan. The pages are stained with blood, with cruel, deliberate, but judicial murder. They smell of the gaol; they are marked with the rust-prints of gyves; they are bruised and branded with the lash. The day of the Centenary should also be the day of Atonement. The rulers of New South Wales the administrative chain-gang of history which hands down the hated traditions and perpetuates the hideous memories of the past - not the people, should upon this day mourn fasting, with their hands upon their rotten hearts, like to those doomed ones in the dreadsome Hall of Eblis. Of the long list of the representatives of England's majesty and greatness is there one whose name is worth preserving from its fated oblivion? Not one! And what a list! From puling PHILLIP to societyleading CARINGTON there is not a man who has for "his" colony done as much good as poor old Dr LANG who, with all his aberrations of intellect, was a whole-souled, single-hearted, though somewhat eccen-

One hundred years are past, and we are still the fettered bondsmen of the task masters put in authority over us. And the fetters are the more galling inasmuch as they are not now in all cases so tangible. Those who rank as statesmen, like the officers of the ancient convict-guarding New South Wales corps, look across the ocean for preferment, and tyrannize over their fellows for a puppet-decorating gewgaw from the hands of those who keep watch over the sycophant-rewarding smiles of Royalty. In Sydney itself, that hallowed spot upon which first pressed the foot of manacled man, where first the dusky child of the forest heard the musical clink of the law-abiding leg-iron

and the "whish" of the skin-abrading cat; in Sydney itself, in this lotus-land of loveliness, poverty is not unknown; in this God-given stretch of luxurious prosperity, this smiling, milk-blessed and honeybenisoned paradise, men have actually died of want. Here, on this historic ground, where first was poured that sacred libation of civilised and Christianised rum, nigh upon a hundred years ago, thousands have but recently gathered, and besought the red-tape Officialdom that brought them hither for work, or the coarsest fare that would keep aflame the spark of life. We have much to be thankful for. Where PHILLIP landed white men have had to fight with coolies and with Chinamen for the drudgery that will enable them to gain the pittance that buys the bread of dependence, while the descendants of those same historic rulers are quietly and luxuriously enjoying the unquestioned possession of noble stretches of the people's land.

New South Wales has never been wholly emancipated. She drags a broken fetter at her heel. It was attempted to change the character of the settlement from bond to free by simply diverting the stream of convicts which once flowed into Sydney Cove. But the system remained unchanged. The old Officialdom, the men whose cradles were rocked to the tune the lash played on a man's bare back, whose infant rattle was a hand-cuff, whose teething pad was the link of a leg-iron; these were retained. One of the Chief Justices of the colony was ex-Attorney-General of a neighbouring penal settlement in its worst days of brutal tyranny. His son, bred in the atmosphere of Convictism, sits on the Bench of the Supreme Court. The gallows was one of the earliest institutions in the colony. It still thrives luxuriantly on the soil made rich by the spilt blood of judicial victims. It is said that among the first hangings on New South Wales soil was a boy of 17. We cling fondly to these loved traditions of our past. Only a year before this Centennial period we hanged two boys of that age and two but a couple of years older. We did it, too, as a blood-offering to the New Year. These early judges and jailers were humorous men, and their spirit survives. The lash was also one of the earliest, if not one of the most popular, of English imports. We have been compelled to take many a hated institution from England during 100 years, but the lash was very salutary. We have been brought up under it. We have been flogged like the blackfellow's "gin" to "make us good". We ought to be very good! Spare the rod and spoil the child! Can it be possible that we should be spoiled after all that was done in loving kindness to reclaim our fathers? They used to drive them to church in those early days. Now they





1 8 8 8

put the screw on with the same intent, albeit in a different fashion. The door of Science is slammed in the faces of the people, and a PROCTOR is commanded not to preach the Gospel of Nature, because it is the "Commandant's" desire that the "Sabbath" be not broken. A free man dare not moisten his lips on the day sacred to Cant, lest the ghost of

some defunct convict chaplain be outraged. The "authorities" have a great admiration for the folk-lore of their prison-walled past. They strove to celebrate the last Christmas by flogging a man, and would have done so as in the good old times, but a legal technicality interfered, and the grand and antiquated ceremony somehow fell through,





Tall Ships Australia 1988

Cutty Sark Scotch Whisky

Sponsors of Sail Training Association Tall Ships' Races since 1972

BERRY BROS & RUDD LE

There are still a few unspoilt places on earth.



India. A land for all seasons. For all reasons. Unforgettable experiences for body and soul. India. Where the past, present and future live together in perfect harmony.

The India Tourist Office 65 Elizabeth Street, Sydney 2000. Phone: (02) 232 1600. Air-India can fly you there. And on to West Asia, UK or Europe. Step aboard and be treated like a maharajah. From Sydney. Every Tuesday and Friday. To Singapore, India and the world.

AIR-INDIA

3 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY 2000. Ph: (02) 232 8477. MELBOURNE. (03) 602 3933. BRISBANE. (07) 229 4088. ADELAIDE. (08) 51 6525.



1 8 8 8

much to the disappointment, no doubt, of those same guardians of law and order.

It was spoken of in the Legislature, too, that one judicial tiger recommended a man in prison to submit to a hideous mutilation, and in this free colony of New South Wales now celebrating its glorious hundredth birthday, fiends could be found to applaud. Women, hell-hags, fit to be the mothers of such a Caliban-begotten brood, smacked filthstained lips with unction over the proposal. Some of these women will one day give birth to the men on whom we rely to hand down the splendid traditions of our proud heroic past. New South Wales has statesmen! - alas! that it should be so; would she had none - men who trail their country's honour in the dust, and solicit our alms with the unblushing effrontery of a courtezan. One of her "statesmen" recently quoted New South Wales as the "mother of civilisation in this part of the world". Unfortunately, it is true. New South Wales is the "mother of civilisation in this part of the world", and the word "civilisation" carries with it all those horrible associations of gyves, and gallows, and gaols - sycophancy and lying toadyism, robber speculation and commercial theft, ignorant proletarians and remorseless labourswindlers; rum and ruin and retribution. The 26th of January, 1888, is a fitting conclusion to a disgraceful and crime-saturated period. It began with crime and crime stalks through it redhanded to the last hour of its blood-stained continuance. The sins of those it was sought to punish, and the tenfold more loathsome crimes of the gutter-fiends who acted as their gaolers, have eaten upward, and now with awful vengeance find a fertile breeding-place in the very hearts of the rulers of this people.

Honesty is openly laughed to scorn; corruption rules in high places; the cardinal virtues are assessed at the rate of interest they will return; political purity was sunk outside the Heads many years ago, and there is no one left to mourn its death; the marketable vices fetch 200 per cent. in the stock exchange - usurer's ordinary interest - and the man most prominently connected with the history of the colony during the latter part of its first century is, fittingly enough, its Premier on its hundredth birthday. Beneath his rule we have written our name down on the annals of the world's progress in characters of shame and folly. At the end of his political life he brought all his power and craft and cunning to bear in order to fetter us to a policy of war and Imperial intrigue. This MACHIAVELLI essayed also to celebrate this day of festivity and jubilation by a political burglary, and attempted to filch the common property of the Continent in order to ornament with an honoured, but rifled, name the period of his own dictatorship. This man, whom one of his own followers most appropriately describes as a "CAESAR of sand", displays his competence for the management of the affairs and finances of the country, whose misfortune it is to be ruled by him, by mismanaging and squandering his own, and at the close of a life of imbecile and spendthrift extravagance is saved from insolvency - for the third or fourth time - by the dole wrung by threats from unwilling civil servants, school children, and workmen of the humblest class slaving for a food-wage on Government relief works.

Fill high your glasses, rave loudly of your independence, of your prosperity, of the broad-spreading future of the golden years fading away into the roseate mist of poetic farness; "let the kettle to the trumpet speak, the trumpet to the cannoneer without, the cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth"; wreathe your heads with chaplets of flowers, gorge like the Choctaws of the forest upon costly viands, swill like the Vikings of old of the red sparkling wine; let eyes flash with rapture and pulses thrill with delirium, until, like CIRCE'S hogs, you are happy in bestial enchantment — the salves echo among the tree-clad

hills of Sydney Harbour, the glasses clink, the champagne gurgles down the throats of the fools who shout "Hurrah!" They did all just this 100 years ago!

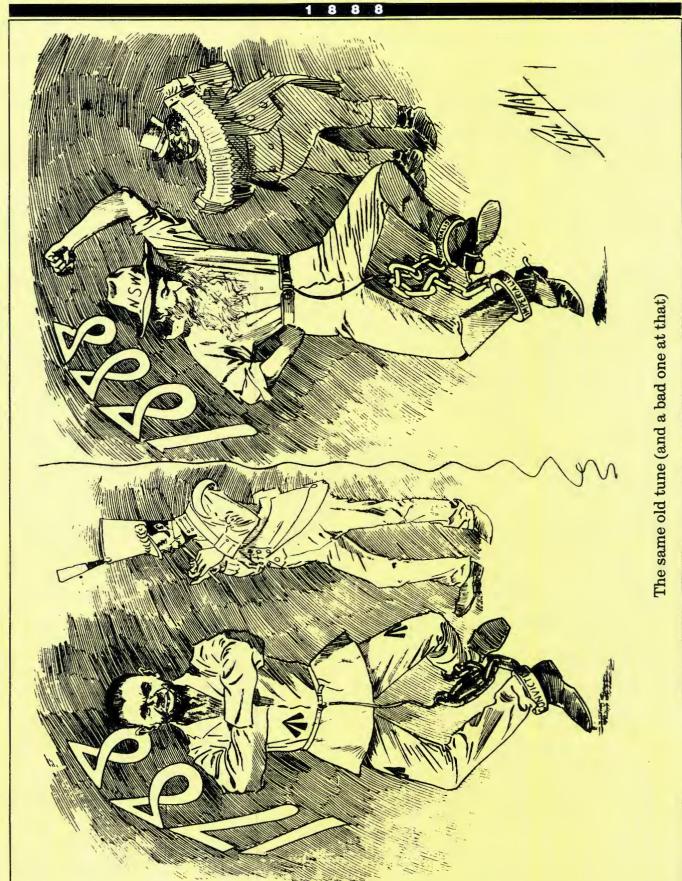
The Day We Ought to Celebrate.

ON the 3rd December, 1854, not 34 years ago, a deed was done, the influence of which in some genuine Australian hearts is felt to-day, and will be felt by increasing numbers for many days and many years to come. Whilst New South Wales was hanging boys and flogging virtue into the hides of hardened criminals, its young southern neighbour was springing forward with a wondrous nascent vigour in a race for first place, and the fondly self-styled "mother colony" was speedily left lagging in the rear. It has not yet caught up, though its age is three times that of its rival, and the area of its territory four. New South Wales brags loudly of the aid she has extended to her sister States, forgetting that the moribund institutions which she has patronisingly bestowed upon them have in nearly every instance been productive of wholesale trouble and acrid dissension. Is it necessary to cite the proconvict faction fights of old Moreton Bay and the separation struggles of the past, or will that one instance of December 3, 1854, suffice? We all know its history; it is familiar as the names of the men who led the English van on Crispian's Day to those who fought at Agincourt. Victoria sprang into existence like Minerva, a perfect goddess clad in shimmering mail, fresh from the brain of Jupiter. There was no painful preliminary epoch of agony and death-torture. The convictsettlement notion of colonisation luckily failed through Judge-Advocate COLLINS' ignorance and impracticable red-tapeism. Victoria enjoyed a respite of 30 years. Then came a race of hardy adventurers, steady sturdy men with strong arms and a free look of liberty in their eyes. And New South Wales made haste to gather into the fold of official espionage the new-born settlement. Sydney's departmental under-strappers were despatched to keep the new outpost in regulation repair, and when Victoria grew too big to be governed from the vice-regal sentry-box at Botany Bay, England generously gave her a vice-regal sentry-box of her own, but of similar pattern, erected on the same plan, according to the same specifications, as that one overlooking the waters of Farm Cove. It answered for a little while, just so long - and no longer - as it took the new colony to assert itself, which it did on the 3rd of December, 1854.

When gold was found, all the brawn and brain of Europe flocked to the port of Melbourne. These were men who came in search of wealth 'tis true, but men who dared danger and death and loved adventurous enterprise, many of them, as much as they loved gold. They were not as the commercial thieves and titled spongers who visit the colonies in later degenerate days. These gold-searchers were the fathers of Victoria, and almost the first thing that happened after their multitudinous invasion was collision with the cut-and-dried system of government provided so generously by England and copied so slavishly from the fusty pattern furnished by the alleged "mother colony". The Victorian Legislative Council, composed partly of nominee and partly of presumedly elected members, knew not the people — the diggers. Those sons of toil were not represented in the official-filled and squatter-bossed councils of the State. They paid an exorbitant fine for the privilege of working.

They were hounded like dogs by the insolent brats who wore the Government uniform. Digger-hunting was huge sport. Miners were chained up by the 50 like a road-gang, and dragged to the police-court to be fined. Two days every week were devoted by the authorities to





DIRECTOR

Digital circuit technology for high quality, high-precision special effects, plus improved noise reduction.

Up to eight hours recording and playback on a single cassette.

Digital graphics. Create your own special effects on either TV broadcast or video cassette playback. All controlled from your remote.

Super 4 head system.

Digital frame store. Freezes the scene while the sound continues. Intro Scan: quick review of programmes on any tape.

Digital noise reduction system for the clearest possible picture.

Unique rugged die cast aluminium chassis.

Digital double fine slow motion. Perfect picture at up to one-twentyfifth normal speed.

HS index search system. Up to 72 times normal speed.

Digital still advance. One frame at a time without "noise".

Stereo hi-fi. Better than most audio decks.

Digital bar-code scanner. To record up to a month ahead, just point.

Y562

The last word in video recorders

(E	sut you need our brochure for the	iun story).
brochure with th	nasonic, Box 5859, Crows Nest 2065. P ne full story of National Panasonic's incredib nd address of my nearest specialist retailer.	ble D80 video recorder.
NAME:		
ADDRESS:		
STATE:	P/CODE:	- mia
Comel	home to National/Pa	Inasonic

TODAY'S DEFENDER WEARS

Modern military platforms need more than firepower to survive. Fighter aircraft must jam enemy radar to conceal their positions. Cruisers must coordinate their guns and missiles with split-second timing. Artillery batteries must use laserguided munitions to strike with pinpoint precision.

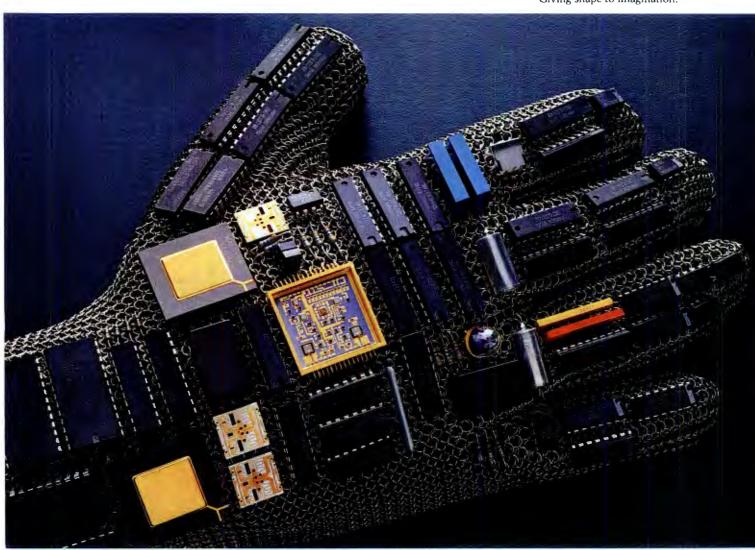
Today's defense depends on advanced electronic systems for its success. That's why electronics is such a fast-growing part of military business opportunities, and why Lockheed has positioned itself to be a key participant in this growth.

In 1986, Lockheed's business profile included 20 different lines of business in electronics; and sales can be characterized as approximately

A DIFFERENT KIND OF ARMOR. By 1991, Lockheed projections show one-third electronics and software. more than half its revenues being derived from these vital technologies. Nearly 40% of Lockheed's engineers now work in these disciplines, and plans started in 1984 should put more than \$700-million in new electronics facilities and equipment in place by 1988. The purchase of Sanders Associates in 1986 adds even more capabilities from one of the outstanding companies in the field.

On land, at sea, in the air, and now on-orbit, electronics is the new armor that gives modern military systems their winning edge. Lockheed is making sure this armor fits, no matter where the defense stands guard.







hunting for unlicensed diggers. By and by a man named SCOBIE was killed in a brawl at Ballarat, and his murderer was acquitted by the police magistrate who tried the case. The enraged diggers burnt down the assassin's hotel, and MACINTYRE, WESTERLY and FLETCHER were imprisoned for the act. A demand was made by their comrades for their release, and it was refused. The soldiers marched up from Melbourne to keep order and were harassed by the diggers who hung upon their trail. Then came the weekly hunt for unlicensed miners, with the red-coated rabble to support the police. The diggers resisted and enrolled themselves in a citizen army under the leadership of PETER LALOR, noblest of diggers and of opponents to the first manifestation of aggressive Imperialism in Victoria.

On December 3rd, 1854 - the day we ought to celebrate - met this little representative Democracy and the paid bloodhounds of unjust authority. It was Sunday morning, the day upon which Officialism was wont to repair to church, and to pray with sycophantic snuffle for the evangelical replenishment of their most Gracious Sovereign Lady, QUEEN VICTORIA, and the prospering with all happiness of that multifarious entity euphemistically described in the church service of an obedient people, as "all the Royal Family". It was Sunday morning when a prayer was put up to Liberty by a digger, and the responses were sung by the rattle of side-arms and the whistle of death-dealing bullets. Two hundred and seventy-six men in the pay of a foreign power, including a strong body of cavalry, stole forward in the gray mist of morning to carry by assault the miner's frail embattlement. They fire alternately – the diggers and the docile instruments of military force. The men behind the stockade give a ringing cheer, and fire again. Then there is a dash on the part of the hirelings of authority and the first line of defence is crossed: the police rush the inner line, and uproot the flag-staff, and tear down the banner of rebellious Labour. On come the soldiers, close in the wake of the police, but Captain WISE, of the 40th, and Lieutenant PAUL, of the 12th Regiments, are wounded, the former mortally. The military rush headlong over the barricade, carrying the tiny redoubt at the point of the bayonet.

But the insurgents behave gamely to the last. Thirty of them lie dead in the entrenchment, 125 are disabled, and taken prisoners; the district is placed under martial law, the tents of the diggers are burnt and razed to the ground. And all this happened while the good people of Melbourne were sleepily preparing to go to church, and pray for their Gracious Sovereign Lady, QUEEN VICTORIA! PETER LALOR, left for dead in the Eureka Stockade, escaped with the loss of his arm, and, like his lieutenants — VERN and BLACK — defied the cunning of the police, though a reward of £400 was offered for his capture, alive or dead. In the following year, Mr LALOR and Mr HUMFFRAY, also a rebellious miner, represented the Ballarat diggers in the Government of the country. The State had condoned rebellion and was compelled to recognise the will of the people.

Revolt is the parent of reform; and, though Eureka Stockade fades into insignificance when placed beside Bunker's Hill, the meaning and the impulse in each case of armed resistance were the same. In the dusky dawn, when the hired soldiers of Imperialism crept forward to take by storm the rude barricade erected by the insurgent citizens;

when the ringing voice of LALOR thundered out upon the damp air of the morning; when, with the glistening dew beading their unshorn beards, the stalwart diggers griped with brown hands or swung aloft with brawny naked arms the clubbed musket; then — then was heard in each heart an echo of the shot fired by the New England farmer which won a nation's freedom and gave mankind another lease of hope. Then was heard that voice in the crack of the miner's rifle that rang out in the lines of LANG when he wrote to Earl GREY with scathing invective, and warned him that for three years had that unwitting nobleman been knocking at the gates of Futurity for the President of the United States of Australia.

The spirit of LALOR and of LANG is the spirit that we long for in our public men, but it is the spirit that seems to have taken flight with the men who gave it birth. LANG is dead; LALOR has retired from public life. As with America so with Australia. WASHINGTON, LINCOLN—CLEVELAND; LANG, LALOR—PARKES. In America of the past, heroes, patriots, farmers. In America of the present, capitalists and their human property. In Australia of yesterday, pioneers, diggers, Democrats. In Australia of to-day, toadies, grovellers, lick-spittles. The old impulse is not dead, however, though the land-thief and the labourthief rig our markets and shark our estates; though our politicians sell us for an empty distinction and barter our birthright for a mess less than royal pottage.

The people of Australia – the true, the genuine Democrats, the AUSTRALIANS - refuse to celebrate the landing of PHILLIP; they look across the Murray for the one representative act of their nationality; they look across the ocean for the one representative utterance which foretells their future, and they find their exemplars in the rebellious miner, LALOR, and the irritable parson LANG. The one, by his heroic action in heading the diggers in revolt against unjust and tyrannical authority, furnished forth a precedent to Australia, which all Australians worthy of the name should inscribe in letters of indelible print within the red-leaved tablets of their hearts. The other, by his magnificent pertinacity and splendid daring, snatched a grand territory from convict-loving Officialdom and gave it to the free settler. Their deeds will speak ever louder than tablets of brass or monuments of marble, but if there is one thing the people of Australia could, with beautiful propriety, perform, it is to place in the Fortitude Valley, Brisbane, in the very locality in which LANG'S first free settlers took up their first abode, a memorial of this genuine worker and true Australian. The Ballarat monument still remains to be erected, but alas! the race of men in Ballarat of to-day are not the stalwart heroes of fifty-four. They huckster about a Stock Exchange, and their most magnificent effort at appreciation of merit is a statue to a GUELPHIC and foreign Sovereign.

Let it pass. The men who fought for liberty are not of the brand to be pleased with flattery. Their deeds live on in default of tablets. The shouts of diggers are in the air, the ping of the rifle-bullet is heard overhead, there is a clash of steel and a hurtling of arms; a flag with the insignia of labour — the pick and the shovel — flaunts proudly in the morning breeze above us . . . "Tis a memory of the day that Australia set her teeth in the face of the British Lion, December 3rd, 1854 — the Day We Ought to Celebrate. \square



In 1869 we started business by throwing away the quill.

When National Mutual first opened its doors along Collins Street, Melbourne in 1869, we began by throwing out some diehard financial traditions that had been around for as long as the quill.

And we've been re-writing the rules on financial planning ever since.

Our founding principles were to tailor life policies to the policyholder's needs. Others followed.

We've pioneered innovations

and new ways of adapting to individual needs ever since.

It's a philosophy that's seen us grow into one of the largest financial institutions in Australia.

And made us the one that for 118 years has re-written the way people look at financial planning.

National Mutual. Financial flexibility and security for the most important person in the world. You.

National Mutual. Financial flexibility and security for the Motional Mutual

The National Mutual Life Association of Australasia Ltd. (Incorporated in Victoria).





MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION.



NEW NISSAN 300ZX TURBO.

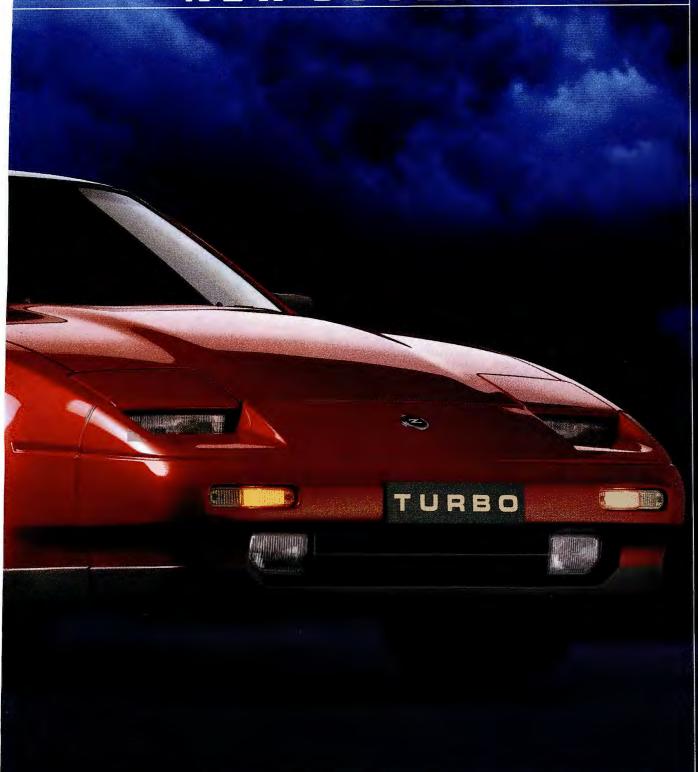


Here is the very latest Nissan 300ZX Turbo. It stands at the leading edge of luxury and turbo high performance.

At its heart lies arguably the world's most advanced V6 turbo engine. A 3-litre with crossflow cylinder heads and an overhead cam in each. A water-cooled turbocharger for unsurpassed reliability. Computerised fuel injection. Advanced engine management systems.

A new 5-speed manual transmission has been developed

NEW 300ZX TURBO



especially for this car. Or choose the optional 3-speed (plus overdrive) automatic. Also new for today's ZX, beautifully wide 7-inch alloy wheels and 50 series low profile tyres.

Inside the air conditioned cabin, the seats are trimmed in rich leather. They have numerous adjustments for your comfort, even power lumbar adjustment on the driver's seat.

New Nissan 300ZX Turbo. Available in limited numbers, at your Nissan Dealer now.



The Crucible

The Anzac tradition remains perhaps the most popular aspect of Australia's history.

BILL GAMMAGE describes how it was established.

WHEN the Australian colonies celebrated their federation on January 1, 1901, each was maintaining separate colonial contingents at the war in South Africa, and three of them - New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia – had forces fighting the Boxers in China. The thought that participating in these wars might catalyse nationhood occurred to only a few Australians. One was A.B. ("Banjo") Paterson whose contribution to the inaugural federal celebrations, Australia A Nation, depicted Britannia - in South Africa, rather than in London - hearing the song of the Australians in action and welcoming the young nation:

Partaker of my power and of my glory To the Sisterhood of Nations, enter in . . .

But Paterson was unusually ready to link nation, empire and war. He had returned in September 1900 from 10 months as a correspondent in South Africa and was touring Australia speaking on the war in January 1901. Even so, his claim about Australia's nationhood troubled him and he later withdrew it. He retitled his inaugural poem Song of the Federation and dropped the stanza about Britannia welcoming Australia, replacing it with more sombre lines about Australian war dead:

From War may we ever be defended, Kneel ye down, new-made sister – Let us Pray!

The suggestion of a trinity between nation, empire and war was more likely to come from Englishmen than Australians in 1901. Rudyard Kipling, the foremost imperial poet, who had befriended Paterson in South Africa, depicted Britannia greeting young Australia by referring unreservedly to the new nation's part in the war:

Blood of our foes on thy bridle and speech of our friends in thy mouth, How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the Sovereign South?

And the empire's main offering to Australia's inaugural celebrations was a special contingent of 1000 soldiers from famous imperial regiments: the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, the 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars, the Coldstream Guards, the Northumberland Fusiliers, the King's Rifle Corps, the Black Watch, the 9th Bengal Lancers, the Hyderabad Cavalry, the 16th Bom-



Banjo Paterson: back from South Africa



bay Infantry, the 5th Gurkahs. They lit up the inaugural procession: as they passed, the bright sun glinted from polished brass and brilliant uniforms splashed at the crowd blue and scarlet, scarlet and white, green and scarlet, blue and white, red and gold and green and black. The special contingent symbolised the significance Britannia assumed in the new nation: an affirmation of old ties of commerce and race and a potential addition to the military might of the empire. Australians recognised these assumptions. An empire on which the sun never set, the young cubs rallying to the old lion, the crimson thread of kinship and the grand old flag bearing civilisation into the Earth's dark corners were all images Australians knew well. Some felt uneasy.

By 1901, the British Army was convinced that only training could produce good soldiers. Well-trained, rock-firm squares of British red could defeat overwhelming hordes of undisciplined savages. Training, the British Army be-



Boer War, 1901: men of the NSW Mounted Rifles cross the Orange River

lieved, converted the most unlikely raw material – be it English factory hands or Indian peasants – into defenders of empire. The army measured every soldier's efficiency by how well he performed training exercises. These were many - and increasing in number - especially for officers and noncommissioned officers. Even for parttime citizen soldiers, weekend camps, four-day camps, annual camps of a week or two, specialist courses in musketry, scouting, signalling and first aid, efficiency badges and prizes and increased pay or promotion for efficiency all emphasised the fundamental importance of training. Training, the army assumed, won wars.

Such thinking could make Australians uncomfortable. If training was so essential to military success, the biggest trained armies would win and Australia's small population could not hope to vie.

If training was so important to success in battle, the racial background of

soldiers could not be as important as many Australians thought.

Yet, since the Crimea when war correspondents began going to war, popular opinion had used race to explain why some soldiers (for example, the Scots and the Gurkhas) succeeded in battle. The empire itself supported the notion of a hierarchy of races, with Britons on top. If that notion were correct, training could not be everything. What might be called natural ability, a superior racial heritage in a favorable environment, must count for something.

Most Australians wanted to believe that natural ability counted a great deal toward success in battle, if only for the compelling reason that no Australian colony could afford a large trained army. This was particularly evident during the 1890s which was, except in Western Australia, a decade of depression. The colonial defence comprised minute permanent forces supplemented by a part-time and partly

paid militia, unpaid volunteers, a few primary and secondary school cadets and civilians in rifle clubs. In all Australia in 1899 there were only 1400 permanent soldiers and 17,500 militia and volunteers. Commandants in each colony judged some soldiers diligent and well trained but also complained annually of widespread incompetence, ignorance and non-attendance and stated as frequently as was diplomatic that their men could never be efficient lacking funds to train them properly.

The commandants recognised that money was scarce: in Britain, militiamen camped for at least 21 days a year in addition to regular local parades but the Australian commandants agreed in 1896 to attempt a minimum of only 16 days training a year for infantry and 20 for other arms of the forces. Even these minimums were rarely managed. The commandants considered annual camps the key to effective training, because they provided the only opportunity for training larger formations, but

camps were frequently cancelled for want of funds and significant numbers of militiamen and volunteers did not attend when they were held. When, in 1898, NSW juggled its funds to hold its first camp for seven years, only twothirds of those expected attended and almost no militiamen or volunteers stayed for the whole period. In Queensland in 1899, only 21 percent of volunteers attended even short local camps. Outside the permanent forces, the keenest private might receive 14 days' training a year - perhaps none of it in camp; officers and non-commissioned officers might receive a little more, if they paid their own way.

In such circumstances, it became usual to judge a soldier's efficiency by his marksmanship. Various categories were recognised, from marksman and first-class shot downward and the efficiency of each unit was assessed according to what proportion of its men fell into each category. Even this basic test proved difficult to maintain. Between 1895 and 1899, three commandants reported that men under their command had never fired a military rifle — either because no range was available or because the men could not afford to buy their ammunition.

Not surprisingly, even among the commandants, there was a tendency to think that training defects might be compensated for by natural ability in the event of war.

No white Australian doubted that he or she came from superior racial stock - described as Anglo-Saxon or British - and, while some feared that this stock might be degenerating so far from "home", most were convinced that the rigors of life in the bush refined the race and produced a better type than existed in Britain. It was an idea not peculiar to Australia - supporters of the empire such as Kipling proclaimed it of all the empire's white colonies - but in Australia it took local form. From bush life men got strong and active physiques, great skills with horses. And they got well-developed qualities of selfreliance, resource, initiative, endurance and determination. The bushman was a natural soldier because, it was believed, his work in the bush and his racial inheritance made him so. "His is not a new race," wrote a returned soldier in 1902, "it is, rather, the renewed, reinvigorated reproduction of an older one . . . he owes little of his capacity for war to drill or instruction. He has known no riding school . . . He is feeble in the salute. He hardly ever knows when to turn out the guard ... nevertheless, he is a highly trained man of war. He has learned to ride through pine scrubs, down mountainsides, over



Oxford Street, Sydney: departure of the NSW contingent for the Transvaal

rotten ground, about cattle camps ... He has studied marching on the travelling stock routes ... His knowledge of scouting has been acquired young. You cannot teach a man to scout in a suburb or from a text book ... He has unconsciously been taught what is ... important ... to know on active service ..."

Australians who objected to established officer hierarchies and other forms of militarism welcomed this thinking and it was a comfort to those who knew that the colonies could not afford peacetime standing armies.

Such thinking also encouraged the colonial commandants when there came a sniff of war in 1899. In the Boer republic of Transvaal in South Africa, a rapidly growing population of non-Boers — most of them British — had demanded citizenship rights which the Boers had refused to grant, fearing that to do so would surrender their country to the British.

Major General French, commandant of the New South Wales forces, saw this situation as "the opportunity of a lifetime". He called for volunteers from the defence force in the event of war and by mid-July claimed that he had 1200 to 1500 ready to go. When war began, on October 12, 1899, every Australian colony had already decided to send troops to South Africa.

Britain asked Australia for only a small contingent: 250 men each from NSW, Victoria and Queensland; 125 each from South and Western Australia; 80 from Tasmania. The commandants assumed that these quotas would come from their defence forces — that those who were best trained

would go to war. But in no colony did a majority of the defence force volunteer. Civilians had to be enlisted to complete the quota in Victoria and South Australia. Only for places as officers was there keen competition in every colony.

One militia unit was already organised: when war began, 103 New South Wales Lancers were training in Britain partly at their own expense and 72 of these disembarked at Cape Town on the way home. They were the first Australian troops to reach the war.

The men of the first contingent were the keenest and best trained of those willing and able to go but, by the standards of proud imperial regiments such as those that marched through Sydney in 1901, no Australian unit was well trained. The commandants could do little to remedy this: the urgency of war allowed most first-contingent men two weeks at best between going into camp and embarking. The natural ability of those soldiers was going to matter.

And, almost immediately, events in South Africa challenged the assumption that training won wars.

During "Black Week", from December 10 to 17, 1899, the Boers inflicted three major defeats on the British army — at Magersfontein, Stormberg and Colenso. The victors were civilians relying almost entirely, despite their apparent racial disadvantage, on natural ability. Worse, they defeated trained British regulars by taking advantage of defects in their training. At Magesfontein, for example, Boer riflemen decimated the famous Highland Brigade — including the Black Watch — by catching it in the open as it formed up

to attack according to regulations.

Black Week meant more Australians for South Africa. For the second contingent, raised in the week of those defeats, each colony sought volunteers from its defence force only. But, except in Victoria - where some persuading eventually brought forward enough trained men - civilians without military experience had to be accepted to complete the quotas. The second contingent also embarked with little training. By the time the war ended, in June 1902, each colony had contributed to between four and six colonial contingents and three commonwealth contingents totalling 16,378 soldiers. Other Australians enlisted in imperial units in South Africa. The total was many more than the colonial defence forces could have hoped to supply. Sending only trained soldiers to war proved simply impossible.

Many Australians doubted that it was desirable. Britain wanted Australia after Black Week to supply mounted scouts, to screen its slow-moving army from the flying Boer commandos. In British eyes, scouts need not be fully trained: "irregulars" would do because they were to watch, not fight. The Australian commandants understood this but many other Australians imagined

scouts as the army's cutting edge, the only soldiers with the speed to harry the Boers. In their eyes, the empire was seeking soldiers with the bushcraft "to play the Boers at their own game".

"Great Britain," suggested the Adelaide Register, "probably accepts the offered second contingent because it is to be composed of Australian horsemen, well trained and able to shoot, who could supply the urgent need for mounted scouts. They will be of a class entirely different from the ordinary Tommy Atkins, whose power of initiative has been destroyed by years of mechanical drill... No other men on the face of the Earth would be better suited to scout duty than Australian Mounted Infantry."

The bushmen trained for a few weeks at most and during the Citizen's Bushmen's farewell march through Sydney men broke ranks to yarn with friends, leaned down or dismounted to kiss girls or accept flowers and gifts, swigged from bottles passed up from the crowd and arrived at the ship in considerable disarray. But they looked superb, they rode with masterly ease, they were men going to war rather than just marching in a procession, and they were hailed as the true representatives of Australia.

The menagerie of mascots they took — including a dingo, a sheep dog, a black swan, a possum and a wallaby — seemed entirely appropriate.

Many middle-class Australians, at least, clearly hoped that the bushmen might win Australia's name as a partner to empire — and, to them, that was virtually the same as achieving nation-hood.

Those who hoped for great things from the Australian forces were to be disappointed, for various reasons. The Australian contingents were small. Banjo Paterson depicted this scene in the War Office in London:

CLERK: "Cablegram from Australia offering troops, Sir!"

MILITARY VETERAN: "No! Can't have 'em. It has been decided not to use blacks, except as a last resource."

CLERK: "But these are white troops, Sir – the local forces... There are... seven distinct Commanders-in-Chief all offering troops."

M.V. (roused to excitement): "Great Heavens! are they going to take the war off our hands? Seven Commanders-in-Chief! They must have been quietly breeding armies all these years in Australia. Let's have a look at the cables. Where's this from?"

If you want a really mild cigarette...

APB6110-C

RA37AR/R

C: "Tasmania, Sir. They offer to send a Commander-in-Chief and" (pauses aghast) "and 85 men!"

M.V. (jumping to his feet): "What! Have I wasted all this time talking about 85 men! ... Well, I am damned! ... You cable back and say that I've seen bigger armies on the stage at Drury Lane Theatre."

It suited the War Office to keep Australian formations small: it did not want part-time soldiers, partly trained or not, wandering about South Africa. The War Office asked for units of only 125 men and, when they arrived, it brigaded them with British troops. The Australians were to be scouts, not commandos.

Colonial pride was another reason Australian forces could not make a name for themselves in South Africa. Australians the volunteers might be, but first they were colonials and throughout the war they remained Queenslanders or Western Australians or Victorians. "Soldiers' deeds are the very foundation of national greatness", the West Australian declared on September 12, 1900; yet, on March 28, it had reported a Western Australian soldier's observation that "our boys are a better stamp and more soldierly" than

men from the other eastern, colonies.

Australia was not a nation at heart. One great deed in South Africa, one glorious victory in which Australians proved their racial inheritance and won their nationhood, might have changed that but it was never to be. Skirmishes and patrols suited neither those who expected decisive results from superior training nor those who believed that natural ability won wars.

Australians won a good reputation in some small affrays and at Elands River in August 1900 fought their most significant action of the war among a heavily outnumbered force guarding a large depot of stores and pounded by shells and shrapnel, raked by machineguns and sniped by rifle-fire for 12 days. The British command assumed that the garrison had been captured early in the siege but the men held on grimly.

But the commonest actions during those numberless weary patrols across the veld were looting Boer farms, destroying crops and houses, sending women and children away to concentration camps. All British soldiers did these things as a matter of course but they were not the stuff of national legend and some Australians became no-

torious for doing them enthusiastically. In the best-known instance, Australian lieutenants Harry Morant and Peter Handcock went before a firing squad on February 27, 1902 for shooting Boer prisoners. The executions were for years a source of national embarrassment and racial shame.

There were other incidents: the burning of the Cape Town offices of the South African News in February 1901 by bushmen angry at being told they lacked discipline; a riot on the transport vessel Morayshire in May 1901; various small disturbances in which Australians forcibly expressed their opinion that beating the Boers did not require them to become slaves to militarism. The Melbourne *Punch* attempted to defend the part played by natural ability by remarking that the imperial officers who commanded the Victorians were "no more fit to handle a body of irregulars than a mule is fit to command eagles". But, basically, Australians preferred to forget the war as quickly as possible.

That Paterson should write a poem which saw Australia made a nation in South Africa was understandable because there he had seen Australians he admired show courage, endure hard-

...there's nothing milder than Ransom

Rothmans Ransom Selectthe World's first multi-filter King Size cigarette

RA37BL/R



Australian troopers pay tribute to a fallen comrade in arms, January 1902

ship and die. But it was equally understandable that he should withdraw the claim of nationhood. Two hundred and fifty one men in Australian contingents were killed in South Africa, 267 died of disease and 43 were listed missing but their country erected no national memorial for them. They were remembered, if at all, only in their home towns — and those that remembered them, although citizens of a federated Australia, felt themselves colonists still.

Those who thought natural ability sufficient to make a good defence force provided for a voluntary defence system in the first Commonwealth Defence Acts in 1903 and 1904. Beyond that they could only wait, as one of them put it in 1902, "until the Great War comes".

Advocates of training began urging the expansion of Australia's defence forces. They were helped by growing tension between Britain and Germany and increasing German, French, Japanese and American activity in the Pacific after 1902. All these potential enemies had large trained armies and Australia was made to feel vulnerable to them when an Anglo-Japanese alliance in 1902 allowed the Royal Navy to withdraw its capital ships from the Pacific in 1907. Australians "saw themselves in time of war a lonely, sparsely populated outpost, cut off...by 12,000 miles of sea", the Melbourne Age stated, "... (so they) determined ... to acquire a navy . . ." The first ships were ordered in 1909 and the country had 10 surface warships and two submarines by 1913.

The military also expanded after



...the mildest of them all



Check it out

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS

Health Authority Warning*

APB6110-C *Packaging warning required by Government regulation.

RA37CR/R



Birth of a nation: Anzac troops landed at dawn on April 25, 1915, and were evacuated eight months later

1905 and by 1907 fear of invasion had persuaded a significant number of middle-class Australians, at least, to swallow their fears of militarism and accept the principle of compulsory peacetime military training. The principle was made law by the Defence Act of 1909 and in December that year the empire's most distinguished serving soldier, Lord Kitchener, arrived to inspect Australia's military forces. He made no secret of his sympathies: "Having had considerable experience of Australians working in the field during the South African war, I was not surprised to find what excellent material existed amongst the young manhood of Australia ... In these days, however, excellent fighting material and the greatest zeal - though indispensable adjuncts - are not of themselves sufficient to enable a force to take the field against thoroughly trained regular troops . . . the present forces are inadequate in numbers, training, organisation and munitions of war, to defend Australia . . .'

Kitchener went on to recommend a peacetime establishment of 80,000 trained soldiers plus recruits, a system of annual camps and local training for all Australian males between 12 and 26, and a military college to train regular officers. It was more than the commandants of a decade before had dared dream of but a Labor government implemented most of it under the Defence Act of 1910.

In 1901, the commonwealth had accepted 29,000 men from the colonial defence forces; by 1914 it had more than 200,000 males under arms of some sort and a defence expenditure of 25

shillings a head — the third highest in the world, after Britain and France.

On August 4, 1914, Britain declared war on Germany. The British government asked Australia on August 6 to destroy the German wireless stations on Yap, Nauru and New Britain. A mixed volunteer force of 1500 naval reservists and men with no previous military experience was raised hastily and on September 11, after two brief skirmishes, the reservists captured the station near Rabaul, German New Guinea surrendered to the invaders five days later. This was a significant addition of territory. The force that captured it was larger than the first contingent sent to South Africa and the German defenders had commented on the unexpected bushcraft of the Australians.

The taking of German New Guinea might have reassured Australians about natural ability, race and nation in other circumstances but it was submerged by even more momentous events at home.

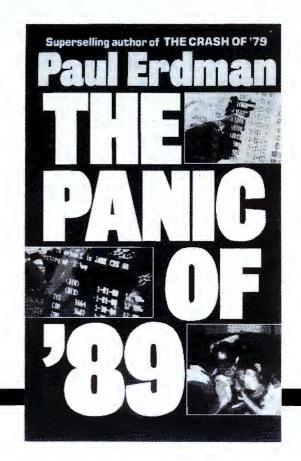
The Inspector General of the Commonwealth Military Forces, Brigadier General Bridges, was determined when war began that the Boer war practice of dispersing Australians in small units among British regiments would not be repeated. Australia would have an army; it would be organised into fighting units and, as far as possible, be led by Australian officers.

Bridges persuaded the government to offer Britain a complete infantry division, a complete light horse brigade and three brigades of artillery. This would be called the Australian Imperial Force, a name that expressed the dual allegiance of Australians to their nation and to the empire, but its commander would be responsible to the Australian government and it would unquestionably be a national force and remain so throughout the war. The Great War was to be Australia's first major national enterprise.

Australia initially offered 20,000 men, ready to sail within four to six weeks. The number offered was soon raised: 52,561 men had enlisted by the end of 1914. As in 1899, the defence forces could not supply such numbers. Inexperienced civilians would have to be accepted. Recruiting officers enrolled experienced men whenever possible, but in the 1st Division about four percent of officers and 40 percent of other men had never served before. The division trained intensively in Egypt and by the time it went into action on April 25, 1915, it had been training longer than some Australian units had served in South Africa but its recruitment set the tone for the rest of the war: the AIF was a civilian's army.

Some later volunteers embarked without having fired or even handled an army rifle and without important items of equipment. They were equipped overseas and sometimes trained for quite extensive periods but essentially, although in peacetime the value of training had been winning ascendancy, Australia put its trust in natural ability in war.

Many Australians thought that entirely appropriate for Australia's first big national enterprise. "It is our baptism of fire...", rejoiced *The Sydney Morning Herald* on August 6, 1914, "and the discipline will help us find ourselves. It will test our manhood and



Are the Money Markets going down the tube?

The Swiss, the Russians and the Latin Americans are conspiring to bring the United States' economy to its knees. A combination of ruthless financial machination, searing political power-play and suicidal terrorism is threatening to trigger the greatest economic catastrophe the world has ever known. Across the globe the PANIC of '89 is about to begin...

Paul Erdman's bestselling CRASH of '79 was a triumph of chilling prophecy. Now only you can decide whether THE PANIC OF '89 is thrilling, explosive fiction or terrifying nightmarish fact...

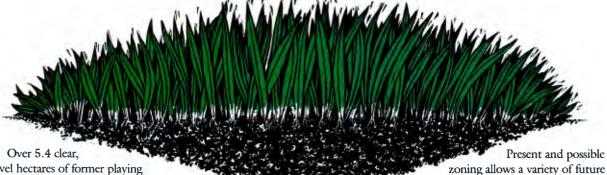
A BESTSELLER AVAILABLE WHEREVER PAPERBACKS ARE SOLD



Distributed by Penguin Books Australia Limited.

PBA 056

What could you do with 14 acres of this, 5 minutes from Auckland's CBD?



level hectares of former playing fields in the heart of Auckland's premiere suburb. This is the most remarkable development opportunity in many years.

Previously known as Hobson Park, this unique property is situated only minutes from the city and 50 metres from the southern motorway.

Your proposals for purchase, or development of this land in conjunction with the present owners are welcomed now.

rewarding development options.

Please contact: The Secretary – Manager, Dilworth Trust Board, Erin Street, Epsom, Auckland 3. New Zealand. Telephone 64 9 543-179.

DIL 3489 O&M

The Greatest Bargain in

World Expo 88 announces the greatest bargain in entertainment history.

Half Price Vouchers to the greatest gathering of international entertainers ever seen in Australia.

A six month mega-festival at the Queensland Performing Arts Complex, just next door to Expo.

Simply buy as many Half Price Vouchers as you like, each at only \$17.50. You'll receive the Official Diary, and you can choose the performances you want to see. You'll save an average of half price on regular admissions.

Just look at the diversity of performances your Half Price Vouchers will buy.

GREAT CLASSICAL THEATRE COMPANIES

English Shakespeare Company The Wars of the Roses: Richard II, Henry IV 1 & 2, Henry V, Henry VI 1 & 2, Richard III (United Kingdom)

<u>Comédie Française</u> Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (France)

Kabuki (Japan)

Antologia de la Zarzuela (Spain)

<u>Peking Opera</u> The Three Beatings of Tao San Chun (People's Republic of China)

Mummenschanz (Switzerland)

Amphitheatron Aristophanes (Greece)
The Australian Opera The Turn of the Screw (Australia)



MUSIC THEATRE

New Work by Philip Glass Philip Glass Ensemble (USA)

Ross Wilson in "Soul" Ralph Kerle (Australia)

The Knee Plays Robert Wilson & David Byrne (USA)

<u>The Sky Wizard</u> Kim Carpenter (Australia)

<u>Line One</u> Grips Theater (Federal Republic of Germany)

<u>Boojum!</u> The Song Company (Australia) <u>Bennelong</u> Australian Chamber Orchestra (Australia)

The Fall of Singapore Nigel Triffit (Australia)



COMEDY AND VAUDEVILLE

<u>The Flying Karamazov Brothers</u> Juggling and Cheap Theatrics (USA)

Hoffnung Concert Queensland Symphony Orchestra (UK/Australia)

Los Trios Ringbarkus (Australia)

<u>Classic Queensland Nostalgic Vaudeville</u> Show (Australia)

FILM

Maria Callas A new film about opera's great diva



MUSIC

Monterey Jazz Festival Down Under (USA)

Australian Jazz Orchestra (Australia)

Beethoven Piano Festival Roger Woodward plays the complete piano sonatas;

Queensland Theatre Orchestra (Australia)

Messiaen Festival Gillian Weir plays the complete organ works; Quatour Olivier Messiaen; Australian Chamber Orchestra (France)

<u>David Hykes and the Harmonic Choir</u> (USA)

World Expo on Stage Finale Queensland Pops Orchestra (Australia)



Entertainment History.

FESTIVAL OF AUSTRALIAN THEATRE

2-FT Meryl Tankard (NSW)

Running Up a Dress Suzanne Spunner, The Homecooking Company (Vic) Too Young for Ghosts Janis Balodis, The T.N.! Company (Old)

The Women There...
Julianne O'Brien,

Arena Theatre Company (Vic)

A Stretch of the Imagination Jack Hibberd (WA)

Wilfred Gordon McDonald Partridge Mem Fox & Julie Vivas, The Patch Theatre Company (SA)

<u>Capricornia</u> From the Xavier Herbert novel, Belvoir Street Theatre (NSW)

Akwanso Fly South Robyn Archer, Adelaide Festival (SA)

<u>Honeyspot</u> Jack Davis, Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust (National)

Barungin: Smell the Wind Jack Davis, The Marli Biyol Company (WA)

The Heartbreak Kid Richard Barrett, Griffin Theatre (NSW)

The Pathfinder Darryl Emerson (Vic)

A Spring Song Ray Mathew, Royal Queensland Theatre Company (Qld) Jane Street Season National Institute of Dramatic Art (National)

New Work Six Years Old Company (NSW)

Apparitions Bogdan Koca, Thalia Theatre
Company (NSW)

Fleets of Fortune Deck Chair Theatre (WA)
Peter Dawson: Off the Record Mel Morrow
& David Mitchell, Harvest Theatre
Company (SA)

Woman of the Deep Tony Strachan, Chrome Company (NSW)

Quacks in the Ceiling The Conway Hiccups Orchestra & Legs on the Wall (NSW)

<u>Liberty</u> Bob Maza, Salamanca Theatre Company (Tas)



SPECTACULARS

World Drum Festival 100 Percussionists from 15 nations

Cosmic Odyssey Nippon 100 High-Tech Artists from Japan

Michel Lemieux 100 Special Effects from Canada

Moonlight Stampede 100 Dancers, Gymnasts and Skaters from Australia.

Folk Dance Ensemble 100 Costumes for 35 Singers and Dancers from Hungary ASEAN Dance Festival 100 Exotic Dances from Thailand, Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines

International Theatresport 1000 roles played by 50 actors from Canada, New Zealand, Sweden, United Kingdom, USA and Australia.

TELEPHONE HOTLINE BOOKINGS BRISBANE (07)223 0999

WORLD EXPO ON STAGE

WORLD EXPO ON STAGE

This wareher man be exchanged for MIRLAD PA PRINTIN STAGE (Mireal Expension).

Mail to:

Mail to: World Expo On Stage Bookings G.P.O. Box 50, Brisbane, QLD. 4001.

Address:

Payment: By cheque. Enclose and make payable to
Queensland Performing Arts Complex.

By Credit Card. Complete the details below.

Cardholder's Name:

Bankcard Mastercard Diners Club Visa
Card expires

Amount enclosed \$
Card expires

All sales final. No refunds available.

ON SALE NOW!

And, after the Victorian AIF contingent marched through Melbourne in September, The Age wrote: "The immensely significant and important thing about yesterday's demonstration was that every man who took part in it was a volunteer. No military despotism had driven him to war . . . from the cities and the back blocks, from the homes of comparative luxury and the homes of poverty, these men had volunteered ... They were all Australian; Britons by blood and descent, by sentiment and tradition. But yet - Australians . . . "

tory", another noted.

The Anzac objective was about halfway along the Gallipoli Peninsula - a range of hills that commanded the narrowest point of the straits of the Dardanelles, the sea route into the heart of Turkey. If this range could be captured, the Turkish troops at Cape Helles (on the tip of the peninsula) would be cut off and the way would be open via the Dardanelles to the Turkish capital Constantinople. Success on Gallipoli could put Turkey out of the war. About 21,000 Australians and New Zealand-

More men landed: the four battalions of the 3rd Brigade, then the 2nd Brigade, the 1st Brigade, the New Zealand Infantry Brigade and the 4th Brigade. Almost to a man, they rushed up the cliffs and pushed eagerly inland searching for Turks.

The Turks were rallying. Their shrapnel was bursting over the Anzac area by 4.45 am and soon after 9.00 am Turkish reinforcements began to press in upon the Australians furthest advanced. For a day and a night, savage battles ebbed and flowed across small patches of scrub soon to become famous throughout the empire: Walker's Ridge, Baby 700, 400 Plateau, the Nek, Russell's Top, the Bloody Angle. Lines of trenches formed gradually but there were sudden charges and bombardments, bayonet fights and sniping duels for almost a week, until Briton and Turk sank back exhausted - each accepting the ground they held. Six thousand Australians were casualties by April 30 and the Turks still held the

heights of the range.

But Australia's name was made. Training was important to what was achieved at the landing: the men obeyed their orders to press forward, to find and follow an officer, to tell the rear of the trend of battle. But they had swarmed impetuously from the beach as few professional soldiers would have dared do and they had ignored the principles of war in pressing so ardently inland. "No troops in the world can have fought better," wrote an old Scottish regular. An Australian non-commissioned officer decided, "the boys behaved steadier than many veterans would have ... (they) acted on their own initiative and ... so saved a very critical situation." Reported Ashmead-Bartlett: "These raw Colonial troops ... proved themselves worthy to fight side by side with the heroes of Mons and the Aisne, Ypres and Neuve Chapelle." Those heroes were regular soldiers and included all those British regiments which had marched through Sydney in 1901.

Australians at home read on May 8 Ashmead-Bartlett's account of how their country was made a nation and a partner to empire. Paterson was convinced this time: he responded to the news with We're All Australians Now:

The old state jealousies of vore Are dead as Pharaoh's sow, We're not State children any more We're all Australians now! . . .

The mettle that a race can show Is proved with shot and steel, And now we know what nations know And feel what nations feel.



Troops in France: the Great War was Australia's first major national enterprise

As the men of the 3rd Brigade waited during the last tense hours before battle, they were visited by English war correspondent Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett who would first tell the world of their landing. They were, "cheerful, quiet and confident. There was no sign of nerves or undue excitement, such as one might very reasonably have expected ... this splendid body of Colonial troops were . . . six months ago . . . leading peaceful civilian lives in Australia and New Zealand, thousands of miles away. Now . . . they were about to disembark on a strange, unknown shore in a foreign land and attack an enemy of a different race".

Some of those about to land felt a similar sense of destiny. "It is going to be Australia's chance and she makes a tradition out of this that she must always look back on," one wrote. "Today most momentous in Australian his-

ers were to land at the same time, about 42,000 British and French troops would land at or near Helles.

The ships bearing the leading Australians sent the first boatloads of troops toward the shore about 3.30 am. The first boat touched land at 4.29 and Queenslanders of the 9th Battalion jumped out and began to throw off their packs. A shot rang out, then another, then a steady klock-klock-klock as the Turkish defenders woke to the invasion.

The Australians found themselves further north than they expected and, instead of an open plain, scrub-covered hills rose before them. Perhaps they were fortunate: where they landed, only two- or three-hundred Turks at first opposed them; where they meant to land, the Turks had mined the beach and entrenched themselves behind thick barbed wire.

WE'RE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE OUR SPONSORSHIP OF THE 1988 OLYMPIC GAMES.



One of the world's leading electronics companies, we are deeply committed to the Olympic ideals of peace, harmony, and cooperation. So it gives us great pleasure to be designated as official supplier of video equipment to Calgary and Seoul. The same

dedication and drive that motivates
Olympic athletes to excel motivates us to
serve you with products of true gold-medal
quality. Products that can capture all the
action and drama of the Olympics to relive
over and over again.

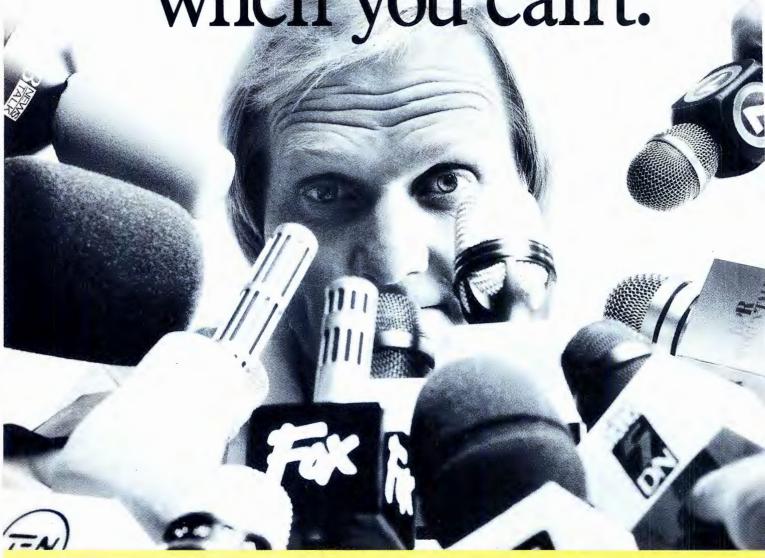


Worldwide Sponsor 1988 Olympic Games





Hertz go out of their way when you can't.



When you're up to your ears in business, Hertz special delivery and pick up service can save you a lot of time and hassles.

If you're within ten kilometres of a Hertz location, we'll deliver and pick up your Hertz car free of charge during normal business hours. Just give us 24 hours notice.

We offer you clean, reliable cars at very competitive rates. And friendly, efficient service.

Hertz not only invented car rental, but just about every innovation that makes it easier and faster.

We want you to enjoy renting Hertz, even if it means going out of our way.

You get more than just a car.

In the weeks after the landing, both the British and Turkish staff believed that they could win by charging the enemy's trenches and pushing them from supposedly strategic positions. The Turks tried this only once on a large scale: 42,000 attacked the Anzac line at dawn on May 19. By noon, 10,000 of them lay killed or wounded and nowhere was the line broken.

Sickness and exhaustion were wearing down the army by July. More men were being evacuated sick than wounded and poor food, little sleep and hard work had reduced even the fittest to utter weariness. Yet, in August, these men - with re-inforcements - took part in a major allied offensive. On August 7, some 25,000 British troops landed to establish a base at Suvla Bay – a kilometre and a half north of Anzac. To cover this landing, the Australians made five attacks against the Turkish trenches on Anzac - at Lone Pine, German Officer's Trench, Dead Man's Ridge, Quinn's Post and the Nek. Only at Lone Pine, after three days' savage close-quarter fighting, did they succeed. As well, on the night of August 6, New Zealanders, Australians and Indians moved from the north flank of Anzac to attack the commanding heights the Turks still held. But, after heavy fighting, these attacks also failed.

The allied offensive continued throughout August but at its end the Turks still held the key positions and the allies were exhausted. There were no more great attacks, and the allies evacuated Anzac and Suvla in December and Helles in January.

The Australians on Gallipoli demonstrated the benefits of training. Their patrolling and trench-work were professional and their battle discipline superb. A British major watched the 2nd Brigade advance through a hurricane of shells and bullets up the bare slope of Krithia Spur at Helles in May and wrote: "Not for one breath did the great line waver or break. On and up it went, up and on, as steady and proud as if on parade. A seasoned staff officer watching choked with his own admiration. Our men tore off their helmets and waved them and poured cheer after cheer after those wonderful Anzacs."

In November, the troops were ordered several times not to fire on the Turks except in extreme emergency. Though puzzled, they obeyed perfectly—sometimes not firing until curious Turks dropped into the front trenches. These "silent stunts" were to prepare the Turks for the evacuation—an extremely difficult operation that required 35,445 men to withdraw silently, over 11 nights, from trenches overlooked by the Turks in many places.

The Anzacs executed it faultlessly: there was not one casualty.

But, almost always, what Australians did on Gallipoli was explained by their natural ability — almost as though they were still civilians. When news of the evacuation reached Australia, *The Argus* announced, "the name of Gallipoli will never spell failure in Australian ears. It was there that our young and untried troops ... given as their baptism of blood a task before which veteran soldiers might well have blenched, quitted themselves as men ..."

An English officer recalled of a visit to Anzac in May: "Much has been written about the splendid appearance of those Australian troops but a splendid appearance seems to introduce somehow an atmosphere of the parade ground. Such litheness and powerful grace did not want the parade ground; that was to take it from the jungle to the circus." And when he had to say what motive sustained the Australians at the landing the Australian official historian, C. E. W. Bean, decided it was "their idea of Australian manhood". It became common for both Australians and the rest of the empire to think of Australians as fighters rather than soldiers. The "Australian is not a soldier, but he is a fighter, a born fighter", an AIF sergeant remarked, "... his separate individuality and his priceless initiative . . . (make him) infinitely better than the clockwork soldier". "The Australian is ... independent and high spirited," another Australian wrote, "and ... should the military folk succeed in breaking that spirit the Australian will no longer be the fearless fighting man that he is now ...". And the British general commanding in Egypt told the Australian Governor-General: "The men are splendid! as fighters, the best the World has seen! no words can overpraise them ... but here in Egypt they ... do not see the necessity for either training or restraint ..." Even the generals explained Australian achievement by natural ability.

After the evacuation, the AIF returned to Egypt. The infantry divisions were doubled from two to four and between March and July 1916 sent to fight in France. The mounted arm of the AIF, the light horse — which had fought dismounted on Gallipoli - remained in Egypt and in February 1916 began patrolling from the Suez Canal into the Sinai Desert to meet the Turks who, fresh from their Gallipoli triumph, were advancing on Egypt. Thirsty patrols in the fierce heat were occasionally enlivened by sharp skirmishes until, in a major battle between August 3 and 9, Australian and British light horse and New Zealand mounted riflemen

You get more than just a car from:

\$33

a day (monthly rate) for a Ford Laser,

\$38
a day (weekly rate)

for a Ford Laser.

\$49

a day (daily rate) for a Ford Laser.



stopped the Turkish advance at Romani. The Anzacs crossed from Sinai into Palestine on December 21 and on December 23 drove the Turks clear of the frontier at the battle of Magdhaba. The Turks lay entrenched in Palestine behind a strong line between Gaza on the coast and Beersheba, 48 kilometres inland.

In March and April 1917, two attempts to take Gaza from the Turks failed and the British then spent the summer patrolling the desert and building up their reserves. They attacked Beersheba on the morning of October

In important ways, the light horse drew together the main elements of a military and national tradition toward which Australians had been groping since the 1890s. Like the bushmen, the light horsemen came overwhelmingly from rural Australia. Their achievements were used to show how well the bush, Australia's most distinctive environment, had refined the race. Also they now fought as a national force, in a major campaign, against a trained enemy. Gallipoli had reassured Australians about their nationhood so the actions of the light horse were seen as sim-

"Looking back upon that throng of great-hearted countrymen ... one ceases to feel astonishment at the war deeds of the Australian light horsemen. For these men were the very flower of their race. All were pioneers, or the children of pioneers. Ninety-seven out of every hundred came from pure British stock; they were children of the most restless, adventurous and virile individuals of that stock ... men of resource, initiative and resolution ... horsemen of various degrees of excellence . . . expert observers and judges of country ... No more wholesome and splendid body of young men ever went out to battle than these rural sons of Australia's pioneers."

That, too, was how their nation wanted the light horse to look. Gullett knew that training mattered to armies and he admired generals like Sir Harry Chauvel, the light horse commander, who insisted on its pre-eminence. But, when Gullett thought of what the light horsemen meant to Australia, he wrote of their natural ability.

In military terms, the great campaigns waged this century have made South Africa, Gallipoli and Palestine secondary affairs. These minor campaigns were fought without the full power of modern military technology, thus allowing individual soldiers some influence on their outcome and making them more characteristic of the 19th than the 20th century. That suited Australians for the assumptions of race, nation and empire from which Australia made a tradition were also pre-industrial.

About 550 Australians died in South Africa, about 7600 on Gallipoli and about 1430 in Sinai and Palestine. In France between 1916 and 1918 almost seven times as many died and the guns showed cruelly how little individuals mattered and how useful for survival training could be. But what happened in France had little influence on Australia's national military tradition because that was formed in a quite different crucible.

When Australians call the Anzac tradition to mind, they think not of the terrible bombardments of the western front under which most of their countrymen killed in war were slaughtered, but of Lone Pine and Beersheba, of Tobruk and Kokoda, the battles in which the great machines of modern war were few enough to allow ordinary citizens to show what they could do. \square



A regiment of the Australian Light Horse on the march near Jerusalem

31 and late that afternoon the town was taken by a dramatic charge of the 4th and 12th Light Horse Regiments. The charge cut open the heart of Palestine and a captured German officer added his voice to those who saw the Australians as fighters, not soldiers: "We did not believe that the charge would be pushed home," he said. "That seemed an impossible intention. I have heard a great deal of the fighting quality of Australian soldiers. They are not soldiers at all; they are madmen."

The British surged north. They took Jerusalem on December 9 and, after a halt to rest their army, Jericho in February. Between late March and early May Anzac horsemen and British infantry were twice repulsed in costly raids on Amman and Es Salt east of the Jordan River. Not until September 19 did the British launch another offensive. It was a stunning success. The Australians alone took 31,355 prisoners in the first fortnight at a cost of 21 deaths and 71 casualties.

ultaneously serving the empire, displaying the strength of the race and as-Australian distinctiveness. serting These things were considered important because natural ability had by then thoroughly subordinated training as the main explanation of Australian military achievement. The light horse demonstrated this by both word and action. On the night of September 20, 1918, during the Turkish retreat, 23 light horsemen straddled the Nablus-Jenin road and bluffed 2800 Turks and Germans into surrender. One of them wrote later: "They had no idea we were there and came along in batches of 100 or so . . . We would . . . bail them up and disarm them and then turn them out to the flat. There was a great amount of booty ... We struck some good cigars and there we were with about six revolvers each smoking cigars bailing them up. We must have looked like the Kelly Gang."

The official historian of the light horse, Henry Gullett, wrote in 1922:

Extracted from Australia: Two Centuries of War and Peace. Edited by M. McKernan and M. Browne. To be published soon by the Australian War Memorial with Allen and Unwin.

AN AUSTRALIAN HISTORY We those who wrote it.

Australia's colorful past has been documented not only by Manning Clark and Robert Hughes but by thousands of ordinary citizens, sharing their discoveries with friends and loved ones. The fine art of letter writing has bridged the tyranny of distance and isolation since the earliest hours of Australian colonization. This tradition has continued to the present, with letters providing the personal touch that modern

telecommunications can't deliver.
Early letters document the settling of Australia. Arthur Phillip was in charge of keeping the fledgling penal colony—which became Australia—alive. His official letters and personal notes took a long time in transit and he felt the isolation keenly. But Phillip's sense of humour never flagged.

Phillip wrote on October 15, 1792 to Joseph Banks:

"About fifty tubs of plants are ready to go on board the Atlantic, those sent by the Gorgon were I hope received in good order. I cannot understand what is meant by saying, in the letter which I received by the Britannia, 'my Kangurroo has been valued at 500'-surely it is not supposed in England that I am in partnership with a Show man. The Kangurroo in question was sent home by the Surgeon White. I sent one by the Supply and another on the Gorgon, they are both for His Majesty. Those animals should sleep very warm and have a room to go to, in which a good fire should be kept during the cold weather, I have four who always sleep before the fire in the kitchen..."

Phillip's pet kangaroos probably had a better time of it than many of the convicts, whose need for incarceration had so much to do with the reason a colony was founded in the Antipodes at all. Were it not for petty theft, uttering seditious oaths, picking pockets and the myriad of other transportable offences there would be no Australia as we know it today.

While male convicts faced harsh jobs and the "lick of the cat-o-nine tails," women had an equally tough existence. Writing back to England only a few months after arriving at the ends of the earth on 14 November 1788, a female convict laments:

"As for the distresses of the women, they are past description, as they are deprived of tea and other things they were indulged in in the voyage by the seamen, and as they are all totally unprovided with clothes, those who have young children are quite wretched. Besides this, though a number of marriages have taken place, several women, who became pregnant on the voyage, and are since left by their partners who have returned to England, are not likely even here to form any fresh connections."

In the early days, with conditions so harsh and the lives of many so close to the edge, it's hardly surprising few letters existing from that day contain the friendly message that often accompanies letters from abroad: Wish you were here. But there was always the basic human need to communicate. In 1809 Isaac Nichols, an ex-convict transported for stealing a donkey, was appointed Australia's first postmaster in Sydney. Prior to an organized post, private persons and mounted police delivered the correspondence that infrequently arrived from England. Gradually each



colony developed its own postal system.

Arthur Collie, newly arrived Surgeon of the Swan River Settlement in Western Australia painted a discouraging picture of life there. Writing to his brother George on the 7th of April, 1834, only 5 years after the founding of the colony Arthur bitterly complained:

"...No Governor or other arrival or intelligence from England. We are all out of patience at the delayed arrival of His Excellency, of the thousands of young ladies he was to bring out, and of the tens of thousands of rich emigrants he was to entice to our struggling Colony. Not a syllable of all these for many months back. Our fate wavers in the balance and many fear it will kick the beam...the English fair dealing and generous merchant has here dwindled into a cunning selfish huxter. He is contaminated by the vice and immorality of the convicted traders of the adjoining Colonies...

Everyone is at the lowest ebb but can see no opening by which to occasion a flood. I am holding on the slack hoping next winter, our best season, will do something for my asthma and poor bones. I am glad I have not much to do professionally because I would not be equal to it... The Grant of Parliament is so insignificant that we shall all be home with you in a trice I expect... Colony must yet fail—and my fine new house be left to the natives."

Both men and women saw adventure and riches rewarding pioneering efforts. Home life was challenging in the foreign climate. Mary Thomas of Adelaide wrote to her relatives in England on Feb 17, 1839:

"I cannot say that I much relish working so hard as I do now at my time of life, especially as I see little prospect at present of it being otherwise, for the climate is such that cleanliness and comfort, according to English ideas, are entirely out of the question and incompatible with the country altogether. For I cannot call any place comfortable where the clouds of dust cover all your furniture three or four times a day, driving through every crevice; where you are incessantly hunting fleas and bugs and are overrun with ants, spiders of an enormous size and flies or some other teasing insect..."

Caroline Chisholm, whose tireless work on behalf of migrants to Australia-particularly young single womenhelped set the foundations of nationhood. She agitated for lower colonial postal rates and wrote endless letters to a long list of officials in her quest to aid the newcomers. She wrote to the Governor of New South Wales, Sir George Gipps, in February 1845 of her book *Voluntary Information From The People Of New South Wales:*

"Sir, I have the honor to request your Excellency's permission to dedicate to you my collection of authenticated facts showing the actual condition of the working classes throughout the Colony. This collection has occupied much of my time during the last two years and will take months of unwearied diligence to complete.

I am too correct a judge of my own abilities to anticipate literary fame and am aware that no pecuniary benefit can attend my undertaking. I ami however, sanguine in my opinion (and in this I am not solitary) that its publication will confer some benefit on the Colony and enable the Statesman and the Philanthropist to form a more correct and favourable opinion of our moral and social character than is at present entertained regarding us...It is worthy of your acceptance. I may say this without any fear of being charged with egotism, for when Gems are examined, who bestows a thought on the Collector.'

Australia's great explorers were more optimistic about the offerings of the new-found continent. In 1844, Ludwig Leichhardt made the journey from Darling Downs to Port Essington—no small endeavour with 5000 kms of unknown landscape to cover. He revealed his thoughts on choosing men for his subsequent trek to Mr. W. Hall: His letter probably passed along the Sydney-Melbourne overland postal route, pioneered in 1838, and still a perilous journey 7 years later:

"...Mr. Bunce mentioned to me that a young friend of his Mr. Dunbar would be inclined to join me on my next Expedition and that he would be a person well adapted for the purpose. Mr Bunce has seen enough of our life in the bush and of myself to judge of the necessary qualifications: activity, good humour, sound moral principles, elasticity of mind and body and perfect willingness to obey my orders even if given harshly, are the principal requisites for my Expedition. I have been extremely unfortunate in the choice of some of my former companions and you know well that even one 'sauve qui part' is sufficient to upset a whole army.

Should you know the young man, I should feel deeply obliged if you would examine him on those points and would you give me a direct answer about his intentions. I should be most willing to oblige Mr. Bunce who seems very much attached to Mr. Dunbar."

One year after Leichhardt and six others disappeared into the desert without a trace–Dunbar was not among them–gold was discovered in astonishing amounts in Victoria and New South Wales. A lad named Chapman found more than 1000 ounces of gold on Glenmorne Station 160 kms northwest of Melbourne. The news spread like wildfire.

Gold turned the squatter-dominated agricultural economy upside down. Workers dropped their tools and shepherds abandoned flocks to head for the diggings. One squatter, William Forlonge, who had the Seven Creeks run near Euroa, wrote in 1851 to a friend in England, Charles Barnes, of the changes:

"A revolution has occurred since you left, the consequence of which it is impossible to foresee. The people in this place now have their being in a constant whirlwind of excitement as a consequence of the unheard of, undreamt of success of gold digging. The accounts of success are really beyond belief were it not for the tons of the precious metal which is finding





its way to Melbourne. It is now talked of by the hundred weight and pounds, ounces are altogether out of the question...

All letters you may have received for the last month or which you may receive for some time to come label them as 'Letters received from Victoria from persons labouring under temporary insanity'. No one seems to know what to do. Government, Bankers, Merchants, Squatters, all, all seem in a maze of bewilderment... What the result may be is hard to tell although a country is seldom ruined from having too much money."

By 1854, Victoria's population had tripled to 236,798. The Colony boomed, prompting postal authorities to develop an extensive national coach system catering for mail as well as passengers and freight. And 1856 saw the first arrival of a regular monthly steamship service between Australia and England.

John Lees was one of those Diggers Forlonge described. In true goldfields spirit the young man from Oldham, England, met with both huge success and a series of minor disasters.

Lees arrived in Victoria in mid 1852. He wrote to his parents of the excitement heading for the goldfields and of nearly being killed by such rogues as those heady days encouraged:

"I hope this will find you and all the family enjoying good health and every worldly comfort... We spent a week in Melbourne and started for the diggings on the Monday morning, there was a mob of about 80 men. All met in the morning near the flagstaff, a motley group we were, I can assure you, dress'd in colonial blue style flannel slops, belts and billy cocks, some arm'd with revolvers, double barrel'd rifles, pistols double and single, daggers &c all looking and feeling volumes of valour, bidding defiance to, and predicting the probable fate of any bushrangers that might interrupt our progress..."

Lees lost his original partners but managed to join with others to share a 30 shilling digging fee-a levy that would ignite the Eureka stockade uprising in 2 years. After initial success the group followed the latest rumour, a great gold strike at the Ovens. Along the way drunks in the party attacked Lees. A gun and knife fight ensued:

"...I had given myself up for being murthered, I never expected getting away alive, the skin was nock'd off part of my right arm with warding off the musket. They then left me and turn'd back through the forest taking the gun with them. It was then dark, I proceeded on then in search of the camp. I was faint with loss of blood. The Evanses and Scholes, when I come up were horror struck at my appearance... Of a blacker hearted pieces of business I never knew... I now conclude this tiresome letter hoping to have something more pleasant to write you than a string of misfortune like this."

A few weeks later he and the Evans brothers discovered the 1319 oz. Canadian Nugget, the largest found up to that time.

Australian wilderness supplied the hearty with rugged adventure. It also inspired crazy solutions to the wanderers woe–vast, waterless terrain. Writing with the enthusiasm of a prospector, George Clements suggests a novel plan. Back in 1859, before John McDouall Stuart and Burke and Wills made their famous attempts to traverse Australia, such schemes were the order of the day:

"...I propose to cross the interior of this continent by means of a hose leading from a high narrow scaffold of sapplings or any timber than can be got—the hose to run on two machines made with reacting rollers in the bodys so as to let the hose off on the ground as they travel. Also to take it on again when required. The wheels made wide for the sandy country and narrow for the bush, a starting place to be made from the nearest known river to the desert...Sir I propose to form a reservoir on the edge of the desert made to contain a sufficient supply for the crossing..."

The plumber/explorer Clements had either the world's longest hose at his disposal or more likely, no idea of the size of the desert he proposed to cross. But like so many other schemes, it was easier to explain and so much more plausible when put in letter form.

By 1884, immigrants were more likely to be like Norman Stevenson, a clerk at Lloyds of London, than the thrill seeking explorer. He was hardly a gold miner or pastoralist, but with his fondness for drinking and sport he adapted to colonial life. Letters home to his friend Lapidge relating the passage out display the good humour and pluck essential to making good in the Antipodes:

"Near the Cape of Good Hope" Ship Winifred Wednesday, August 19

Dear Lapidge, "...the vessel merged into the river where the tiny Suffolk lay waiting to take her in charge. The whole of the crew however were still in a neighboring public house, of course, taking their last drink before starting... The first mate went ashore to the crew and after some difficulty, for they were all more or less half seas over, succeeded in bringing them on board. Everything now being ready the crew ran forward gave three cheers for Old England which were heartily responded to by the crowd which had assembled to see us go out and the next minute we were on our way down the river nearly everybody of the passengers crying. It certainly was very melancholy to see Blackwell Pier gradually fading away in the distance and to feel that you were leaving your native land perhaps for ever..."

Without much to do on the Clipper ship other than eat, drink, smoke, and sleep Stevenson decided to have a bit of sport:

"...My sporting propensities induced me to arrange a sweepstakes, everybody paying me one shilling received a piece of paper with twelve hours of some day on it on which we were likely to cross (the equator) I drew the nineteenth of July noon til midnight while





the first mate got the nineteenth midnight to noon. This was considered a very likely day and so I arranged to go halves with him. As luck would have it the ship crossed the line on the very day just five weeks after we started and the first mate and myself divided the stakes. It got about afterwards that it was an arranged thing between him and me and created a lot of unpleasantness. Of course, you know that I would not do anything of that sort..."

Stevenson and the rest of the crew, save one who fell overboard, made it to Australia and several of the crew jumped ship when they got there. He wrote again to his friend Lapidge of the new country:

"... of course it takes a little time to get colonized and into the colonial way of thinking that there is no place like Australia. There is one thing that I shall never agree with and that is colonial football, the biggest farce my dear Lapidge that you ever saw in your life. I went to see a match last Saturday week and was positively disgusted with it, especially after having belonged to such a crack Rugby club as the Wasps (ahem). The rules so far as I can make out are as follows. A player may pick up the ball and run with it, but he must bounce it every five yards, just fancy there is no such thing as offside and men are planted close up to the enemy's goal in order to put the ball through not over the posts when it is kicked to them from the other end of the field. These gentry are called goal sneaks, to my mind, a very appropriate name. The whole thing is a most miserable mixture of Rugby and Association Rules and is far behind either of them."

While some men like Stevenson settled down to commerce and empire building in the cities, others coaxed a living from the Outback. One of the pioneers, J. S. Foster, a cattle drover who ranged all over Queensland, the Kimberleys and the Northern Territory, was a faithful correspondent to his father in West Australia. His letter of August 27, 1888 is the stuff Australian legends are made of.

"I shot a snake about 8 feet long with my revolver as I was going round the cattle one morning. It made a spring at me. I first saw it in the air about a foot off my toe and then it fell about on my horse's leg. I gave my horse a dig and out of reach then turned and there being no sticks about I drew my revolver and shot it in the back with three more shots I managed to land it one on the head and then rode away til I came on a big stone which I carried back and dropped on its head completely smashing it so as to make sure it would never jump at a person again...

Matt who was out with the horses, rode on a camp of blacks, and we shot them a beast that had got disabled in the rush to the water the night before and could not get up whereupon they had a nice tuckout and amused us that evening throwing boomerangs and corroborreeing for our benefit..."

The adventures of bushmen like Foster were fodder for Henry Lawson, who gave this country some of its most

memorable poetry and prose. Lawson proved a better writer and rogue than dutiful husband. His fondness for drink made him a difficult spouse.

Bertha Lawson was left to feed and raise the couple's children. She rented rooms in their Manly home, "Ladywood" in an effort to pay the bills. A curious woman approached her with a solution for the couple's problems. Bertha wrote to Henry in Hospital on December 14, 1902:

"A ring at the doorbell. My heart gave a leap. I thought at last there is some one for the rooms. An old lady dressed in the fashion of twenty years ago, stood leaning on her umbrella.

"I hear you have rooms to let."

Yes, will you come inside, my heart sank. She didn't look as if she could afford 1 week for rooms.

"Thank you. Well you have them nicely arranged, may I sit down." I wondered if she were about to come to terms.

"Now my dear, when he comes home," I thought I was about to entertain a lunatic. "Now my dear, when he comes home, and you want to sober him up quickly, just you take his nose, like this (she squeezed her nose) hold his head back and pour down his throat half a bottle of worchester sauce. Use Lea and Perrins, because it is the hottest, then take the palm of your hand so, and pour a tablespoon of black pepper on it, get his head down and shove his nose in it so, and he'll sneeze and he'll sneeze and he'll sneeze the drink from his brain. Next put his head under the tap, pour the cold water on him for about ten minutes, or until he'll sneeze violently. Then my dear make him lay down and sleep for a quarter of an hour, and he'll be sober enough to do business..."

I thanked her and told her I was very busy. And I would have to go on with my work.

When she reached the garden gate, she turned. "Now my dear I only want to say Doctor's ain't no good, for a man who drinks, there is nothing like Lea and Perrins worchester sauce"."

Lawson may not have known marital bliss, worchester sauce notwithstanding, but he immortalized many features of quiet Australian heroism, like the tales that came back from soldiers like Harry Roberts, who wrote home about criss-crossing the wide open yeldts of South Africa and skirmishing with the elusive Boers.

In a letter written on paper taken from a ruined bank, Harry apologized for not writing sooner but his unit had a little trouble:

"... The Boers, who thought we were only a small patrol out from Machododorp (one of the prisoners told us this afterwards) galloped up and charged the hill. They were 80 strong and they got up within 30 yards of us and just as our ammunition was running out E Squadron (the other Australians) came up and drove the Boers down the hill. If they had not turned up the Boers would have had us.

...Colonel Craigh has left us at Machododorp and has gone back home to raise another 250 men. I suppose





he will not have much trouble, but my advice to you is DON'T COME ... "

Other Australians were overseas at this time for more peaceful purposes. Several were artists who would become famous. Arthur Streeton was away from 1898 until 1924 and Tom Roberts lived abroad nearly as long. Their friend Frederick McCubbin remained in Australia. The group, now known as the Heidelberg school, was bound by lively written correspondence during these long periods of separation.

Roberts wrote to McCubbin from England on March 26, 1913, including sketches of his latest work:

"It's just 3 days before sending in to the R.A. and I take a spell this morning to have a yarn with you. I'm sending in two portraits. One of a child a little fair one...it's done very simply and came in 3 sittings and is the best I've got so far.

Another is of Wade an architect, an unusual man who dresses of an evening in 1800. It doesn't look a 'fancy' dress-dark blue coat background low in tone and

You will smile surely for up goes my 'Sleeper awakened' I've been having great fun with it-for remember the horror I had in Kensington, of which you kindly never said a word...

I've learnt much on it; what one can do in painting even in losing, in modifying, in losing your model and getting or trying to get the idea.

Well, I hope you're going strong and painting from best-I hear very good accounts always of you and your work-the work which is the greatest delight of life."

Europe soon became a charnel house where millions died. A total of 60,284 Australian men were killed fighting for the Empire in the First World War. During the next four years, letters from Europe are filled with gallantry, good humour and sadness. Private Roy Rankin's from Gallipoli were typical:

"12th October, 1915 Firing Line Dear Mother,

Just a line to let you know I am still alive and well. Life in the trenches is very monotonous except when the shells are flying about. The Turks are great sports and in places where the trenches are only a few yards apart exchange cigarettes for tobacco with the Australians, by throwing them across the intervening space. And if the stuff falls short they do not shoot at one another as they are each up for it. At other times, they are continually throwing bombs at one another's

Unfortunately, when Rankin's unit shifted to the hellish trenches of France his luck ran out:

"August 11, 1916 Ward 4, Colchester Military Hospital

to write for me. I suppose he told you that I was hit through the spine and was as helpless as a baby, having only the use of my arms; The bullet passed through the spine, leaving hardly any wound at all.. The Doctor seems to think I have a good chance of recovering the use of my limbs ... "

Despite his hopefulness, Roy Rankin succumbed to his wounds less than one month later.

Arthur Ferguson made it back from the nightmare of the Western Front and set out to put his life back in order. Ferguson saw the Great Depression separate him from his family.

By the 1920's trains, planes and automobiles were being used to deliver mail faster to men away from loved ones. Working on a farm, Mullingandra near Albury NSW, Ferguson wrote to his wife living in Tasmania in 1932:

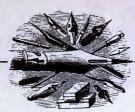
"Oh, I wish you were here. I thought if we could have got together on a place with a bit of ground I could have gone in for some sidelines-but it seems while I'm here I'm just working and getting nothing done and standing still just wearing clothes out. I honestly think it will always be so unless I make a break away and that you are with me..."

The valiant Ferguson fought again in the Second World War, where he died of beri beri as a prisoner of war on

A younger man, in the RAAF had happier tidings for his family. Russell McKenzie Croft, fresh to military life wrote to his parents in July, 1943 of the RAAF way of doing things and learning for himself the wisdom behind the old adage, Never Volunteer for Anything:

... However, we all got into the train somehow and after three hours travelling we got to our destination. After a short trip on the bus we reached the station and stood around in the usual fashion for a while...we were taken to get our bags which had been parked under a verandah. Add to this the fact that there was no light spread artificially and a very strict blackout is maintained and you'll see the sort of time we had. Then volunteers were called for to attend a dance in the township. The transport was to be provided and the dance was to be free to us, so as it sounded pretty good, a few of us put down our names. Then we had to rush around to get ready for the dance. When we got in there we were met by a sergeant who informed us we were to act as guards..."

World War II had a monopoly on the hearts and minds of Australians, prompting political opponents to put aside their differences-at least until V-J Day. The war had temporarily brought to a halt the rumblings for changes, among them greater pay equity. One of the champions of this issue was Muriel Heagney, who died in 1974, one week after the minimum wage law was passed. Heagney was a lively and charismatic individual; her moxie was apparent in both her work and her personal life. In 1961, I hope you received the letter which I got the Chaplain she wrote to a friend giving this rundown on her week:



"A New Australian took me to the Caulfield races about a month ago and we had a good time. He had never been to the races before and I insisted on going on the flat so that we could make two bob each bets and because I like the flat best at Caulfield because it is roomy and pleasant. We collected a place bet on every race so I had an exciting time and won a little on every race. He drove me back and forth so you can guess that life is anything but dull for me."

The political life of Australia was anything but dull following the Second World War. Unions gathered strength, while tensions in Indochina mounted. The Vietnam War proved a divisive era in Australian history. Gwladys Bird protested against conscription with the same fervour that Muriel Heagney worked for pay equity. She wrote to the college chaplain of the Swinburne College of Technology in Hawthorn, Victoria:

"I am enclosing a signed statement which you have my permission to use in any way you wish, as I am quite prepared to go to gaol in support of this statement. Although this is my stand, I do not denounce anyone else who for reasons of their own prefer to pay fines, the fact that they are prepared to give moral support to the young people who do not mean to be pushed into becoming Lt. Calleys is enough for me period. So I enclose also \$1.00 for whatever your fund may need it for. Could I bring to your attention the fact that there will be a demonstration outside Swan St. Barracks on Wednesday, 21st April at 7.30pm when the next intake takes place. I have heard that one or more draft resisters are due to be inducted but do not intend to go inside the gate Perhaps you and some of your active friends may care to 'be in it.'

"Being in it" wasn't exactly where the citizens of Darwin wanted to be on Christmas Day, 1975. But Cyclone Tracy didn't give them much choice. Ninety percent of the city's homes were destroyed and casualties numbered 66.

Andy Home, a senior clerk, with Australia Post (the old PMG changed its stripes to Australia Post on July 1 that year), wrote to a friend:

"In many suburbs the scene was one of utter

desolation for as far as one could see, every house had been completely unroofed, most had lost virtually all their walls, and in most cases whole frameworks had collapsed, leaving just a mound of rubble...all that remained was bare foundations...Gardens and streets were littered with the contents of the houses: refrigerators, deep freezers, television sets...the heaviest household appliances had been plucked up together with the lightest and all were strewn about willy-nilly...We found how easy it was for Nature to

strip away our veneer of civilization and reduce us to the level of cavemen..."

Help poured in from all parts of Australia in all kinds of ways, demonstrating that mateship, one of the enduring Aussie characteristics often taken for granted, was indeed alive and well nearly two centuries after the First Fleet arrived on these shores.

A letter written by Darren Burrowes to the Editor of The Bulletin speaks for many around the nation who love the qualities that went into building the Lucky Country:

"I will take great pride in celebrating on January 26 what the First Fleet means to me. A tiny fleet of ships sailed to the ends of the earth and established a colony in a strange and inhospitable country. Out of those beginnings grew the nation that we know today. The colony established at Port Jackson in 1788 was an equivalent undertaking to 20th century man establishing a colony on the Moon. Supply and help from the outside world was six months away.

Australia to the 18th century eyes was surely as strange and unforgiving as a lunar landscape to the eyes and technology of the 80's."

The Egyptians covering papyrus sheets with hieroglyphics never imagined that letters would play such a vital role in history. But, letters have proved an integral way for modern man to convey the essence of this tenuous existence. Sharing the warmth, the happenings, even the seemingly mundane–receiving letters. And holding on to them. In this high-tech age, the postie still lifts the spirits as we anticipate word of other places and emotions. More solid than a phone call, the familiar scrawl of a mate leaves a lasting impression.

Postscript

Australia has come a long way in the last 200 years and your postal service has played a vital role in its history. Today, Australia Post continues to develop faster and more efficient ways to send messages from one place to another. Our objective is always to provide the best possible service for all Australians, now and into the future. We are proud to present this special feature and gratefully acknowledge the assistance of the National Library of Australia, Mitchell State Library of New South Wales and the Australian Manuscript Collection of the La Trobe Library, State Library of Victoria. A special thank-you to Nicola Foxlee for her assistance.



It's time for a declaration of independence

By PHILLIP ADAMS

I USED to take comfort in the fact that human beings, and their societies, changed very slowly. Sometimes they hardly seemed to change at all. You could look back over all of human history and, wars and disasters and technologies notwithstanding, our affairs seemed to move with almost glacial majesty. Despite the claims of progress, despite the fancy dress of different cultures, human beings remained essentially the same.

Thus there's a sense of immediacy, of urgency, in poems written in the Nile Valley 2500 years before Christ. Do the gods really exist? Will I fall in love? Why don't the children do what I tell them? The same preoccupations, the same concerns.

From the sands of Egypt to the deserts of the moon. When Neil Armstrong plonked a space boot in the lunar dust, we were reassured by his ineffable ordinariness. Obviously Armstrong had taken some familiar terrestrial beliefs and attitudes on the journey. Thus it seemed safe to assume that when we started colonising the planets, we would remain recognisably human — that even in those distant colonies we would ask the same questions and feel the same emotions.

But now the pace quickens and notions like robotics, artificial intelligence and genetic engineering disturb the wisdom of hindsight and promise a future of accelerating strangeness. While human evolution, if it's still occuring, is imperceptible, our machines and technologies are evolving so fast that today's future shock is tomorrow's nostalgia. In medicine, in science, in communications and in social anxiety, change is exponential, bombarding, be-

wildering. The Greenhouse Effect is changing our climate, epidemics are changing our relationships, financial crises our priorities, computers our work patterns and biological engineers our life forms. The images and ideas that crowd our minds are like the fast forward on a video machine. Little wonder that so many turn from the future and embrace not merely conservatism but fundamentalism.

I'm no Luddite. I find most of the new technologies exhilarating. To me, the much-criticised Concorde is as beautiful in its way as the soaring spire of a Gothic cathedral. Three cheers for the all-at-onceness of modern electronic communications, for the potential of robotics to free us from the drudgery of repetitive labor.

Yet I believe that the future should flow from the past, that to shatter human continuity will produce a frightened, alienated population that will, all too easily, fall victim to the shaman, the charlatan and the demagogue. (Hence the school curriculum in Queensland, teaching students that the world is 6000 years old. Hence the alternative society's abandonment of modern medicine, seeking solace in the supernatural and medievalism.)

But rather than guessing at what might happen to Australia, across half a dozen fronts, I would like to focus on "what should happen for the good of us all". On just one aspect of the future. At a time when the bicentennial has us focusing on issues of national identity, what about our international identity? Where should we stand in relation to the shifting alliances of world power?

We should stand alone, that's where. We have a film industry that's into



mythologising, politicians who are into posturing, a publishing industry that churns out coffee table numbers on every aspect of our ethos. Yet the number of times you hear anyone talking about a truly independent Australia, one that makes its own decisions based on its own needs and regional realities, are few and far between.

It doesn't seem to really matter whether there's a Union Jack in the corner of our flag or not — not as long as we insist on saluting the flags of others. The Southern Cross is there to remind us that we have a southern hemisphere address, while a cursory examination of the map shows that Gough was right ... we're closer to Asia than to Pennysylvania Avenue or W1. We are now well-advanced in weaning ourselves from Britain, but in embracing the US we've simply changed one mammary for another.

From the beginning of history, Australia has shown remarkable enthusiasm for other people's wars. Thus we

volunteered for active service in the Crimea and fought the Boers in Africa. We sacrificed an entire generation for the British on the cliffs of Gallipoli and in the trenches of France. The further away the conflict, the more remote from our concerns, the more determined we were to volunteer.

It took the fall of Singapore to make us rethink our allegiances and alliances. We didn't need to go to Europe to fight enemies. We could find them in our own region. Nor could we depend on the British to honor the small print in the contract we had signed in so much blood. They could barely defend themselves, let alone us.

So a Labor prime minister traded Whitehall for White House and while we persist with a certain amount of anachronistic ritual, we are no longer standing shoulder to shoulder beneath the Union Jack. Instead of all those romantic notions, we've the cold comfort of the American nuclear umbrella.

The king is dead, long live the pres-

ident. Off we went to Korea and thence to Vietnam, still marching to the rhythm of someone else's drum. In the past we had been volunteers, absurdly ready to die for Victoria or her kids. Now we are little better than mercenaries, desperate to keep the approval of our new and powerful friends.

Hence my first hope for the future of Australia — that this long tradition of fighting other people's wars — and toeing other people's lines — will end once and for all. It is an argument you could couch in idealistic and inspirational terms. Bicentennial celebrations are, after all, intended to stimulate rhetoric. However I am perfectly willing to softpeddle the pieties in favor of pragmatism, to couch the argument in terms of ruthless logic and the most selfish of self-interest.

Look, I would love a new flag. I find it annoying to have that postage stamp Union Jack stuck in the corner, transforming our flag into a sort of postcard addressed to Buckingham Palace. And



I would far prefer us to be a republic where duffers in toppers can't sack elected governments. Yet such considerations pale into inconsequence beside the real issues.

The future of Australia, if it is to have one, must be based on non-alignment. It is not in our interests, shortterm or long, to abdicate our political autonomy to the US. Perhaps if they gave us a vote in the presidential elections gave Australia a primary just after New Hampshire - it might be different. But every other decision the US makes everywhere from South America to the Gulf, underlines the differences in our world views. And every new humiliation in trade negotiations emphasises our dispensibility. Oh, things might change when there's an "Under New Management" sign on the White House, but that could change for the worse. Not only is there no dignity in political sycophancy but there's precious little security in it either.

Again and again the US seems determined to be on the wrong side in historic struggles. Among the most xenophobic of people, every bit as tunnelvisioned as the Soviets, they have a dreadful habit of reading the wrong signals and taking the wrong decisions. And it is not just lame duck Ronnie. Remember JFK and the Bay of Pigs? Any high school kid in Australia could have told the President that it would take more than a few commandos in rubber rafts to overthrow the immensely popular Castro.

Now the Bay of Pigs finds its bloody echo in Reagan's nonsensical interventions in Nicaragua. Quite simply, they never learn.

And in the event of Australia getting into trouble with one or more of its neighbors that shall remain nameless, (we're far too timid in Australia to actually discuss our long-term threats) where would or could the US stand? More than one political enemy of ours is an ally of theirs. And, Pine Gap notwithstanding, a damn sight more important one. Yet we cling to the wreckage of ANZUS like a drowning man to a straw.

In any event, America's monstrous budget problems are largely a consequence of its military burdens and it's not just the American left that's crying "Enough is enough". The notions of user pays and of non-interventionism are also being marketed by the rightwing think tanks. In dozens of books



The flag doesn't matter when we kowtow to others

such as Ravinal's Defining Defence (Cato Institute) US officials are proposing significant reductions in US foreign policy commitments as the only realistic way to substantially reduce military spending and balance the budget. Hence the US's persistent attempts to persuade Japan to re-arm, a proposal that is starting to fall on listening ears. And should the Japanese economy take a nose dive, as seems likely, it is a thought that may well prove irresistible.

Clearly, our region will have its ructions. As well as a militarised Japan and expansionist Indonesia, any number of tropical paradises will, like Fiji, get sweaty palms. One of the few remaining democracies, Australia is likely to be surrounded by a number of military dictatorships. So if we are to defend our beliefs, let alone our real estate, we will have to grow up fast.

So let's extricate ourselves from an alliance that too often has been a misalliance. With the memory of being bogged to the axles in an unwinnable South-East Asian war, we should aim to be respected as an independent and rational voice. It's time for the ventriloquial doll to climb off the knee.

Yes, we will need to pay a heavy price for independence. We will need to vastly increase our military capability so that anyone would at least think twice about incursions or invasions. The old notion of Fortress Australia, of armed neutrality, does not come with a bargain price. But we must have the capacity to defend ourselves if we are to

think for ourselves. Two centuries of abdicating our autonomy and sacrificing our youth in absurd, quixotic military ventures is surely enough.

I can't see that the idea of a truly independent Australia, well-equipped to defend itself, is ideologically divisive. It is a notion that could and must attract people from across the board as it is, finally, based on the facts of life and not ideological fantasies.

Yes, armed neutrality would clearly involve conscription. But in the past the great struggles against conscription have been based on the fact that conscripts were to be sent overseas, to die in other people's wars. All too often, as pawns in the hands of other nations' generals. This time around, it would be very different. We would be defending this nation, our nation. Nothing less, nothing more. It's a notion that should appeal across the board, from Bruce Ruxton to

John Halfpenny.

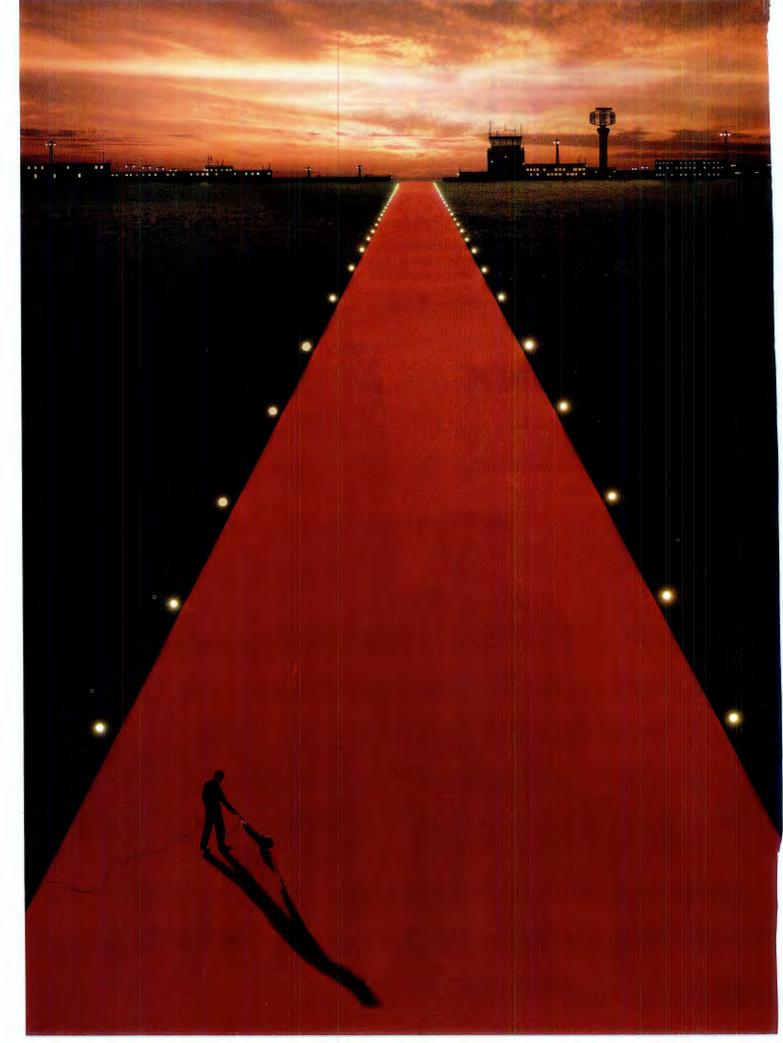
For decades we've bemoaned our cultural cringe, while ignoring our military cringe. It was bad enough that we denigrated our own artistic expression, tugging our forelock at anything imported, seeing a London or New York origin as an imprimatur. But our military cringe was immeasurably worse, making us the Uriah Heep of nations. Here we were trying to fight cultural imperialism, Coca Colonisation, globalism, call it what you will - trying to proclaim and define ourselves — while in the same breath we were involved in the most abject of surrenders — not to our enemies but to our friends. It's an attitude that makes a mockery of bicentennial self-aggrandisement.

Hence my support for a new organisation called the Australian Association of Armed Neutrality, founded by writer David Martin. I'm proud to be one of its patrons, along with Sir Keith Hancock; Alan Renouf, former head of External Affairs; Don Chipp; Dorothy Green and Russell Ward, Vice Chancellor of the University of New England. If we're to reach a tricentenary as a nation, not as a neo-colonial branch office, it's time to take this next step. We advocate an active defence preparedness, based on Australia's independent capabilities and a foreign policy founded on the principles of peace, commerce and friendship with all nations, and alliances with none.

That's the future for Australia, if it is to have a future worth having. \Box

Tailor-Made Services for Worldwide Markets. Just One Fuji Advantage.





THE ARRIVE



British Airways new Business Class is designed to help you arrive ready to do business.

On Club Europe, we've introduced 'Seamless Service'. It begins on the ground with express check-in at Heathrow.

Now, instead of wasting time in queues you and your hand-baggage can board without delay.

On board, we've taken out seats on over 85% of our European fleet from London so you'll have more space to yourself. And with the first flight of the day from London to 30 continental cities you'll be landing fresh and ready for the day.

Meanwhile, on Club World, we're fighting long haul fatigue with a battery of new products and services designed to help you arrive refreshed.

We've introduced

'Slumber Seats', ergonomically designed
to relax and support your entire
body so you can stetch out over the
long stretches.

You will be soothed by steaming hot towels, relaxed by fine wines, delighted by dinner served regally on Royal Doulton bone china and indulged by our award-winning staff.

As your destination nears, you'll be ready with our refresher kit.

Inside you'll find everything to help you arrive looking your best.

You'll feel on top of the world, even if you've just flown across most of it.

CLUB:::



BEN SANDILANDS envisages Australia celebrating its Tricentenary.

"THEY USED to lie out there on the sand ... in the sun!" she said, waving through the window wall at the line of surf. "I put my great-granddad on the voob (video cube) the other day. Jenny and Girish sprung me, almost sitting at his knee, as I put him up so he seemed to be looking on the beach he loved.

"They must have been funny people. Real children. He didn't know who he'd talk to down the centuries, boys and girls and replicas he'd never see, but he seems determined to tell us of something he thought we'd never get back.

"What would he say if his eyes could see ..." Emily fidgeted. The trouble with real mothers, she had decided, was their capacity for nostalgia. "Can I see the bit about the day all those people died?" she asked, breaking her mother's lapse into reverie. Hers was one of the first of the generations without death, an oversimplification for the option to replicate into another body — to body-hop, if you met the criteria — in a world with fewer people than at any time since the Spanish and Portuguese asked a pope to divide it between them.

Emily wanted to see granddad talk about the day the atmosphere was "torn", of the way he choked over the words as his third-dimensional electronic ghost spoke of the fearfully burned people crawling up from the beach, of the panic when people realised that something had gone wrong

with the sunlight. Bondi would be safe again this year, they had said confidently. The atmosphere has been substantially repaired, compared with the day 70 years earlier when an ozone-depleted shroud collapsed unexpectedly and shrank swiftly toward the equator, leaving most of the southern hemisphere exposed to unattenuated ultraviolet radiation.

Emily knew the oral history well enough. The first half of her schooling was essentially oral history and roboid protocols. The 20-year phase of formal lessons did not seem an over-investment in education in a world which didn't necessarily spend the wisdom of experience and age on the grave.

The ultraviolet flux at sea level had destroyed more than 80 percent of plantlife, including crops. Some historians had argued that it was the least important result — the "death" of the Australian beach, that was more traumatic than the chaos and starvation which followed.

Australia did more than "wake up", as others put it. What would they have said 150 years ago when, in less than a year in 2020, the white hordes from the south had re-occupied the South Irian Republik which had but briefly been the seventh and eighth states of Capricornia and Uluria (under Aboriginal autonomy) and overwhelmed some of the lesser or less well protected islands of the Indonesian archipelago including Timor and Greater Irian Jaya as far east as Bougainville.

It was perhaps fortunate that the jihad being fought by competing Muslim faiths in Asia had done much to distract and divide Australia's nearest neighbors.

But the great white peril from the south had had the misfortune to sweep toward China from the Very Sunburned Country just as the white grip of the mini ice age forced the remnants of Siberia and Manchuria to migrate toward the equator, drawn not only to the warmer sun there but also to the symbolic promise of escape up the first of the then partially constructed orbital towers.

The Indonesians, who first coined the term transimigrasi in the past century, found themselves hosting millions of "new" Indonesians — heathens who changed the language, cuisine and traditions of the archipelago beyond recognition and took over all the taxis, coffee shops and corner grocery stores.

The much-predicted and, as it turned out, prematurely discounted threat of ozone layer collapse was one of the nearly terminal illnesses that beset the health of planet Earth early in the new millennium.

Like Europe in the 14th century, plagues and pestilences roared through the population like a brush fire in a drought. The flames licked even the walls of the richest, most advanced palaces that technology could build. Those funny old flat images of the grim reaper

which had been used to scare people about AIDS had been produced in ignorance of the wider family of diseases all stemming, in bizarre twists, from corruption of genetic DNA matter by food additives.

It was as if, at the very moment that personkind had reached the threshold of powers unimagined in the 20th century, "nature" threw everything at it in one final and seemingly cruel test or initiation into cosmic adulthood.

Until now, the roboid guardians who protected personkind would not permit anyone to expose themselves to unshielded sunlight and only the mentally deranged would have tried. Yet, last year, the rule on eye-protection was lifted as the shoals of synthetic ozone thickened to the point where naked eye vision in daylight did not lead to the inconvenience of cataracts.

Roboids were a synthesis of oldfashioned robotics and biotechnology. They helped humans keep up with the explosion of knowledge, the hazards of nature turned vicious and a taste for avoiding manual labor wherever possible. "Australia was never the same after the beach died," her mother would say, severely summarising the subsequent half-century or so that saw the "death" of just about every triviality sacred to her great-great-great-grandparents and the "birth" of wonderful things they could not have glimpsed — not even in their dreams — in the palace of the future.

Emily was thrilled at the thought of what it must have been like to be alive in a world where people woke at dawn and slept part of the night. Her world treated sunrise with a fear once ascribed to belief in vampires. But she knew that, when the beaches were reopened, the boys would be there! Much more fun to meet boys and go swimming with them in the surf than in the night when you could easily overlook those killjoy roboids.

Replication meant fewer men but, although the debate still raged in the forums, men and boys existed and thrived – for the pleasure of women, of course – and because the privileges of minorities were guaranteed in the Protocols.

The historians generally agreed that the most important event leading to protocols roboid occurred Cairnsville, the capital of Capricornia, in 2011, when an "impossible" malfunction of the traffic guidance computers accelerated all cars on the autodrive grid to 100km/h simultaneously. People died – 4832 of them – including 314 from starvation, who were discovered weeks later as tow trucks from as far away as Albany disentangled the last of 45,289 wrecked vehicles, only days before the Indonesians used their trading crisis with Japan as the pretext for the invasion.

It was almost dusk. Emily had grown used to these breakfast reveries from her mother, who had human custodial privileges at what her ancestors would have called board level in a formidable multinational industrial syndicate.

"Multinational" had become passé once nations became more useful as geographical, rather than politically descriptive, terms.

Her mother would delve into the voobs and conjure up events such as the six-minute war that incinerated the Middle East just before the turn of the century, or the great comet of 2008 or the still astonishing images of things

called orbiting Star Wars battle stations destroying the one comet which would have collided with Canada had personkind been powerless. How strange that the dinosaurs Russia and America had unwittingly devised the means to save homo sapiens from an exceedingly damaging encounter with a crusty lump of ice and dust and tar while each thought it was laying the groundwork for a surprise nuclear attack on the other's missile arsenals.

Soon it would be dark enough to pick out, in a very clear sky, the needlethin streak of light to the north-east which was the orbital tower in Borneo, first of the linear-drive highways into space - rising from equatorial land masses to the point where the old space powers parked their communications. weather and spy satellites. The highways - cores of "power" containing columns of cold material resembling mercury - conducted people, roboids and cargo to and from space plants or the transfer orbits to the Moon and planets. Foreseen in fiction by the 20th century seer Arthur C. Clarke, they had closed the rocket age with as much finality as steam trains did the era of stage coaches.

The legacy of hairsprays and armpit deodorisers and other acts of cosmetic environmental vandalism were, alas, difficult to remove. The war between the layers of chlorofluorocarbons and the shoals of the ozone fixing gases was a protracted one. Only now, in the first weeks of 2088, was it becoming safe to swim or run naked along the beaches after the sun was high in the sky. The trees and flowers and old-style agricultural crops least prone to ultraviolet damage were again being raised outdoors after careful withdrawal of seed and genetic stocks from the internationally managed Life Banks.

It was the quaint obsession of Emily's mother, the industrialist Larissa Yew, with tradition that inspired her to lobby successfully for January 26, 2088, on the Earth calendar, as switch-on day for MarSun—the most fabulous item of cosmotechnology to be invented in Australia. That was the day the roboids would no longer firmly but politely restrain humans from moving unprotected through daylight. A ceremony would be held at Bondi, where historians had identified the site of the surf club, on the 300th anniversary of the deliberate settlement

of Australia by the British – the people least suited by heredity to exposure to sunlight.

The First Fleet would sail by above the waves, scaled up to 10 times its original size by holographic projection, and a real collection of trains and planes would be levitated along the headlands of the coastal beaches and make a grand journey up the harbor. Concorde, a DC-3, a C-38 class loco, the QE2 and a 747 would be nursed through the air — followed by the mirror image re-creation of the Sydney of 1988, 1888 and 1788, suspended just out to sea.

The Tricentennial Pageant would pause briefly over the glass-encased hot ricks of Sydney Cove, which was ground zero when a one megaton hydrogen bomb was detonated in the course of an otherwise routine nuclear-hostage-ransom siege in the year 2033. After that the world seriously addressed the problem of tracing all of the warheads from the arsenals of disbanded superpowers.

All of the two million people residing in Australia would stay up all day to watch.

This would be nostalgia on a grand scale. Emily realised that her mother really must have been talking to grand-dad's ghost all those years.

It was high noon over the rocky, barren plains of Xanthe when MarSun was ignited. A red disc burned into the sky beside the bright but shrunken and heatless Sun which rode the pink dusty Martian sky. All over Earth, people gasped with wonder as the assembled Martian Lords suddenly cast two shad-

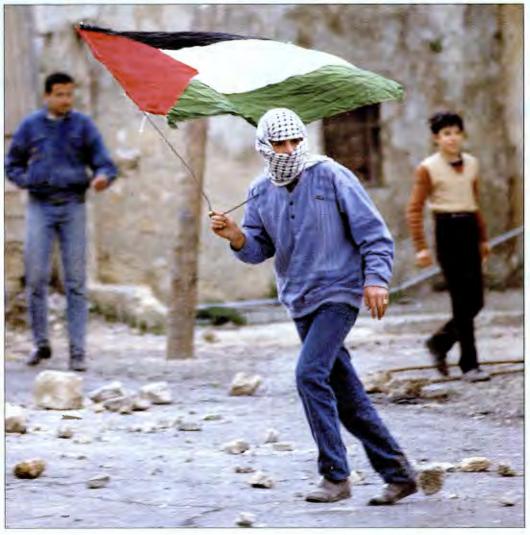
As the fourth planet turned on its axis, the suns would drift apart — the new sun and the cold sun — with the new one forever fixed over Xanthe pumping heat into a world where subterranean ices would melt, rivers flow and an atmosphere turn thick and moist and warm.

It would take a long time to turn Mars into a new, safer home for personkind but time was not quite the mortal consideration it had been.

Only one camera was watching at the end of the Tricentennial Pageant as Larissa Yew's daughter ran naked across the sand of South Bondi and mingled with the daring bodysurfers. Mars was on the eastern horizon, brighter than it had ever been before.

Rewsweek

HE INTERNATIONAL NEWSMAGAZINE





Taiwan: End of a Dynasty 318



Will the American Export Surge Last? 332



Environment: Art of Restoration 334

Israel's Civil War

The Enemy Within 308



A new generation, an old set of grievances: Rock-throwing Palestinian youths clash with troops in occupied Gaza

Israel's Civil War

The Palestinians could make the occupied territories ungovernable

he prayer service was just coming to an end in Jerusalem's Dome of the Rock mosque. All at once, several hundred Arab youths poured into the streets near the ancient shrine, shouting "Allahu akbar!" (God is great). Police immediately began firing tear gas at the protesters—and the battle was on. The two sides traded brickbats for baton blows, skirmishing around one of the holiest sites in Islam. At one point, protesters later claimed, the police even broke into the mosque looking for suspects. When it was over, at least 70 demonstrators and several policemen had been injured. And hanging over the area, the place where the prophet Muhammad was said to have ascended to heaven, was an ugly cloud of vapor and invective.

So ended week six of the Arab uprising, a spasm of unrest that has transformed Isreal's occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip into virtual war zones. Officials in Jerusalem continued to voice confidence that the rioting would soon be brought under control. But with the clashes intensifying rather than ebbing, it was hard to see when. "The Arab demonstrators are becoming

more and more daring," said one 24-yearold paratroop captain last week. "I fought in Lebanon, but I have never seen before what's going on now in Gaza. This is where the war is."

To outward appearances, Israel has reached a watershed in its 20-year history of control over the occupied territories. For one thing, the unrest this time is being fueled almost as much by Islamic fervor as it is by Palestinian nationalism. The protesters themselves are also of a new breed-mostly young and poor boys who have suddenly decided that they have nothing to lose by rising up. Each night television screens in Israel fill with scenes of troops firing live ammunition at rockthrowing children, or riding in armored vehicles through streets thick with smoke from burning tires. There are glimpses of reckless violence, casual brutality, helpless prisoners being kicked and gouged. Taken together, the images seem to cut right to the heart of an essential question: can a country that cherishes democratic values ever rule by force over another people and remain true to its ideals?

It is the kind of soul-searching with

which many Israelis are familiar. In recent years events such as the invasion of Lebanon and the Beirut massacre have provoked intense national debate. This time, however, the response has been different. As they have found themselves more and more under siege, both in the streets of the occupied territories and the forums of the world, most Israelis seem nonplussed more than anything else. "I tell my friends in Tel Aviv that Gaza has turned into a hell, and they look at me with complete disbelief," says one Israeli photographer who has witnessed confrontations between soldiers and demonstrators repeatedly in recent weeks. To judge from a Newsweek poll conducted in Israel last week, the national mood has moved to somewhere between defiance and anger. The poll showed that only 7 percent of those surveyed believed that the government had been too harsh in its handling of the unrest; 40 percent maintained that the policies had been overly lenient. The hard-line view was clearly the one prevailing among government leaders. "We do not deter enough," Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir said last week. "That's why these riots continue."



BRIAN HENDLER-PICTURE GROUP

Calls for an even harsher crackdown: Police evacuate one of their wounded colleagues from a battle in Jerusalem

That was debatable. Last week the government took some of the sternest steps so far in the crisis. In quick succession authorities deported four Palestinians accused of masterminding the uprising, ferrying them by helicopter across the border into southern Lebanon and leaving them by the side of a remote road; imposed a

virtual round-the-clock curfew on refugee camps in the territories, and arrested nine moderate Palestinian leaders, among them respected journalist Hanna Siniora. Still the disturbances went on, with the week's toll of casualties the highest since the unrest began in early December: at least six killed and 150 injured. All told,

Israeli soldiers have killed 38 demonstrators, wounded some 500 others and locked up more than 2,000 suspected agitators in detention camps.

The continuing troubles have pricked the conscience of some American Jews, who are Israel's staunchest overseas supporters. "This explosion is a logical and inexorable tragic result of the occupation itself," says Mark Rosenblum, the executive director of the liberal Friends of Peace Now. "We see this as a total disaster for Israel, not only eroding the democratic fabric of the society and challenging basic Jewish ethical norms, but risking Israeli national security." All the same, it seemed highly doubtful that the American Jewish community was about to apply serious pressure on Israel to ease its tactics, much less to end the occupation any time soon. "Anyone who thinks this is going to cause any significant number of American Jews to say, 'OK, we're no longer fans of Israel,' is not dealing with reality," says Hyman Bookbinder, of the generally dovish American Jewish Committee.

The American government was only slightly more stern toward the Israelis. A week after casting a rare vote against Israel in the United Nations, one that warned the Israelis not to deport the four Palestinian leaders, the United States abstained on a resolution condemning the actual expulsion. As officials in Washington explained it, the shift reflected the belief that the U.N. was only repeating itself and that castigating Israel in public would simply serve to alienate American Jews without having any effect on Israeli policy. With its hopes for a peace accord in tatters and virtually no new ideas in circulation, the Reagan administration has essentially decided to tread lightly in the Middle East.

Grass roots: Israeli leaders do not have that luxury. While many cling in public to the theory that a small band of extremists was responsible for fomenting the unrest, others privately acknowledge what had already become obvious: that the disturbances amounted to a grass-roots rebellion. "Nobody pushed the button," says one of Shamir's top aides. "There was no single command or leader. The people behind the riots are the hundreds of individuals who run the sports clubs, charitable organizations, cultural groups, professional unions and what-have-you that we've allowed to exist in the territories." Israeli intelligence intercepted numerous phone calls from PLO leader Yasir Arafat to supporters, im-



SHLOMO ARAD FOR NEWSWEEK

Pressure points: A surprise search on the street

ploring them to make sure that the rioters did not begin using firearms. Such an escalation, he argued, would almost certainly lead to massive Israeli retaliation and the crushing of the rebellion.

The absence of clear leadership behind the riots partly explained the lack of any real political debate within Israel over the crisis. For the first time, ordinary Palestinians were carrying the banner of their cause. What's more, unlike more polished professional activists, they had no real agenda, no list of talking points or proposals other than a deep-seated desire to rid the territories of Israeli occupation. Talking to reporters last week, Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin said that "after we restore law and order, we'll be ready to sit down and talk with the new Palestinian leadership"-a notion that drew scorn from one government official. "What on earth is Rabin talking about?" he asked. "Who are his 'new leaders'?"

If the riots posed a new set of problems for the Israelis, they stemmed from old grievances. In Gaza, for instance, 40 percent of the tiny enclave has been set aside as "government land" for eventual use by Israeli settlers. Other restrictions serve to keep most of the Palestinians in the strip in a state of permanent poverty. For security reasons, fishermen are not permitted to take their boats farther than five miles from shore, meaning that the only available waters are being rapidly depleted. What they do catch cannot be sold in Israel in order to protect the markets for Jewish fishermen, a stricture that also applies to fruit growers. Per capita income in Gaza is below \$900, compared with \$1,100 on the West Bank and roughly \$5,000 in Israel.

From the beginning of the riots, Israeli leaders made it plain that they had no intention of even considering a political solution to the unrest. The main strategy now is to apply pressure to the Palestinian refugee camps, which have provided the bulk of the hard-core protesters. "There will be curfews in the refugee camps, curfews everywhere that there are riots," said Rabin last week, glaring hard into a television camera. "We shall prove to [the Palestinians], even if it takes two months, that they will achieve nothing by violence."

Troublesome camps: The government restrictions on 13 camps in Gaza and the West Bank affected more than 250,000 people. But since many of the camps are directly connected to major towns and cities by countless streets and alleyways, about all Israeli troops could do was stake out the front gates and prevent cars and buses



Youth against youth: Without much training

from taking residents to work. In some of the more troublesome camps, Army units were sent on patrol to enforce the curfew, exposing troops to frequent clashes with Palestinian youths. Reporters gathered at

the entrance to the Balata camp on the West Bank watched as Israeli soldiers wrested a young boy from his mother, apparently accusing him of hurling stones. When the woman put up a struggle, two of the soldiers shoved and beat her as well.

The Israelis were sometimes no more gentle outside the camps. In Ramallah patrols walked the streets of the business district wielding five-foot crowbars. Their mission was to make sure that Arab merchants did not heed a call for a strike. Any time the troops encountered a shop with its steel shutters down, they quickly opened it by force. In one case, they broke into a store whose owner, neighbors said, had recently suffered a heart attack. They also pried open the shutter of the Dajani Pharmacy and smashed the front windows. even as the 60-year-old owner, Amin Dajani, complained that he had gone out of business five years ago. The store shelves were empty. "Why do they have to treat us like this?" asked a weeping Dajani.

It was far from certain that the tough measures would work as intended. In Gaza one

Painful Questions: A Newsweek Poll

srael is facing the consequences of two decades of occupying Gaza and the West Bank. A clear majority of Israeli Jews seems likely to support the government's hard line as long as the violence continues, but there are hints of unease about the denial of Palestinian rights.

Has official handling of the riots been:

46% About right

40% Too lenient

7% Too harsh

How has handling of the riots affected American support for Israel?

39% Minor damage

27% Serious damage

26% No damage at all

ls it right to deport Palestinians suspected of responsibility for riots?

81 % Yes 13% No

If riots continue, should mass transfer of Arabs from the occupied territories be considered?

63 % No 29 % Yes

Have the riots made you more sympathetic to the

Palestinian position, less sympathetic or not changed your attitude?

50% No change

39% Less sympathetic

8% More sympathetic

How important is it to get a settlement of the Palestinian problem?

64% Very important

25% Somewhat

5% Not at all

3% Not very

Are you more or less willing than before to give up some occupied territory for a settlement?

56% No change

24% More willing

16% Less willing

Over the past five years, have Israeli government policies made prospects

for a negotiated settlement of the Palestinian problem better, worse or are they about the same?

53% About the same

23% Worse

12% Better

If Israel keeps the occupied territories, some claim the Arabs' birthrate will eventually make them the majority in the country. Do you agree?

77% Agree 16% Disagree

If this Arab majority did develop, should Israel give the Palestinians full rights or continue their secondclass citizenship and the military occupation?

48% Second class

32% Don't know

20% Full rights

For this special Newsweek Poll, Gallup Israel interviewed a national sample of 612 adult Israeli Jews by telephone Jan, 13-14. The margin of error is plus or minus 4 percentage points. Some "Don't know" answers have been omitted. The Newsweek Poll © 1988 by Newsweek, Inc.





PHOTOS BY SHLOMO ARAD FOR NEWSWEEK

a task, Israeli soldiers have been called to patrol the Arab camps

of the most fervent opponents of the occupation has been Ibrahim Faris Ahmed al Yasuri, a pharmacist who also runs the main Sunni Muslim organization in the enclave. Standing behind the counter of his rundown corner store, with three fresh bullet holes in the window and a layer of dust covering the cheap cosmetics on display, Yasuri scoffed at the notion that the will of the Palestinians could be easily broken. "We are united, and the Israelis are mistaken if they think they can starve us into submission," he said with a firm look from behind his gold-rimmed glasses. "We've been poor all our lives. We're used to suffering.'

No charges: As far as Israeli citizens go, the main effect of the unrest has been to harden attitudes, especially among those actually living on the West Bank and Gaza. Bands of Palestinian youths now routinely attack settlers' cars with rocks, making it hazardous for them even to go shopping. Last week one Jewish settler shot and killed a 17-year-old high-school student during one such incident north of Jerusalem; the settler was cleared of all charges. "The riots proved that there are no moderate Arabs and that we can't take any chances," says Israel Harel, chairman of the West Bank and Gaza Council of Settlements. "Any proposal [for a political settlement] that would weaken Israel will be rejected."

The suddenness and ferocity of the Arab uprising have exposed the basic weakness of the country's doves. Two weeks ago the Peace Now movement held its only rally so far to protest government policy in the territories. The result was disappointing: only about 1,500 people showed up, "mostly the same old faces, our regulars," as one organ-

izer put it. The average Israeli liberal, she adds, has "generally sympathized with the Arabs, but now they feel threatened by them." Somehow, too, the lack of Jewish casualties during the clashes has taken the urgency out of the liberal cause. "This time it's not our kids getting killed," says one professor at Tel Aviv University. "It's Arab kids."

Not surprisingly, the country's rightwing extremists are having a field day. Proposals recently dismissed as unworkable or repugnant were suddenly getting a serious hearing. Just three weeks ago a Tel Aviv businessman had suggested that the 100,000 day laborers from the West Bank and Gaza who work in Israel be replaced with guest workers from the Philippines and Europe in order to ensure a more reliable source of employees. At the time, one of Shamir's top aides called the idea "nuts." Last week, with Shamir's public blessing, Minister of Labor and Social Affairs Moshe Katzav floated the very same proposal.

'We're fed up': There was a tendency as well among many Israelis to direct their anger at foreign targets. At the top of the list was the United Nations. Shamir snubbed visiting U.N. Under Secretary Marrack Goulding, who had come to check on conditions in the territories, and argued that anti-Semitism accounted for the international outcry against Israel. "When Jews are killed in this country, does the U.N. discuss it?" he asked. "It has never happened." Even the relatively mild U.S. objections to Israel's tactics were seen as exaggerated and hypocritical. "We're fed up being painted as the Ugly Israelis," says Ehud Olmert, a liberal member of the Likud bloc who generally supports Washington's policies. "Didn't the Americans bomb Libyan civilians just to spite Kaddafi. Don't the British torture prisoners in Northern Ireland. Who do they think they're kidding?"

Oddly enough, a few American officials and experts on the Middle East professed to finding some cause for optimism in the recent turn of events. In their view, the Arab-Israeli conflict had become deadlocked, with the only hope being, as William Quandt of the Brookings Institution puts it, to "reshuffle the deck." The riots may have done just that. At the very least, the violence seems to have diminished the roles of Arafat and Jordan's King Hussein, and, in Quandt's words, put the Palestinians inside the territories on "the cutting edge" of their movement. Eventually, the



Send-off: One of the Palestinians to be deported is checked by an Israeli doctor

'People Who See No Hope'

n a street in Nablus near the local souk, a pack of young Palestinians held off a contingent of Israeli troops. The soldiers sprayed the street with rubber bullets and lobbed tear-gas canisters at the demonstrators. But the Palestinians-most of them 16 years old or youngerwere defiant. They waved the outlawed Palestinian flag and constantly taunted the government troops. "The Israelis are afraid of us," said Amar, one of the group's leaders. "We will never surrender, and this makes them afraid." The only guiding principle for the young demonstrators seems to be hatred of the occupation. Asked if they had been called out by Yasir Arafat's PLO, one youngster drew a laugh by replying, "Who's Arafat?"

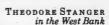
Riots like the one that erupted in Nablus last week have become almost routine in the occupied territories of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. Many are led by the shebab, lower-income Palestinian youths whose boldness is increasing. The shebab's own people are struggling to understand them. "Some [of these youngsters] already have brothers or friends in Israeli jails," says Kahdiba Siwady, a Nablus interpreter. "Many are prepared to struggle against the Israelis until death. What is happening now is a revolution of all

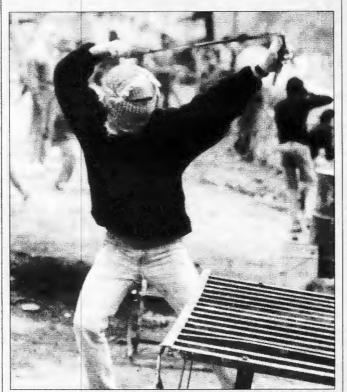
Palestinians—being led by the very young." "They are not organized by local Palestinian leaders, who don't even understand their revolt," says Elias Freij, the mayor of Bethlehem. "The young people are asking what their future is. These are people who see no hope."

So far, the shebab have no weapons but the rocks they can pick off the dusty ground. Even so, they have managed to change Israelis' attitudes to the occupied territories—and the rioters. The youths can distinguish drivers by the color of their license plates: yellow for Israelis, pastels for Palestinians. But every car in Gaza is fair game for stone throwers. They pepper Israeli military vehicles, U.N. food trucks, cars clearly marked "Foreign Press" in English and Arabic (there's a rumor that Shin Bet agents are posing as foreign correspondents) and even Arab taxis. Word has gotten around that

anyone driving a car in Gaza or in many areas of the West Bank risks losing a windshield-or more-so traffic is thin on the normally welltraveled roads. In Israel, where high taxes push the average price of a new car to \$20,000, an automobile is a major investment. That's partly why the shebabs throw stones-and why some Israeli drivers answer with Uzi bursts. One settler killed a 17year-old stone thrower near Ramallah this week.

Saturday picnics: Some Israelis remain determined not to let the shebabs keep them out of the occupied territories, but most are staying away. This is bad news for Arab merchants in Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Ramallah who used to do good business selling to Israelis, especially on the sabbath when Jewish shops are closed. (Many Arab stores were closed in protest, but they would have found no Israeli buyers had they opened.) Average Israelis who used to go for Saturday picnics in areas of the West Bank or to seaside fish restaurants in Gaza have ended those habits. Many are staying clear of Jerusalem's Old City as well. which is home to 25,000 Arabs. "Only a fool or a settler would go anywhere near Gaza," said Yael Esked, a Tel Aviv teacher. "And nobody is going to the West Bank without a good reason, a very good reason. We are frightened."





David and Goliath: Young Palestinian on the West Bank

argument goes, when things calm down a bit, a handful of moderate leaders like journalist Siniora may re-emerge, perhaps with enough new legitimacy to negotiate with the Israelis on some form of autonomy for the territories.

But optimistic scenarios have a decidedly poor track record in the Middle East. More pessimistic officials in the State Department see the rebellion as a polarizing event. They contend that with Israel heading into national elections this year, the violence has strengthened the hand of Prime Minister Shamir and his hard-line Likud colleague Ariel Sharon. Even if the conservatives don't emerge as outright winners, the drift of the new government will be in the direction they have charted: confrontation with the Palestinians, perhaps including further efforts to push them out of the territories altogether, and harsh retaliation against further violence.

Real estate: As always, there has been a tendency among the principles involved in the crisis, namely the Arabs and Jews, to seek justification for their actions in the history of the region. The debate ends up sounding like a real-estate hearing, the arguments flying back and forth over whether one piece of land or another was given up and under what circumstances. That approach may be inevitable and understandable. But it also ignores two key factors. The first is that over the past 20 years,

thanks to their ever-increasing military might, the Israelis have achieved some measure of security in their borders, and they are determined not to give it up. Over the same 20 years, the number of Palestinians living in the territories, many of them in squalor, has swelled enormously, to the point where they have demonstrated the desire and ability to make themselves virtually ungovernable without some sort of relief. Ultimately, unless both sides face up to those historical realities, the violence that has lately flared may in retrospect be seen as the beginning of a long civil war.

BILL HEWITT with MILAN J. KUBIC and THEODORE STANGER in Jerusalem and ROBERT B. CULLEN in Washington

Israel's Apocalypse Now

The nation, at its peril, has ignored a major turning point in its history

By MERON BENVENISTI

pocalypse is seldom heralded, as depicted in the Requiem Mass, by "the trumpet scattering won-drous sound." The "future"—a haven for man's most cherished hopes and a depository for his worst fears often creeps whispering into the present. It is whispering today in the Holy Land, and yet the majority refuses to hear its sound. Woe unto those who preach that the future has already arrived, for they deny men the luxury of postponing painful choices to the distant future, thus transforming pressing problems into cozy "dilemmas" about which nothing, really, can be done.

The writing was on the wall. Powerful processes set in motion on the seventh day of the Six Day War have brought about a major shift in the core Israeli-Arab conflict-from an externally generated international dispute into an internally generated civil war involving 3.5 million Jewish Israelis and 2 million Palestinian Arabs.

The Israeli-Palestinian dispute over Palestine began under the British Mandate as a classic interethnic struggle and expanded after 1948 to an interstate conflict, engulfing the whole region. But after Camp David it shrank back almost to its pre-1948 size. Its basic, almost primordial nature had been masked by its international manifestations, but after 1978 its tribal characteristics have resurfaced. It is perceived as a conflict involving the most cherished cultural, national, material values and inalienable rights.

This major turning point was ignored. The changing realities in the occupied territories—the obliteration of the line separating them from Israel proper, the process of Israeli settlements, demographic trends, the growing unity of Palestinians living on both sides of the erased border—all that was evaded. And, above all, the fact that a new generation of Jews and Arabs has come of age that has known only the status quo was suppressed.

Then came the Palestinian uprising of December 1987. Reality refused to be shaped by perception any longer. The uprising was the symbolic declaration of the Israeli-Palestinian civil war. It should not have come as a surprise, least of all to the Israeli military. Israeli generals have monitored the gathering storm; they should

PETER TURNLEY FOR NEWSEEK

The face of battle

The first victim of the civil war is the so-called 'peace process'

have reached the same conclusions as independent researchers who warned that a new phase of Palestinian resistance had begun, a phase characterized by local, grass-roots, uncoordinated initiative, carried out by angry young men undeterred by risks to their lives.

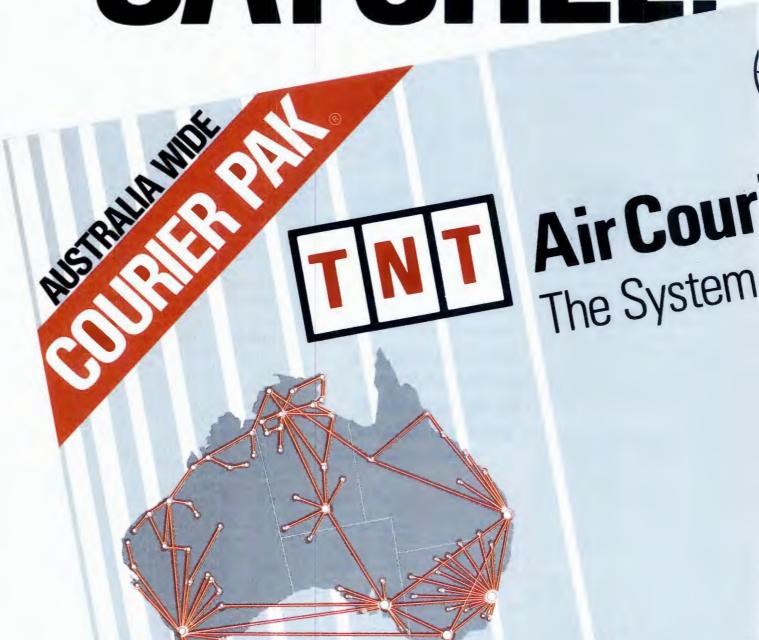
But Israeli generals were captives of the obsolete conception of the externally generated conflict; the civil war caught them by surprise. December 1987 was Israel's second Yom Kippur. In 1973 they misread the signs of imminent external attack; in 1987 they ignored signs of imminent internal uprising. Israeli generals, however, learn fast and its Army is quickly turning into a powerful internal security force. It is their political masters who have yet to grasp the significance of events. It is enormous and far-reaching.

The first victim of the civil war is the socalled "peace process." This process is designed to deal with problems that result from a clash of national interests in the international arena. The basic right of one's enemy to a legitimate, autonomous identity constitutes the premise on which negotiations are possible to begin with. But the Palestinians' denial of Israel's legitimacy and Israel's denial of an autonomous Palestinian national identity lie at the very heart of the dispute. Although objective observers would like to define the dispute as one involving a clash of national entities struggling for the same land, this definition is not accepted by the adversaries. They understand the conflict in other terms-those of sheer survival. It goes beyond physical survival and encompasses basic issues of identity and integrity. Neither side can afford to recognize the other as legitimate, for in so doing they feel that they negate their own legitimacy and existence, and destroy the very basis of their exclusive claim. Such fundamental disputes are beyond diplomacy.

Rage and fear: Mutual denial of legitimacy is the credo of the Israeli-Palestinian civil war. It explains the intensity of the confrontation, the rage and fear, the endless cycle of violence, and Israel's determination to maintain the status quo. Most Israelis see no alternative to it. Grim forecasts of disintegration of the Israeli state from within, as a result of the civil war, are implausible. The balance of power between Israelis and Palestinians is decisively in favor of the Jews, and the gap is widening. Any attempt to threaten the system will be crushed. In any such struggle, Jews will support the regime because the Israeli political center perceives the conflict in terms of survival.

At the same time, the Palestinians will maintain their violent protests. The status quo, volatile and violent as it is, will hold. It is a recipe for eternal strife, but such are all intercommunal strifes. To understand the time frame of this civil war, one should recall that the present "troubles" in Northern Ireland started in 1968, and the Sharpeville massacre that started the black-white violent confrontation in South

THIS IS NO SATCHEL



nlanes, more people, more services

ORDINARY

BUY IT. GET THE SYSTEM.

Why use an ordinary satchel when you can get Courier Pak® – and The System!

Prepaid, or pay as you use, the Courier Pak® concept is unique to The System – and part of it. And that means it simply gives you more.

For a start, The System is always available. That's 24 hours a day. And it links computer-based technology with the largest on-ground and in-air networks across the country.

'On-time' takes on a whole new meaning with The System. And Courier Pak® .

Get your Courier Paks with a phone call from anywhere **(008) 011-835** Toll free.

More vans, more planes, more people, more services, more often.



Air Couriers

The System

nore often.





Africa occurred in 1960. The future is here.

The implications of the civil war for the future of Israel are momentous. Its physical integrity is not threatened, but its character as a Jewish state and its political philosophy are being transformed by the communal strife. Israelis are fond of toying with the abstract dilemma of whether their state is to be Jewish or democratic. They understand that holding on to the occupied territories turns Israel into a binational entity, where already four out of 10 residents are non-Jews and soon Palestinians will outnumber Jews. Israeli liberals who are unwilling to grant the Palestinians equal political rights advocate that Israel abandon heavily populated Arab areas and hand them over to Jordan. The "Jordanian abs" can enjoy religious and cultural autonomy but not equal political rights. The debate between "doves" and "hawks" remains theoretical at best because it remains in the realm of long-term "dilemmas," never translated into an immediate political choice. Israeli politicians in both camps agree that at least in the short term, the status quo is preferable to any other realistic alternative. The Israeli public concurs. It is only divided between occupiers with a bad conscience and occupiers with a clear conscience.

Paradoxically, the Palestinians are contributing to the durability of the status quo. Unable to formulate a realistic strategy, captives of their traditional all-or-nothing stance and obsessed with their feeling that

poverished, landless—are Israel's helots. On their way to work as Israel's menial laborers they pass by their ruined villages and plundered lands. They have nothing to lose except their chains of misery. Therefore, they have challenged the very existence of the Jewish state. Their desperate courage sparked the uprising and swept the entire Palestinian community.

Display of power: Israel's harsh retaliation aroused strong sentiments of solidarity among Israeli Arabs. The general strike they launched in sympathy with their brethren was an impressive manifestation of their communal power, accumulated during 40 years of living in the Jewish state. That power is not directed at the destruction of Israel but rather at asserting their place within it, as a national minority. Israeli Arabs determine the fate of at least 12 seats in the Knesset. They may hold the balance between the two main Jewish parties and thus determine which one will form a cabinet. In the December strike they sent a message to the Israeli Jews that Israel proper is already a binational state and the problem is no longer confined to the disposition of the territories but rather involves Jewish-Arab communal interaction in the entire land. The combined challenge of the refugees and the Israeli Arabs showed to those who wanted to see that a subordinate, powerless minority can pose a challenge to a powerful majority and indeed determine its choice.

Israeli leaders and the general public chose to ignore the challenge, and evaded the real issue by defining the uprising as a problem of law and order. And indeed, the choice is unbearable: if Israelis acknowledge the legitimacy of the refugees' cause and withdraw, they jeopardize the very existence of their state; if they acknowledge the Israeli Arabs' demand for complete equality, they undermine the foundation of Israel as a state of the Jewish people.

But evasion is no remedy. The two communities are embraced in a danse macabre: the challenges to the status quo will persist, and decisions will be taken by default. If the communal strife becomes intolerable to the Israelis, they will elect extremist leaders who will see to it that hundreds of Palestinian activists are deported, and that will destabilize the Hashemite regime and create Palestine in Jordan, thus rekindling the interstate strife. If the Israelis, under the disguise of "temporary occupation," indefinitely deny basic political rights to the Palestinians, they will become a masterrace democracy.

The future will bring neither redemption nor Armageddon. The choices are immediate and present. Apocalypse is now.

Outside a prison camp in Gaza

NACKSTRAND—AFP

The refugees—stateless, impoverished, landless—are Israel's helots. They have nothing to lose except their misery

option" is the Israeli-liberal solution for the demographic threat to the Jewish character of the state. It enables them to express a genuine desire for peace without coming to terms with the community with which they share the land.

Doves and hawks: Israeli right-wing conservatives do not share liberal tribulations. Because of their strong belief in the moral superiority of their claim, they see Greater Israel as the fulfillment of their national destiny and the subordination of the Palestinians as an inevitable result. Under Israeli domination, in their view, "local Ar-

the world is duty-bound to deliver them from their unjust predicament, the Palestinians simply reinforce the Israelis' conviction that they have no choice but to stand fast.

Thus, the status quo endures by default—and with it, the character of the Israeli regime is determined every day by default. The December uprising highlighted Israel's fundamental choice. The status quo was challenged in December by two Palestinian groups, equal in number but disparate in status: the Israeli Arabs and the refugees. The refugees—stateless, im-

Meron Benvenisti, a former deputy mayor of Jerusalem, is director of the West Bank Data Base research project.

Peace Now, Pay Later

Reaching a cease-fire in Central America

yeball to eyeball with his Central American antagonists, Daniel Ortega blinked. The region's five presidents were meeting in Alajuela, Costa Rica, last week as time ran out on the peace plan they signed in Guatemala last August, and Nicaragua was still far from compliance. If the accord collapsed, the Sandinistas were sure to take the blame and the Reagan administration would almost certainly win its request for renewed aid to the contra rebels. To keep the contra supporters at bay—and the peace process alive—the Nicaraguan leader offered three major concessions:

■ Effective last Saturday, Nicaragua suspended its five-year-old state of emergency, presumably restoring civil liberties, including freedom of the press and the right of assembly.

■ The Sandinistas would open direct talks with the contras in San José, Costa Rica, aimed at a cease-fire agreement.

A law granting amnesty to political prisoners will take effect upon agreement to a cease-fire, covering all political prisoners jailed since 1981. If no cease-fire agreement is reached, Nicaragua will still free the prisoners—if the United States or an-



LARRY BOYD—REUTER

Keeping the plan alive: Central American presidents Duarte and Arias in Costa Rica

other country outside Central America agrees to accept them.

Left ambiguous was the issue that almost broke up the summit: whether to extend last week's deadline for compliance with the peace plan. Nicaragua wanted an extension past February, when Congress is scheduled to vote on contra aide; El Salvador and Honduras, the United States' closest allies in the region, were not willing to grant an extension. Meanwhile the Sandinistas also sought to demonstrate their toughness. Last week Nicaraguan authorities arrested three leaders of the internal opposition for meeting contra leaders in Guatemala to discuss what a spokeswoman called "terrorist actions."

Military gains: U.S. officials would not have been heartbroken by a collapse of the regional accords—so long as the Sandinistas appeared at fault. In any case, the Reagan administration has used the pro-

cess to strengthen its hand in Nicaragua. Throughout the past six months the administration helped the rebels make military gains. Even following the Sandinistas' announcement of a unilateral cease-fire, the CIA stepped up arms drops to the rebels, according to contra leaders, and late in December the contras launched an offensive against Sandinista radar facilities, a mining region and coastal targets.

According to an administration Central America expert, President Reagan has told his top advisers that he wants the Sandinistas out by the time he leaves office next January. That seems unrealistic; even a fully funded contra force would be no military match for the Sandinistas. And if Ortega keeps his pledge, Reagan will have a tough time pushing any meaningful contra aide package through Congress.

NANCY COOPER with CHARLES LANE in Alajuela and ROBERT PARRY in Washington

Haiti: 'We Must Declare a General Amnesty'

Retired Gen. Claude Raymond, former chief of staff of the Haitian Army under François Duvalier, has been accused by Haitians and U.S. officials of participating in the violence that derailed Haiti's scheduled election in November. Last week Raymond spoke with NEWSWEEK'S Rod Nordland in Portau-Prince. Excerpts:

NORDLAND: Why did the last elections fail?

RAYMOND: The elections were a macabre farce. The ballots were stuffed to the top.

Did the election violence occur

because the Duvalierist candidates were disqualified?

Perhaps.

Were you associated with the Tentons Macoutes?

In all of the political parties there are former Tontons Macoutes. Like everybody, I have them working for me. It's a good thing.

What's going to happen new?

What's going to happen is a ferocious opposition to whoever takes over [after Sunday's election]. My impression was that Gen. Henri Namphy really wanted a democratic government. He wanted to offer the country a chance to live free, and you have seen what a catastrophe that was.

What effect will U.S. pressure have on Haiti's government?

They talk a lot more about pressures brought to bear than actually bringing them to bear.

Do you expect any legal action against those accused of political crimes after the elections?

It's finished, it's over. Fifteen hundred people have been killed in these two years. Are you going to bring all these people who did this to court? That would cut the Haitian family in two. We must declare a general amnesty.

Why do you keep talking about a communist threat when few people really believes one exists?

I have been in every town in this country. I ran into Communist Party [members] professors, lawyers, engineers. Mission Alpha [the church's literacy campaign] is a communist organization.

How do you feel about the role of the Roman Catholic Church here?

If the church behaves like a church and does not transform itself into a political party, I would have no problem, of course. They can go on with their work.

After the Chiangs

The death of Taiwan's president could trigger a period of instability



An affable, astute leader who ushered in an era of prosperity and democratic change: Chiang saluting troops last October

e rose to power on the prestige and the unchallenged authority of his father, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. And when Chiang Ching-kuo became president of Taiwan in 1978, few people believed that he would be anything more than a mediocre leader. But Chiang proved the skeptics wrong. During 10 years as leader, he skillfully developed Taiwan's export trade, transforming the country into an economic powerhouse with one of the highest living standards in Asia. During the past year and a half, Chiang ushered in a series of unprecedented political reforms. He granted more democratic freedoms to native Taiwanese, who had long chafed under the authoritarian rule of the mainlandbred Nationalist Party, the Kuomintang (KMT). He lifted martial law, permitted the formation of opposition parties and brought more native Taiwanese into the government. Chiang had clearly emerged from his father's shadow, engineering the most profound political changes in Taiwan since Kuomintang troops were driven into exile there by the Chinese communists in 1949. His ambitious reform agenda had barely begun when the frail Chiang died of a heart attack last week at the age of 77.

Black armbands: There were no massive displays of mourning at first—a far cry from the reaction to the death of Chiang Kai-shek in 1975, when people wept openly in the streets. Four hours after Chiang died Wednesday afternoon, Vice President Lee Teng-hui was quietly sworn in as president; the news of Chiang's death was made public only that evening. The next day government officials wearing black armbands began filing past a police cordon at the Veterans General Hospital in Taipei to pay

their respects in a special ceremonial hall. Across town at the Presidential Palace, cannon shots were fired every half hour in solemn tribute, but the broad avenues outside were virtually deserted. By the end of the week, however, thousands of mourners began arriving at the hospital to kowtow before a flower-bedecked altar bearing Chiang's portrait. The government announced that Chiang would lie in state at the Martyrs' Shrine in Taipei beginning late this week; he will be entombed in the hills south of the capital on Jan. 30.

The public reserve belied the significance of Chiang's passing. His death did much more than end one family's political dynasty. It ended four decades of exclusive rule by mainlanders who had fled what is now the People's Republic of China. It gave the island its first native Taiwanese president. And it raised a host of questions about

PANA

Taiwan's future. Despite the seemingly smooth transition, Chiang's death could trigger a new period of instability for Taiwan. The country has no political figures with the undisputed power and popularity that Chiang acquired during his years in command. There is no ruling out a bitter political struggle between relatively young liberals in the ruling party who want to see a far different Taiwan and older party conservatives who vigorously opposed Chiang's attempt to bring his country more in line with the times. Such infighting could well halt his reforms in their tracks. And that, in turn, could trigger protests from the fledgling opposition, which has been demanding more and speedier democratic changes.

Chiang's death also leaves unresolved the most nettlesome political issue now facing Taiwan: its relations with China. The Kuomintang has never relinquished its shopworn claim that it is the sole legiti-

mate government of China and has shown no inclination toward reunification with Beijing. Chiang made dutiful obeisance to the hard-liners' anachronistic dream, but he could do little to stop Taiwan's growing, indirect trade with China. Late last year he agreed that a limited number of Taiwan citizens should be allowed to visit their relatives on the mainland. Those gingerly concessions, slight as they may be, have only fueled popular demands for closer ties with China. The party must now decide whether to heed those calls and continue reforms in its China policy. At the same time, it must somehow avoid the appearance of radical change that could undermine the anticommunist principles that form the bedrock of KMT rule. "Chiang's death happened at the worst possible " says James Hsiung, a professor of political science at New York University. "There's still so much to be done."

Widespread support: The immediate challenge facing the Taiwan government is filling the gaping vacuum at the top. Despite Lee's ascension, it is far from certain that he will be anything more than a transitional figure, even if he remains president through the end of Chiang's term in 1990. Although he was handpicked for the vice presidential post by Chiang and enjoys widespread support among Taiwanese and moderate KMT members, Lee, 65, has hardly any ties to major power bases in the country—the military, the security forces and the upper echelons of the party.



The mourning was sincere but restrained: A family pays its respects

Moreover, because Lee was born in Taiwan and has no links to the mainland, he could become the target of aging Kuomintang conservatives who view him as first in a line of Taiwanese politicians who will break their grip on power. Shortly after he was sworn in, Lee made a televised speech calling for the party to "fulfill the mission [of recovering the mainland]." The remark was intended to placate KMT conservatives—and officials in Beijing who might be tempted to invade the island if



A native Taiwanese becomes president: Lee

Lee wanted to establish an independent government with no ties to China.

Such statements may not be enough to prevent Kuomintang hard-liners from attempting to undercut Lee's influence. Last week senior KMT officials began meeting almost constantly at party headquarters in Taipei-an indication that the struggle for power has already begun. Lee's opponents will undoubtedly attempt to put one of their own in the powerful party chairman's post—a seat from which they could effectively diminish his political strength. Lee himself is being mentioned as a candidate for the top party job, but it is expected that a Taiwanese would not be allowed to head both party and government. The other leading contenders are Prime Minister Yu Kuo-hwa, 74, and Huang Shao-ku, a spry 86-yearold conservative who openly challenged Chiang's political reforms. Balanced against these doctrinaire veterans is

Lee Huan, 70, the secretary-general of the KMT and a staunch supporter of Chiang's liberalizations. KMT leaders disclosed last week that a chairman will not be appointed until the 13th Nationalist Party Congress is convened in July. Until then, members of the Central Committee will assume the post on a rotating basis. KMT moderates welcomed the delay, since it will keep the chairmanship out of the clutches of party hard-liners. "There's no urgent need to make a decision now," says Central Committee member Ma Ying-jeou, 38, one of the party's leading young liberals. "Consensus-building is never an easy job."

Turtleneck sweater: Whoever ultimately takes command in the post-Chiang era will have a decidedly difficult act to follow. Born in the Chinese coastal province of Zhejiang, Chiang accompanied his father. to Taiwan in 1949 when Mao Zedong seized power in China. It came as no suprise to anyone that he quickly rose up the political ladder. He began his Taiwan-based career by setting up a secret intelligence agency, then went on to serve as defense minister and prime minister before becoming president in 1978. All the while he courted the "uncles"—the political leaders of the Gimo's generation—and that eventually secured his grip over the government. Unlike his remote, authoritarian father, Chiang cut quite an affable, populist figure, often making unannounced visits to the countryside, dressed casually in a turtleneck sweater and windbreaker, to listen to the



Will opposition radicals launch a new offensive? Dissidents clashing with police early this month

people's complaints. "His father was like a god to us," says Benny Hu, a prominent Taipei financier. "Chiang Ching-kuo was more like a friend."

Chiang was also astute enough to recognize that political reforms were the surest way to muster support among native Taiwanese—who make up 85 percent of the country's population—as a way to guarantee KMT rule. In 1986 he allowed the formation of the opposition Democratic Progressive Party (DPP), and last July he lifted

martial-law restrictions. But Chiang had only begun to tackle the most important issue on his reform agenda: revamping the country's Legislative Yuan, or Parliament, in order to bring more ethnic Taiwanese into the government. At the time of his death the 313-member body had been bitterly debating a proposal to retire older KMT representatives, who hold roughly two-thirds of the seats, and increase the number of Taiwanese legislators.

Lee and his reform-minded allies now

face the worrisome possibility that recalcitrant KMT politicians may stall the fledgling "Taiwanization" process—and perhaps provoke unrest among native Taiwanese who are demanding that the KMT quickly relinquish agreater share of political power. The threat is particularly acute among more militant groups within the opposition Democratic Progressive Party and outside of it. Though the DPP is dominated by moderates who favor a peaceful path to reform, radicals want to force concessions from the KMT through confrontation and street protests. Just two days before Chiang's death, more than 1,000 KMT opponents staged a demonstration in central Taipei, demanding an independent government that will not claim to represent all of China.

Such calls are anathema to the Kuomintang and the main-

stream DPP, and last week both parties moved swiftly to suppress them. In an unusually severe move, a Taipei court convicted two KMT opponents for advocating independence and sentenced them to a total of 21 years imprisonment. Meanwhile, fearing that incendiary protests could trigger a government crackdown, DPP leaders issued a statement in which they promised to observe a government ban on demonstrations during the official 30-day mourning period. But DPP moderates admit they

Lee: A Technocrat to the Rescue

ow can one man replace a dynasty? That may be the most daunting question facing Lee Teng-hui as he becomes president of Taiwan. The Chiang family, first in the legendary person of Chiang Kai-shek and then under his son and successor, Chiang Ching-kuo, reigned over Taiwan for four decades. Lee served under them for the last 16 years, and though he may not have agreed with the family's every move, he learned close-up the value of political loyalty. "Chiang is a great leader, like the pilot of an airplane," Lee told Newsweek a little more than a year ago, at a time when the government was embarking on a program of political liberalization. "It's difficult for people to steer in a new direction, yet Chiang decided on political change."

There is reason to wonder whether the 65-year-old Lee has the political wherewithal to carry on Chiang Chingkuo's agenda for change or whether he has any inclination to press forward with his own ideas. Lee rose to prominence largely on the coattails of two powerful mentors: Chiang and Lee Huan, secretary-general of the ruling Kuomintang. The new president has developed virtually no secure political base of his own and is already being portrayed as a weak, transitional leader. "His legitimacy will be upheld for a while," predicts Byron Weng, an Asia scholar at Hong Kong's Chinese University. "But Lee is a caretaker."

Political club: That may be too quick a judgment. Admittedly, Lee has few strong ties to any of Taiwan's often-feuding political factions. But for that very reason he could be the ideal man to negotiate among them, stressing the need for compromise in the interests of Taiwan's economic stability. In addition, Lee, a colorless politician by any measure, may find that his nonconfrontational style

works to his advantage. "In the small political club that is the Kuomintang, a lower-profile president could be a very constructive element," says Edwin Winckler, a China and Taiwan specialist at Columbia University.

Lee, who was named vice president in 1984, is Taiwan's first island-born leader in more than a century. Not surprisingly, he is a popular figure among the native Taiwanese, who make up 85 percent of the population and have few ties to the mainland. In other ways, too, Lee seems very much the common man. He was raised on his parents' small rice-and-tea farm in northern Taiwan during Japan's 50year occupation of the island. Though he remembers the pemay not be able to control more radical oppositionists for long. In recent months Chiang's reforms had undermined popular support for the opposition, and desperate militants could try to capitalize on the political opportunities created by any signs of a conservative shift within the KMT.

The threat of political instability could have a sobering effect on the one fact of Taiwanese life that everyone wants to preserve: the nation's phenomenal prosperity. Under Chiang's guidance, Taiwan developed a robust, export-driven economy that has netted more than \$75 billion in foreign-exchange reserves and raised average annual incomes from \$956 in 1975 to a projected \$6,183 this year. But the policies that have brought Taiwan to the threshold of developed-nation status may no longer work. Taipei has come under increasing pres-

sure from the Reagan administration to trim its huge trade surplus with the United States, which exceeded \$19 billion in 1987. As a result, the Taipei government has allowed its currency to appreciate 40 percent against the U.S. dollar during the past two years. It is also trying to encourage consumers to buy more imported U.S. goods and is seeking to dissuade manufacturers from beefing up their exports.

These attempts to adjust Taiwan's economic policies have already met with con-



NDY HERNANDEZ FOR NEWSWEEK

A legacy of harsh, authoritarian rule: $Commemorating\ Chiang\ Kai\ -shek\ at\ a\ National\ Day\ parade$

siderable resistance from businessmen and merchants. Some manufacturers are demanding that the government implement new measures, including a reduction of import duties and permission to import cheap Southeast Asian labor, to cut their production costs. Meanwhile, farmers and domestic automakers are protesting Taipei's plans to tear down its import barriers. "A strong economy is based on confidence," says Lu Ya-li, a professor of political science at National Taiwan University in Tai-

pei. "We need leadership at a time like this, and we haven't got it."

Of all the questions now confronting Taiwan's new leadership, the most difficult will be reassessing its relations with China and, in the long term, its policy on potential reunification. For nearly 40 years, bitter animosity on both sides has kept relations between the "two Chinas" in a deep freeze. But Chiang Ching-kuo, while not abandoning his father's ardent pledge to retake the mainland, had finally cracked open the

riod as a "painful" time, the Japanese seem to have been kinder to Lee than to most Taiwanese. He was admitted to Japan's Kyoto Imperial University, and after World War II he graduated from National Taiwan University with a degree in agricultural economics. Lee went on to receive two graduate degrees in the United States. A devout Christian who once contemplated becoming a missionary, he chose academia instead. He caught Chiang Ching-kuo's attention in 1971 with a report on farm modernization. The next year Lee was invited to join the Taipei government.

'A true Taiwanese': Since then, Lee has served as mayor of Taipei and governor of Taiwan Province, but throughout

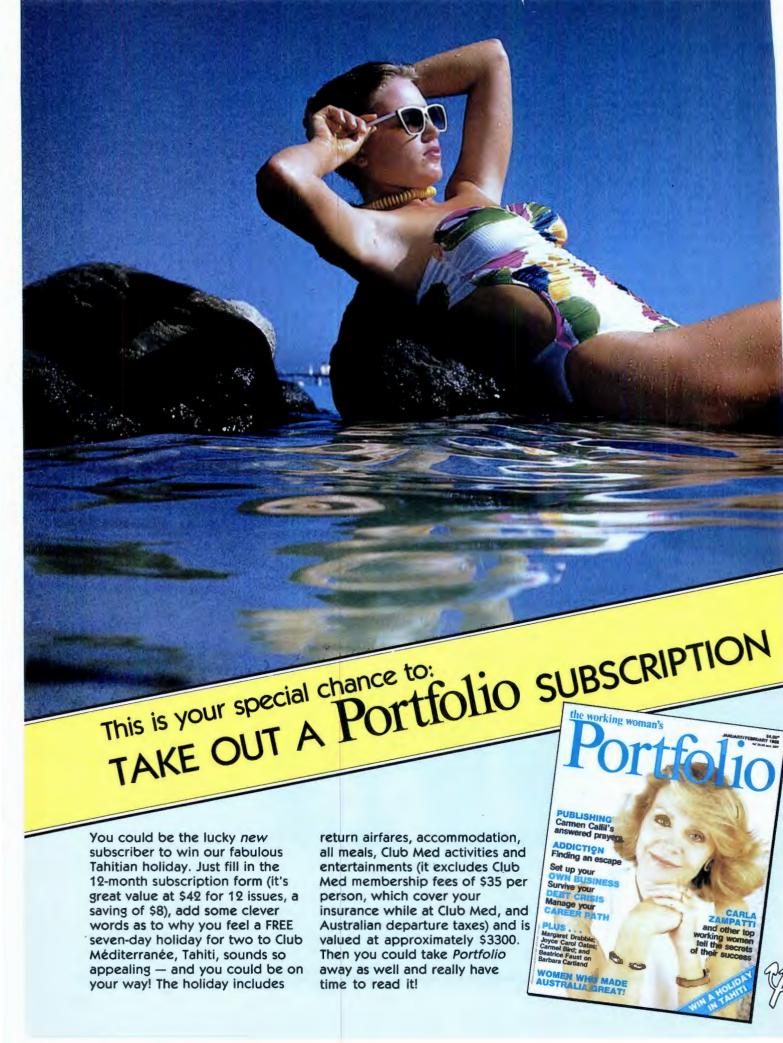


Very much the common man: Lee and his wife on a U.S. tour

his years in public office he has revealed little about his political ideology. No one knows, for instance, how aggressively he will work to bring more Taiwanese into government or to introduce new democratic reforms into the nation's still exclusive political system. Nor can anyone

predict the degree to which he will pursue the Kuomintang's professed goal of reunification with the mainland. In summing up the new president's world view, an opposition magazine once described Lee as "a true Taiwanese. He doesn't have a real connection with the mainland, no knowledge and no special feeling toward it. And he doesn't have a personal grudge against the communists." Even if that assessment is accurate, however, it doesn't necessarily indicate the direction in which Lee might take his country. The only thing that does seem certain is that Lee will move neither too quickly nor too far.

WILLIAM BURGER with CARROLL BOGERT in Taipei and MELINDA LIU in Hong Kong



Enjoy it while it's FREE!

Club Méditerranée, Tahiti



Please send me the next 12 issues of Portfolio:

Post 1000.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1 Entry is free and open to all residents of Australia other than those who are the employees and their immediate families of John Fairfax & Sons Ltd, Fairfax Magazin Pty Ltd, Club Méditerranée (Aust) Pty Ltd and their associated agencies and publications. 2 Chance plays no part in determining the winner. 3 All entries will be opened and judged on literary merit by a judging panel comprising representatives of Portfolio and Club Méditerranée. Enter as often as you wish. 4 Prize must be taken as offered. There is no cash alternative. The prize is a Club Med trip for two to Tahiti for one week, including return airfares, twinshare accommodation, all meals and use of Club Med facilities in Tahiti. 5 Prize winner will be notified by telephone and name published in a later issue of Portfolio. 6 Description of the contest and instructions on how to enter form part on the contest conditions. 7 The judges' decision is final and no discussion or correspondence will be entered into. 8 Contest closes last mail, Feb 21, 1988.

to: Portfollo, Fairfax Magazines Pty Ltd, PO Box	Portfolio Gift Subscription, Fairfax Magazines Pty
Glebe 9037.	PO Box 1000, Glebe 2037.

I would like to send a gift of the next 12 issues of Portfolio to:

ame	Name
ddress	Address
ity State Postcode	City State Postcode
xpiry	Expiry Date Signature

I would like to take a break at Club Med Tahiti because: (25 words or less).

And the tie-breaker question: List all the water sports available at Club Med, Moorea, Tahiti

Details available in Club Med brochure from Club Méditerranée (Aust) Pty Ltd, 500 George Street, Sydney 2000.

KEY NO: FMP 188 Creative Plu

Jub Mediterranee

ARGYLEDIAMONDS



NOW ROMANCE IS AN AUSTRALIAN DIAMOND LASER INSCRIBED FOR YOUR PROTECTION



Authorised distributors for Argyle Diamonds are:

Perth: Charles Edward: Mazzudchelirs, Linney's Adelaide: Chez Jewels, Wendts, Melbourne: Paul Bram, Hardy Brothers Sydney: Percy Marks, Hardy Brothers Bruce and Walsh, Brisbane: Hardy Brothers, Bruce Robinson Diamonds, Port Douglas: Hardy Brothers, Southport: Hardy Brothers, Hayman Island: Percy Marks, Launceston: Jim Hughes & Sons, Hobart: Diamond World.

door to Beijing in recent months. Since he began permitting aging mainlanders to visit their relatives in China last November, more than 50,000 retired soldiers have already applied to make the pilgrimage to their ancestral cities and villages. Outside the Red Cross office in Taipei where soldiers apply for visas, sidewalk peddlers are doing a booming business selling detailed maps of China as well as guidebooks warning of the country's "backward hygiene" and other pitfalls.

Chiang had also approved other unofficial ties to the mainland. During the past year, the Taipei government has loosened import restrictions on Chinese publications and films. Taipei residents can now openly purchase novels published on the mainland, including the works of Mao Zedong's favorite revolutionary author, Lu Xun. Nonpolitical mainland films are trickling into video rental stores, including the kung-fu hit, "Shaolin Temple." Chiang had also tacitly approved Taiwan's indirect trade with China-conducted largely via Hong Kong-increased more than 50 percent over 1986, to a total of \$1.3 billion. Says Lin Yuh-jiun, an analyst at the Chung-hwa Institute for Economic Research in Taipei: "Everyone [in Taiwan] has the China fever."

Direct trade? KMT leaders may be hard pressed to stem those rising temperatures. Even if party hard-liners who scorn unofficial ties with Beijing gain influence in the new government, they may find it difficult to reverse the popular momentum for closer relations triggered by Chiang's reforms. Already, members of Taiwan's powerful business community, scholars and even



PETER CHARLESWORTH—JB PICTURES

China bound? Picking up maps in Taipei

some KMT politicians are pressuring the party to allow direct, unfettered trade with China. "Let's forget about political reunification for now," says liberal KMT legislator Jaw Shau-kong. "Let's accomplish an economic reunification first."

Such sentiments are welcomed by Beijing, which would like to see Taiwan's new leadership press forward Chiang's tentative openings to China. Beijing views those moves as a first step toward its proposed goal of reunification under a "one country, two systems" formula loosely pat-

terned on the Hong Kong model, which calls for the British colony to revert to Chinese sovereignty in 1997. Despite Chiang's fierce anticommunist rhetoric, Beijing cautiously applauded his domestic political reforms, which helped undermine popular support for an independent Taiwan government with no ties to the mainland. Chiang's sudden death has stirred new concerns that the new leadership in Taiwan, as well as the next generation of Taiwanese politicians, may not share Chiang's sentimental ties to the mainland and his hopes for eventual reunification. "Chiang was an enemy, but at least he was a familiar one," says a Western diplomat in Beijing. "The Chinese know virtually nothing about whom they will have to deal with next."

Mindful of that, Beijing responded to Chiang's death with unexpected grace. When Chiang Kai-shek died in 1975, Beijing branded him the "chief of a reactionary clique and public enemy No. 1." The day after Chiang Ching-kuo's death, China's Communist Party chief Zhao Ziyang delivered a remarkably warm tribute, extolling Chiang Ching-kuo as a leader who helped "relieve tensions . . . between people on both sides of the Taiwan Strait." Zhao also praised Chiang for his unwavering commitment to a "one-China policy," ignoring Chiang's oft-stated goal of reunification under KMT rule. If there was any doubt that Beijing's conciliatory tone was calculated to woo Taiwan's new leadership, Zhao went on to appeal for talks with "people of all circles in Taiwan."

It's unlikely that Taipei's new leadership will even address the issue of reunification any time soon; the KMT undoubtedly will be preoccupied with its own domestic political battles. A decisive answer to whether conservatives or moderates will emerge triumphant may come after the Nationalist Party Congress this summer. Even if hardliners gain the upper hand, this could be a temporary victory. Aging KMT conservatives will pass from the scene in time, and if popular momentum for Chiang's democratic liberalizations continues, moderate members of the KMT and the DPP could eventually muster increased support from the Taiwanese. The country is unquestionably headed for a period of uncertainty, but Chiang Ching-kuo may get his final wish: that his unfinished legacy of reform will survive him.



NEW YORK TIMES

The members of the dynasty: The generalissimo, his wife and son Ching-kuo in 1952

PAULA CHIN with CARROLL BOGERT in Taipei and DORINDA ELLIOTT in Beijing

Bonn Flirts With Moscow

As Gorbachev's popularity soars in West Germany, there is talk of the dawn of a new era of détente

s West Germany drifting dangerously toward the east? Officials in Chancellor Helmut Kohl's government angrily dismiss any such suggestion as "silly" speculation, insisting that it has repeatedly demonstrated its unequivocal commitment to the Western Alliance. But in the wake of the signing of the intermediate nuclear forces (INF) treaty in Washington last month, Bonn has emitted enough troubling signals to raise serious questions about its current intentions. The INF may not lead to the gradual denuclearization and neutralization of West Germany, as its harshest critics charge, but NATO strategists can be forgiven a new attack of the German jitters. As Kohl greets Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze in Bonn this week, those strategists will be carefully monitoring what the chancellor is billing as "a new page in relations" between the two countries.

As long as the issue of intermediaterange missiles was in dispute, German-Soviet relations ranged from cool to frosty. But now West German politicians are standing in line to proclaim the dawn of a new era. Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, who represents the liberal Free Democratic Party in the governing coalition, has long advocated a revival of a 1970s-style détente and "the rejection of traditional stereotyping whereby the worst is always imputed to the Soviet Union." Now conservatives who bitterly opposed the INF treaty are making similar statements. After meeting with Gorbachev last month, Bavaria's Premier Franz Josef Strauss declared that there is no longer a need for the West "to be afraid of offensive, aggressive intentions of the Soviet Union.

The conservatives are only playing to the mood of the public; to do any less might risk alienating voters. In public-opinion polls, Gorbachev has been steadily trouncing Reagan in personal-popularity matchups. In West Germany such results rapidly create new political attitudes. According to an Allensbach Institute poll, 50 percent of

West Germans now favor unilateral disarmament, compared with 35 percent five years ago; only 24 percent of West Germans now view the Soviet Union as a military threat, as opposed to 55 percent five years ago. "People are losing sight of the fundamental fact of postwar European life that these systems remain incompatible," says Bonn University political scientist Carl-Christoph Schweitzer. "We've gone a long way toward equidistance."

Opposition Social Democrats and Kohl's Christian Democrats have suddenly discovered common ground in pressing for negotiations on the short-range nuclear missiles not covered by the INF treaty. Since those missiles are targeted mainly on East and West Germany, the politicians contend that they unfairly single out Germany as the nuclear battleground of a future war. Although the Soviet Union enjoys an overwhelming superiority in missiles in this under-300-mile range, the United States and other NATO nations fear that negotiations on them now would lead to a Soviet offer of a third "zero option": the elimination of all such weapons, leaving NATO immensely vulnerable to the Warsaw Pact's superior conventional forces. Instead, Bonn's partners want to focus on conventional arms reductions first, but this is provoking a feeling of abandonment among West Germans.

Swelling paranoia: American Ambassador Richard Burt has chastised the German right for propagating the "myth" that the INF treaty leaves only West Germany vulnerable to nuclear attack, pointing out that the Soviet Union targets all of Western Europe and the United States as well. Even some conservatives are troubled by the swelling paranoia in their ranks. "I would want to steer my countrymen away from this traditional sentiment that we are misunderstood and left alone," says Thomas Kielinger, the editor of the conservative weekly Rheinischer Merkur. "There are about 400,000 allied troops in West Germany, all under the same threat. Is that nothing to consider?"



No reason to be afraid? Bavarian Premi

Such voices are definitely in the minority. Genscher has escalated his pro-détente campaign to new heights, going so far as to blame Washington and other NATO countries for the lack of progress on a treaty to ban chemical weapons. He labeled Western concerns about verification of Soviet compliance as "new obstacles" to a treaty, a position that Kohl endorsed last week. According to Genscher's aides, he is convinced that the verification issue has been solved by Moscow's agreement in principle to inspection procedures. But the ease with which he accepts such assurances is hardly supported by the Kremlin's record. Until a year ago, it did not even acknowledge it had chemical weapons; in October it took foreign representatives on a tour of the sites of the weapons it said it did not have.

Moscow is keenly aware of the opportunities presented by the new West German mood. It has encouraged the notion that détente will produce increased—and lucrative-trade as well as progress on other issues of particular concern to Bonn. In 1987 a record 14,488 ethnic Germans were allowed to emigrate from the Soviet Union, 25 times more than in 1986. On the arms front, Gorbachev has played a two-pronged game. He indicated to Strauss that he would not float a zero option on short-range missiles. That has led conservatives to believe that they can negotiate reductions, which they favor, and not be caught in another elimination round, which they



rauss meeting with Gorbachev in Moscow

fear. At the same time, Gorbachev has permitted East German leader Erich Honecker to continue his campaign for a "nuclear-free East Germany and West Germany." The Social Democrats embraced that concept of a nuclear-free zone in an agree-



'A new page in relations': Genscher (right) with Shevardnadze at the U.N. last fall

ment with the East German Communist Party in 1986.

"I think that there will be no denuclearized Europe in the foreseeable future," Kohl said last week. But it is hardly surprising that these events are raising the old suspicion that West Germans are vulnerable to the siren song of neutralization on Soviet terms, lulled by the soothing assurances of Mikhail Gorbachev. "The Germans identify very closely with personalities, beginning with Bismarck," says

historian Richard Pipes of Harvard, who argues that the Germans will see Gorbachev as their excuse to try to opt out of the East-West conflict. Moscow's ambassador to Bonn, Yuli Kvitsinsky, recently provided his own prognosis for the Soviet-West German relationship. "Everything must be allowed to ripen, so that the fruit on both sides is great and tastes good," he said. So good that Bonn's allies are likely to keep worrying about the possible aftertaste.

ANDREW NAGORSKI in Bonn

A New Nuclear Scandal

Nothing makes West Germans more nervous than the word "nuclear." The meltdown at Chernobyl two years ago fueled their fears and now they have another worry. Last week Environment Minister Klaus Töpfer abruptly shut down Nukem, a huge nuclear processing plant near Frankfurt, on the "horrific suspicion" that it may have been involved in shipping weapons-grade plutonium to Libya and Pakistan.

Nukem has a history of dubious dealings. Its troubles began last summer when several facilities were closed for safety violations. Then, in December, authorities shut

down a Nukem transport subsidiary, Transnuklear, for illegally reimporting more than 2,000 falsely labeled canisters of highly toxic nuclear waste from a Belgian processing plant. Investigators are looking into allegations that \$12 million in bribes were paid to facilitate the shipments. Several Transnuklear officials were arrested; one committed suicide in jail. In closing the Nukem plant, the government acted on the suspicion that the company may have known about the "irregularities" involving its subsidiary and attempted to cover them up.

If the allegations are true,

Nukem could thrust West Germany into violation of the 1970 Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. That pact bans the export of fissionable materials that nonnuclear nations could use to manufacture atomic weapons. "There are reasons to believe that the nonproliferation treaty was violated," said Social Democratic opposition dep-Volker Hauff after an emergency meeting of the Bundestag's environment committee. German authorities charged with licensing sales of atomic materials say two shipments of Cobalt 60 and Cesium 137, declared to be for medical use, went to Pakistan. Pakistan and Libya have been suspected of trying to develop a nuclear weapon.

Public reaction was sharp. In the northern port of Lubeck, police used clubs and water cannons to disperse demonstrators trying to block the predawn loading of spent nuclear fuel rods onto a Swedish freighter. In Bavaria, protesters tried to halt another shipment of nuclear waste. Polls suggest that a majority of Germans want to phase out their dependence on atomic power. The scandal will clearly recharge a campaign, backed mainly by the opposition Greens and Social Democrats, to close the 21 nuclear plants that supply a third of the nation's power. For the West German atomic-energy industry, it's clearly a nuclear winter.

DEBBIE SEWARD in Bonn



It's 'now or never' for reforms: The Soviet leader visiting a Moscow auto plant

New Year's Resolutions

Gorbachev delivers a revealing pep talk to editors

ikhail Gorbachev made clear his New Year's resolutions last week: 1. Stop simply talking about re-

forms and start making them work.

2. Keep to the middle of the road. Convince critics on the left that your program is not fatally weak. Persuade those on the right that your reforms will not destroy Soviet socialism.

3. Make people believe in your changes. Push through reforms at the center of Soviet power: the Communist Party.

Gorbachev set his domestic agenda for 1988 during a seven-hour Kremlin meeting with the Soviet editors and cultural leaders who are charged with rallying the masses behind his economic and political reforms. He insisted that his program must be implemented now-or never. "We have found out what has to be done and how," Gorbachev said. "But now the most complex stage has begun, when perestroika should affect the lives of millions of Soviet people." Gorbachev gave himself until approximately 1991 to make his reforms irreversibleand, implicitly, to solidify his own rule. "The next two or three years will decide where the perestroika drive will go," Gorbachev said. "Two or three years!"

The Soviet leader tried to convince doubters that his campaign for glasnost, perestroika and democratization is going strong. His tame exposition of Stalin's crimes and other sore spots of Soviet history last November—which disappointed progressives—is "not dogmatic" and "will

be extended and developed," Gorbachev assured the editors.

More important, Gorbachev signaled that a major Communist Party conference scheduled for June will consider electoral reforms designed to shift significant political power from the Kremlin to local authorities. He also promised legal reforms that are expected to extend the independence of courts and the rights of individuals—and further erode the domination of the party. "We subscribe to Lenin's concept of a political party... acting as the political vanguard of society," Gorbachev said. "But the party must not lag behind the processes taking place in society."

Senior squabble: Gorbachev put out his call for "radical reform" during a time of apparent conflict among his senior colleagues. Last December, Politburo member Aleksandr Yakovlev, a Gorbachev confidant thought to be the Kremlin's main supervisor of the press, issued a ringing attack against conservative opponents of reform. "Society needs to move forward," Yakovlev told Soviet editors, "so that it can finally and irreversibly cast off the stupefying effects of self-satisfaction and complacency." Subsequently, the Politburo's No. 2 leader, Yegor Ligachev, who had criticized liberal publications for exceeding the bounds of openness, convened a smaller group of media executives. Ligachev's private message, according to a knowledgeable Soviet source, was that Yakovlev's speech did not carry the Politburo's endorsement. In other words, you can ignore it.

Gorbachev's policy statement seemed designed to clear up the confusion. With Ligachev in silent attendance and Yakovlev away (said to be recovering from illness), Gorbachev dictated a policy of energetic reform and ideological continuity alike. To conservatives who have complained that the foundations of socialism were weakening, Gorbachev rejoined: "By what are they being undermined? ... On the contrary, socialism is gaining strength." Gorbachev also took on liberals who argue that his reforms are inadequate. He dismissed such "ultraperestroika" as "helpless" in the face of the "stubborn and lengthy work" needed to revitalize Soviet society. Gorbachev called for broad reforms-

within accepted boundaries. "We are for openness without reservations, without limitations," he said, "but for openness in the interests of socialism."

Battle for change: Gorbachev acknowledged that some intellectuals and young people had lost confidence in perestroika after the Politburo fired Moscow party leader Boris Yeltsin, who had called for faster, deeper reforms. He also recognized that "discussions" and "ideological disputes" over perestroika were growing. "It would be unrealistic to believe that we have already broken the braking mechanism," he said, referring to the obstacles to perestroika. He called on the editors and cultural leaders to step up the battle for change that has allowed them broader freedom of expression. "The Soviet press is not a private shop," Gorbachev said. "Editors should have a sense of responsibility."

Gorbachev appealed for patience on the part of ordinary Soviets who may be able to enjoy better literature and theater under glasnost, but have noticed no significant improvement in their living standards. He cited a host of statistics showing increased housing construction, labor productivity and consumer spending since he took power. But he acknowledged that demand still far exceeds supply-and "this is why we are short of everything." Many Soviet intellectuals were reassured by Gorbachev's rededication to perestroika. "The opposition is strong," said a Soviet historian, "but this speech shows that Gorbachev is standing strongly behind his reforms." The speech also shows that Gorbachev needs to shore up his support. He will need all his strength to keep shaking up the Soviet system on behalf of a better life that still remains a glimmer of promises.

STEVEN STRASSER in Moscow

JOIN THE WORLD EXPO 88 BULLETIN EXECUTIVE CLUB.

It's the place to meet, entertain and unwind at World Expo 88.

Member's

personalised

Executive

Portfolio.



World Expo 88 will be the largest single event of Australia's Bicentenary. It will be the <u>business</u> focus of 1988, with senior executives from more than 40 countries and every Australian state converging on Brisbane.

By joining World Expo 88

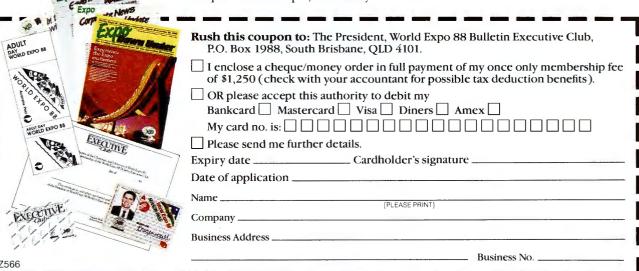
Bulletin Executive Club, you and your company will be a part of it in a very special way.

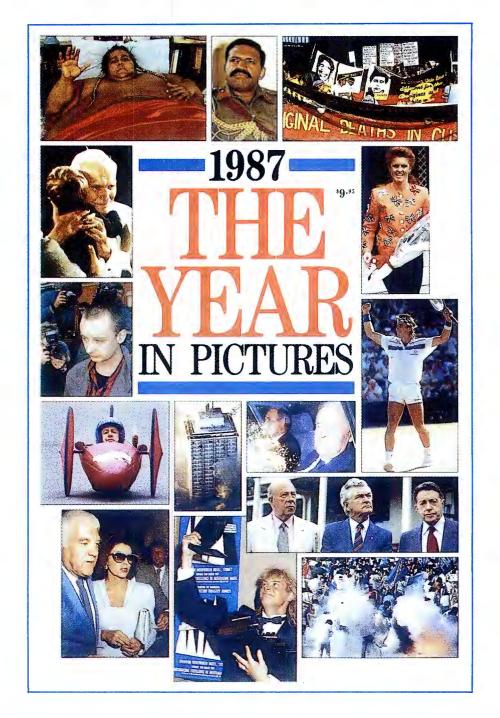
Located in the beautifullyrestored historic building known as The Library, the Bulletin Executive Club is your personal headquarters at Expo, with easy access to the World Expo 88 grounds!

Be one of the privileged few!

To ensure members receive the best in service and comfort, membership will be strictly limited. Your club will provide the perfect venue to meet and entertain important guests in elegant surroundings whenever you wish – right through World Expo 88.

Plus you'll be given a personalised Season Pass worth \$160 and twenty (20) One Day Tickets worth \$500. You'll also receive a numbered certificate of membership, The Expo Newsletter plus a quality gold embossed Executive Portfolio.





Turbulent, violent, dramatic, outrageous . . . it's been quite a year. Out now is a book that captures it all in living colour — 1987: The Year In Pictures, a wide-ranging look at the local and international events that shaped the year, seen through eyes of the world's top photographers. From great moments in sport, to life and death in the world's battle zones, it's all there. 1987, remember it?

Rude Britannia

A blitz of boorishness

he Daily Mail was outraged. "What right," it demanded, "has a mere American to teach manners to a nation itself a byword for politeness?" The object of the Mail's disaffection was Karen Dunn, a Californian hired by a branch of the British Treasury to give 1,200 of its civil servants a crash course on customer care. Though the press dubbed her Miss Manners, Dunn, 27, denied she had come to teach the British how to behave. But it may not be such an outrageous notion. Threatened by an escalating blitz of bad manners, a lot of beleaguered Brits would argue that a few reminders on proper etiquette are precisely what the country needs.

Fashioned in the Victorian age, Britain's reputation for civility has suffered seriously both at home and abroad. Football hooligans, long the scourge of the Continent, have lately been joined by rowdy British tourists on low-budget packages as Europe's least welcome visitors since the Goths. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, whose aggressive entrepreneurial society is often blamed for the decline of manners, heralded the New Year by calling for a return to traditional British standards of fairness and courtesy. She was applauded by the Rev. Ian Gregory, founder of the oneyear-old Polite Society, who is determined to stem the decline of common courtesy. Fifteen schools have already adopted the



A nation of queue bargers? The politesse of yesteryear

society's junior code that commits children to respect their parents, love animals and never chew with their mouth open.

Britain's class system takes manners for granted: the middle and upper classes are taught them and the lower classes are taught to respect them. But if social mobility remains minimal, public interaction is increasing. Says social psychologist George Gaskell of the London School of Economics, "In shops and queues and streets you see the classless face of Britain." And there the battle rages. London's streets have turned into free-fire zones where pedestrians are targets of opportunity. Even the once sacrosanct zebra crossings have become dicey. If vulgar language could kill, London streets would be more deadly than Califor-

nia freeways. Motorists regularly slam on their brakes and roll down their windows to scream abuse at one another.

It's just not done: From the cricket pitch to Parliament to public service, the decline pervades British life. Last fall British cricket captain Mike Gatting caused an international incident by arguing with a Pakistani umpire. Weekend players around the country agreed that no matter what the provocation, that was just not done. Gatting was forced to write an apology before the match could go on. Bad behavior is more traditional in the House of Commons. But observers wonder whether the current session isn't slouching toward an alltime low. Last week a Labor M.P. was banned from Commons for disrupting the open-

ing prayer. And as manufacturing unions have lost power, militancy has been concentrated in the public sector, producing a batch of increasingly uncivil servants.

Even that last line of British courtesy, the queue, is threatened as patience wears thin and cutting in becomes more common. Some firms that deal with the public, from British Rail to Marks & Spencer, are trying to ease the problem by training employees to be more responsive to customers. True civility, experts like Dunn argue, requires more than a mannered facade. But her assurances would strike many Brits as the unkindest cut of all. "The British are very polite on the whole," she says. "They are very much like Americans."

GERALD C. LUBENOW in London

Dare Not Speak Its Name

Come Conservatives in the British government think it's time to draw a line between tolerating homosexuality and endorsing it. They've drawn that line in a local government bill now making its way through Parliament. The bill contains a controversial section, known as Clause 28, which makes it unlawful for local authorities to promote homosexuality, to teach the acceptability of homosexuality as a family relationship or to fund any individual promoting homosex-

uality or its acceptability.

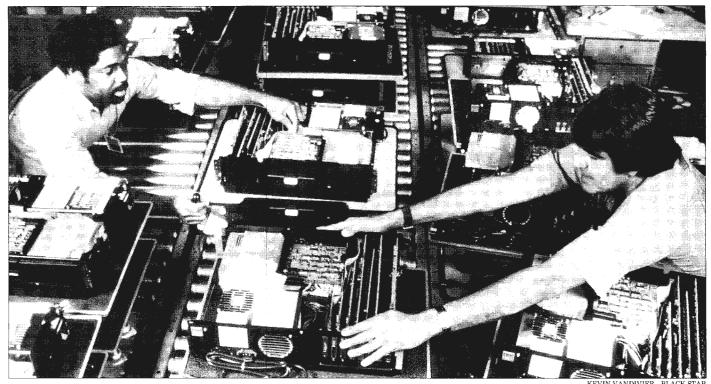
Clause 28, which does permit education about AIDS, is designed mainly to prevent left-wing local councils from allowing British schools to present homosexuality as a valid alternative lifestyle. Last year some parents in the borough of Haringey, in north London, pulled their children from classes over the alleged possession of a gay book titled "Jenny Lives with Eric and Martin" by school libraries.

The bill has understandably outraged gay-rights activists. Graham McKerrow, coeditor of the London newspaper Capital Gay, worries that if the bill is passed, only books that portray gays as "vile, wicked and nasty" will be permissible in schools. Others think the legislation threatens all gay and lesbian support groups funded by the local councils.

However, the bill enjoys widespread public support, and the Commons is expected to pass it this summer. "After that," laments McKerrow, "there will be nothing we can do about it." Nothing except file lawsuits, and Clause 28 could spawn plenty.



A different sort of family



As Wall Street anxiously watched and waited, U.S. manufacturers launched an export drive: $Assembling\ computers\ at\ IBM$

A Coming Export Boom?

Thanks to the lower dollar, the latest U.S. trade figures have come out strong

all Street watched and waited for weeks—an obsessive, nerve-racking, day-by-day fixation that all but paralyzed the world's financial markets. The Numbers were coming, the latest U.S. monthly trade figures. A deficit of \$14 billion or less would mean jubilation; \$18 billion or more could mean a reprise of Black Monday. Fifteen and a half seemed likely. A split second after 8:30 a.m. Washington time last Friday, The Numbers duly arrived: America's trade deficit had narrowed by 25 percent to a stunning \$13.2 billion—the best performance in seven months.

For the Reagan administration, desperate for a turnaround in the nation's dismal trade accounts, the news was a major victory. Commerce Secretary C. William Verity called the report "good news by any test." Trade representative Clayton Yeutter hailed it as evidence of an "export boom." As the trade numbers flashed around the globe, the markets ignited. In Chicago, money-market analyst Gary Dorsch had stayed up all night watching

foreign currency markets. "As soon as the figures came out, the dollar exploded," he said. The U.S. currency soared from 126 yen to 131 within minutes; it closed the day at 130.95. The trade figures combined with other good news—the Producer Price Index fell slightly, calming inflation fears, and industrial production edged higher—to spark a powerful rally. On Wall Street, the Dow Jones industrial average shot up 55 points in the first half hour of trading. Treasury issues and stock index futures also jumped. But after the initial euphoria, the markets moved surprisingly little. The Dow closed at 1956, up a moderate 39.96.

Unappreciated gains: The market's ambivalence stems from questions that stubbornly resist answers. Are America's trade problems on the mend? The narrowing imbalance shows that the three-year devaluation of the dollar finally could be showing results, and the depth of the dollar's slide hides much of America's renewed exporting might. Exports have risen more than 20 percent over their levels of a year ago, accounting for a third of all growth in U.S. jobs and output. Pharmaceuticals, lumber

and paper products, heavy machinery, computers and electronics have led the charge. But while exports in "real dollars" (adjusted for currency shifts) show an increase, the picture has still looked anemic in everyday "nominal" dollars. And since financial markets only care about nominal dollars, which pay the bills, the real gains have gone unappreciated. The latest figures show progress on both the real and nominal fronts. Exports jumped 9.4 percent, to a record \$23.8 billion, while imports shrank 6 percent, to \$37.02 billion.

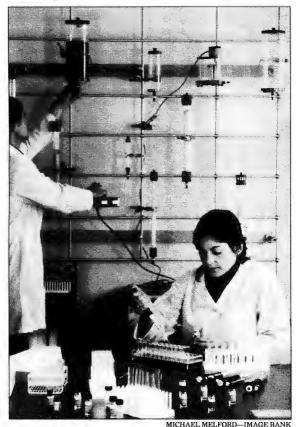
Despite that good news, America's trade problems are far from over. Though vastly improved, the November figures still represent a huge deficit—nearly \$160 billion a year—that can't be sopped up by the low dollar alone. What's more, Washington still doesn't know how much it can rely on its trading partners for help. In Washington last week, Japanese Prime Minister Noboru Takeshita agreed to continue negotiations over letting American firms work on Japanese construction projects and promised not to keep its interest rates from falling of their own accord. But he stopped

332 NEWSWEEK



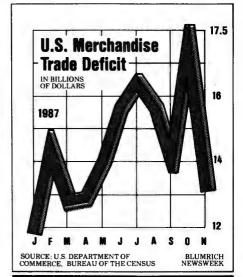
RICH FRISHMAN—PICTURE GROUP

The falling dollar has given a big boost to U.S. paper companies: Logging operation in Idaho



Pharmaceuticals, too, are surging overseas: $Drug\ lab$

short of agreeing to lower rates, which would take pressure off Washington to boost U.S. rates and help keep American manufacturing rolling. The administration also suffered a disappointment with another chief trading partner, West Germany. For nearly three years Washington has pressed Bonn to spur its economy to promote global growth. Last week that prospect seemed even more distant. German economic activity has fallen to its



lowest level in five years, government economists in Bonn reported. The Federal Republic would be lucky to achieve growth of 1.5 percent this year, deflating hopes that Germany's economic momentum would spur U.S. exports.

Economists, seldom an optimistic lot, also expressed concerns of another sort: the im-

provement might not last. Bad numbers often follow good. The horrendous \$17.6 billion deficit posted for October came on the heels of two months of modest gains. Lower oil costs figured large in November's brighter trade picture. With domestic oil production declining, massive importing could return before long. Paul Chertkow, director of economics at Security Pacific Hoare Govett, a London-based investment bank, sees similar limits on U.S. exports.

American companies may be slow to boost production. With Japan's new consumer boom being fed mostly by domestic products and with European economies turning sluggish, there may be less room for growth than Washington hopes. "On the export side values have significantly improved," says Chertkow, "but it's hard to see how they can go much further."

Poor gauge: The biggest problem with The Numbers may be The Numbers themselves. It makes no sense to read the world's economic fate in a single indicator—especially when the trade figures are not seasonally adjusted, making them a poor gauge of economic trends. Yet if the markets rise or fall on trade figures, even sophisticated investors have little choice but to pay attention: the disappointing Oct. 14 figures helped cause a 95-point decline in the Dow, while cheerier Nov. 12 numbers contributed to a 61-point advance. The Numbers mania echoes a similar obsession in the early 1980s, when the money-supply statistics held the financial world in thrall. M1 also eventually proved unreliable, and the spotlight moved on; many predict that The Numbers, too, will fade in importance. "The markets will eventually get bored," says Tim O'Dell, an economist at Phillips & Drew, a London brokerage.

But that's for the future. For now, traders and analysts are

anything but bored. Whatever errors, inconsistencies or just plain silliness show up in the monthly trade figures, they undeniably point up long-term trends. "The next two quarters will be key," says Robert Barbera, chief economist for Shearson Lehman Brothers Inc. "For the market to be confident that the trade deficit has turned around, the figures for four of the next six months will have to be better than expected." Barbera thinks that's likely. "I think the monthly figures will average about \$12 billion over the next year," translating into a 1988 deficit of more than \$140 billion. A bigger improvement would require stern medicine: big cuts in the budget deficit and consumer spending, lower standards of living, perhaps a recession. And in an election year, that's unlikely.

> JOHN SCHWARTZ with RONALD HENKOFF in London, RICH THOMAS in Washington and MICHAEL MEYER in New York

ENVIRONMENT



'The potential is enormous': Chemist Ed Garbisch on a Chesapeake Bay shoreline his company rebuilt

TABLI MCITAMBE-ITE WOWEE

Making Nature Whole Again

Restoration ecologists are reviving damaged marshes, prairies and forests

ajestic white cedars once soared above the freshwater bog, and deer, muskrat and other natives of the New Jersey wetlands lived and bred in their shade. But colonists cleared trees for farmland, vigilantes on the trail of 18thcentury pirates torched the cedars and dam builders in the 1920s cut off the flow of fresh water, letting in the sea. The bog became salty, packed with 15-foot-tall reeds that squeezed out wildlife. Then in 1985 marsh builders, led by chemist Ed Garbisch of Environmental Concern, Inc., arrived with the promise of better days. They cut channels and excavated the marsh to let rejuvenating ocean tides flow in. They created knolls where mallards could nest. They seeded 50 acres with Spartina, a marsh grass. The \$4 million project, about half complete, has already won over its toughest audience: ducks and wading birds, voting with their wings, have returned. "I'm very impressed with how well this worked," says Mark Kraus, a New Jersey state scientist. "I was skeptical, but so far it has surpassed my expectations."

The fix-it men of the environment are here. Not content to merely lobby for antipollution laws or sue to keep a developer from building on a bird sanctuary, they are repairing what man has already damaged. They are determined to go back to the days when buffalo roamed the American prairies and salmon ran as thick as molasses. An early example of such "restoration ecology" was reclaiming strip-mined land. But today's restorers are also replanting entire forests, rebuilding streams and re-creating wetlands in hundreds of projects from Costa Rica to Maine. Last week, at the first major national conference on "Restoring the Earth" in Berkeley, Calif., 800 scientists and industry and government officials learned how to become geological forces in their own right. "People want to do something about environmental problems," says Jerry Bass of Restoring the Earth (RTE), organizer of the gathering. "The new frontier is fixing up the old frontier."

Still, some damage remains beyond man's help. No amount of expertise can reverse the effects of the million-gallon oil spill that contaminated the Monongahela



and Ohio rivers in the northeastern United States two weeks ago. Only time, and naturel cleansing processes, will help. But while emergency surgery fails in most acute cases, rehabilitation often works when the damage has been slow and steady.

Wetlands have been under just such a chronic assault since long before vacationers discovered waterside condos. Half the wetlands in the United States have been destroyed, and 500,000 more acres vanish every year. With them disappear habitat for birds and fish, and natural purification systems for waterways. But now firms such as Environmental Concern are reversing the loss. EC has created more than 200 marshes, including the one in New Jersey, planting them with such native species as pickerelweed and duck potato. Their clients range from government agencies to corporate giants. "There are few natural systems that haven't been impacted by man," says Garbisch. "The potential for restoration is enormous."

Noah's ark: For sheer hubris, no restoration surpasses Daniel Janzen's project to re-create more than 150 square miles of tropical forest in northwest Costa Rica. The area, now savanna and pasture, once supported diverse plant and animal life. Janzen, a University of Pennsylvania biologist, thinks that over the next 100 years or so he and Costa Rica's National Parks Foundation can bring it back; left alone, it would take nature 500 years. It's not quite like planting a backyard garden-it's more like filling Noah's ark. Janzen is trying to find the right mix of species to keep his delicate ecosystem in balance. He predicts the forest will have 350 kinds of birds, 160



Midwifery: Coaxing sperm from male salmon, scooping eggs from female at the Mattole River

mammal species, 200 types of reptiles and amphibians and 30,000 insect species. He will import some from nearby forests, but hopes others come naturally, attracted by the flora his assistants plant. Local farmers will act as Latin Johnny Appleseeds, scattering seeds of tropical trees.

Most restorers are local people trying to repair local damage. When David Simpson moved to northern California 18 years ago, he arrived in time to see the last of the Mattole River's great king-salmon runs. By the 1970s, logging, road building and overgrazing had eroded so much soil that mud and gravel smothered salmon eggs and clogged the riverbed. Ten years later only a few hundred fish spawned, down from an estimated 35,000 in the 1960s. But Simpson and his neighbors are pulling the Mattole salmon back from extinction. Trapping the returning fish, they "milk" the males for sperm. Then they fertilize eggs scooped out of females, incubate them and release the hatchlings-more than 100,000 so far. Midwifery alone, though, isn't enough. To fully revive the river, the restorers also break logiams that block the spawning fish's paths. They plant trees on the hills and armor the banks with rocks to keep soil from running into the water. Soon the Mattole should be working without man's help.

Robert Betz's prairies—he restores 100 acres a year-are not only thriving without his help but spreading. Betz, a biologist at Northeastern Illinois University, is determined to make his creations as prolific as the tall grasses that once undulated across 250 million acres of the Midwest, spewing seeds that carpeted the plains. After his seedlings have grown for two seasons, he burns them. The deep-rooted prairie flora survive, but pesty invaders, such as sweet clover, die. That leaves room and nutrients for additional prairie species. The Illinois prairie is now more than holding its own. 'We're getting prairie plants along the roads and in fields nearby," he reports. "It's reached critical mass.'

Only God ...: Restoration ecology is not free from controversy. The Sierra Club, for one, is concerned that if a developer promises to build a new wetland, he will be able to destroy the original with impunity-a zero-sum game for the environment. But boosters of eco-repair defend their science. "We're advocating restoration for the purpose of repairing previous damage," declares RTE founder John J. Berger, "not to legitimize further destruction." Restoration is too young a science to have shown whether it will be used more for good or ill. But there is no doubt that it provides a chance to improve the environment, not just slow the damage. Only God can make a tree, but the restorers are convinced they can help make the Lord's work last.

> SHARON BEGLEY with SETH ZUCKERMAN in Berkeley and LISA DREW in New York



On the beach: Mopping up in 1978

An \$85 Million Disagreement

hree Frenchman rarely agree on anything. Last week it seemed as if the entire country shared one opinion: the penalty that a Chicago court ordered Amoco to pay for an oil spill off Brittany 10 years ago was hardly more than a pittance. The U.S. energy company was found liable for \$85.2 million in damages and interest for the devastation caused when the supertanker Amoco Cadiz broke up and disgorged 68 million gallons of Middle Eastern crude across 130 miles of French coastline. That amounts to the largest environmental settlement ever but is a fraction of the more than \$1 billion French plaintiffs asked for. "It's shameful," said Corentin Penn, mayor of one of the damaged villages.

The judge in the case dismissed French appeals for payment to repair injury to the "image" or reputation of beach resorts, which he found impossible to quantify. He also reduced awards for environmental damage, calling the claims "seriously exaggerated" when compared with cleanup estimates filed in 1978. French officials counter that the local fishing and tourist industries are still not back to normal and that beaches still reek of oil. They also insist that \$85.2 million will barely cover the lawyers' fees in the long legal war. Predictably, both Amoco and the French announced plans to

appeal the court's decision.

IDEAS

Final Fall?

A book of knells

hat do Ronald Reagan, Britain's King Edward VII, King Louis XVI of France and Emperor Philip IV of Spain all have in common? This riddle, posed by a Yale professor's new book, is topic A among policymakers and opinion shapers—and it may become a major issue of the presidential campaign.

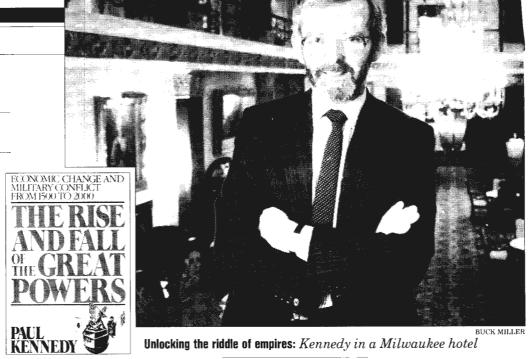
In "The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers," Paul Kennedy argues that the United States today—like Edwardian Eng-

land, Bourbon France and Habsburg Spain—is an empire in decline. The theory of dynastic cycles is older than Toynbee, of course, and savants have been predicting the end of the American Century ever since the Vietnam War. But as the Reagan era wanes and Morning After in America dawns, Professor Kennedy's book has struck fire. Indeed, "The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers" may become for 1988 what Allan Bloom's "The Closing of the American Mind" was for 1987: the sleeper "serious" book that explains what's wrong with America. Just as Bloom offered a coherent and provocative theory on the failure of American education, Kennedy gives epic meaning to the nation's relative economic and industrial decline.

His thesis is almost embarrassingly simple: the United States, like earlier hegemons, has taken on more global obligations

than it can afford. While the United States mindlessly borrows to prop up its overextended empire, other less encumbered nations are overtaking it industrially. If the United States continues to cling to commitments made at the zenith of American power just after World War II, the nation will be surpassed by Japan, Europe and, in the long run, China. This cycle of "imperial overstretch" has been repeated again and again over the last 500 years, Kennedy contends. Wise statesmanship can slow the downward slide, but so far at least, no empire has ever avoided the final fall.

The presidential candidates *677 pages. Random House. \$24.95.



have yet to directly address the

issues the book raises. Republicans mostly bicker over the merits of the INF treaty. The Democrats promise arms control and wishfully call on the allies to pay for more of their own defense. But the candidates are not unaware of polls showing widespread public unease over economic decline at home and competition from abroad. The voters could be ripe for a debate over America's role in the world.

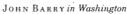
The debate is already warming. Last week the Pentagon's Commission on Integrated Long-term Strategy offered guidelines for defending America's commitments into the next century. The report, offered by a panel of current and former senior government officials including Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski, was the Washington Permanent Establishment's blueprint for preserving the

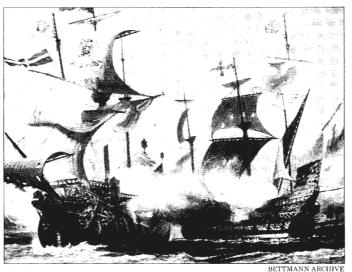
status quo. More high-tech "smart weapons" was their basic answer. A more radical approach was suggested by Navy Secretary James Webb. In a speech last week, he urged that the United States shift its main military focus from Europe to the Pacific, where the greatest economic power will lie in the next century.

Very rich: American decline is only relative, Kennedy is quick to note; the United States is still a very rich nation. But that's part of the problem, he adds. "Relative decline is for most people an abstraction at best; so long as things are not too bad in absolute terms, who goes through the pain of change?" Most empires do not collapse overnight; the Habsburg twilight in Spain endured for a century and Britain hung on through two world wars. But the pace has quickened, Kennedy warns, as multinational corporations sell high tech around

the globe and America's dependents become its rivals.

Kennedy, 42, is himself a child of imperial decline: he was the son of a shipyard worker in northeast England, an industry and region ravaged by Britain's loss of empire. Oxford educated and tenured at Yale since 1983, he has been studying great-power rivalry for 20 years. He laments that few American politicians have been doing likewise: "There is no sense that any of the presidential candidates have any sense of history at all." They would do well to read Professor Kennedy's sobering lesson—or risk repeating it once one of them is in the White House.





'Imperial overstretch': The Spanish Armada and British at war

336

The Portable Translator

ou are a German resident of Bonn. One day you're walking down the street, minding your own business, when suddenly a stranger approaches with a funny grin on his face. After stopping you, he holds a small electronic device close to his face and speaks slowly into it, saying, in English: "Can you tell me where I can buy some sauerkraut?" What should you do? (a) Run away. (b) Call the police. Or (c) Listen closely for the gadget to say, in German: "Können Sie mir bitte sagen, wo ich Sauerkraut kaufen kann?"

The most considerate response would be (c), because the person in front of you is only a tourist trying to enjoy himself. The device is said to be the world's first portable translator—a hand-held microcomputer that instantaneously converts one spoken language into another. The four-pound, battery-operated product is called the Voice, and it is the creation of Advanced



Computer, speak! Voice

Products and Technologies, an American company that specializes in travel appliances.

When the Voice is introduced in the United States in late April—at a price of \$1,500—it will be capable of converting spoken English into Italian, German, French and Spanish. The product comes with separate cartridges for each language, which can be

changed when the user moves from one country to another. The item will be sold in Europe soon after the U.S. introduction, with cartridges that convert Italian, German, French and Spanish into English.

The Voice uses a proprietary microchip and artificial intelligence to translate languages. It is activated by voice command and produces voice output through a built-in speaker. When the user makes a statement or asks a question, the Voice immediately repeats the remark in another language. "It listens to you and then it speaks," says Steve Rondel, president of Advanced Products. He says that though the Voice has "a raspy computerlike dialect, it is perfectly clear to a person who speaks the language."

Simple sentences: With nearly three-quarters of a megabyte of memory, the product can recognize and respond to more than 2,000 different phrases—most-

ly simple sentences commonly found in foreign-language travel books. The Voice comes with a 16-line screen that can display currency conversions and other information—but not a written translation of the spoken phrase.

The product's most obvious limitation is that it is a one-way translator: after converting an English question into German, it cannot convert the German response into English. So even if the native understands the computer's remark, the user may not understand his answer. Rondel claims that most basic tourist communication has to do with directions, and that with enough finger-pointing, quizzical glances and simple vocabulary, the user will be able to get by.

When might a two-way translator be feasible? Rondel claims the technology is already available, but it requires a high-speed processor that is too big and expensive for portable use. But, he believes, it won't be too long before foreigners are freely conversing with one another with the help of little black boxes.

And Now, 3-D Video

hree-dimensional films have been around since the early 1950s, but they've never really captured the public fancy. But Japan's Toshiba Corp. still thinks the idea has potential: it has developed what it says is the world's first 3-D camcorder.

The camcorder, called the 3D-CAM, uses two separate "microcamera" lenses to shoot two pictures simultaneously on VHS-C video-cassette tape. Each of the two cameras serially records 60 pictures per second. When the tape has been completed, the recorded three-dimensional images can be reproduced on a TV screen using a standard VCR. Images can also be relayed directly from the 3D-CAM to the television.

As with feature films, viewers must wear special glasses to see the 3-D images—in this

case, liquid-crystal glasses. The glasses are connected by an adapter to the VCR or the 3D-CAM; the adapter is needed to synchronize the recorded images with the glasses. The glasses block the right and left views of the person watching the video in rapid succession, so that the respective images are seen by the appropriate eye. This high-speed mixing of right- and left-eve images in the brain creates a stereoscopic effect. The 3D-CAM will be sold in Japan and elsewhere starting later this year.

In a separate but related development, Japan's Matsushita Electric Industrial Co. has devised a new video screen with a built-in flat speaker. It is called the Audio Flat Panel Screen. Matsushita claims the screen emits sound directly

from its surface. That feature, says the company, helps to achieve clear, high-fidelity sound in a small home or business environment. Measuring 142 centimeters long by 107 centimeters wide, the screen is the diaphragm for the speaker, acting as the woofer and covering low-end sound reproduction. The midrange and tweeter

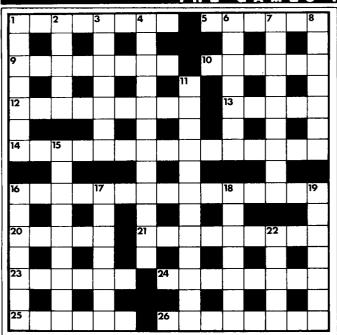
(high-frequency) speakers are located on panels running down both sides of the screen. The screen is said to vibrate slightly, but not enough to impair the quality of the picture. The product will be available in Japan later this year. The price has not yet been determined.

RICHARD ERNSBERGER Jr.



TOSHIBA CORP.

Bringing 3-D and crazy glasses into the home: Toshiba's camcorder



CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 How the Dodger picked pockets, having the knack? Quite (8)
- 5 One needs a doctor in charge of feet (6)
- 9 Clergyman drinks four (medicinal) (8)
- 10 Box of goodies for the lady
 am quietly tucking in (6)
- 12 Daughter wants marriage this is mere flirtation (9)
- 13 Silent Night's ending in Lil's tremolo (5)
- 14 I'm hit with crass wheat wildly in a festival singers dream of (1, 5, 9)
- 16 Stupid in curlers, Ella's inside making gifts for London gents? (6, 9)
- 20 We'll meet here before the show because you'll be in it (5)
- 21 Former climber, a lie-abed (4, 5)
- 23 Backsliding female embraces ditto policeman for ages (6)
- 24 Rio, to Hal, offers all the seducer needs (8)
- 25 Hello there, Your Majesty going for a walk? (6)
- 26 Anglo-Saxon sex appeal you and I are, so to speak (2, 2, 4)

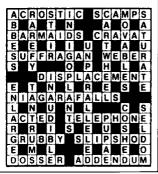
DOWN

- 1 Song about a bounder in an idyllic spot (7)
- 2 Yodelling country helps to make a party rollicking (5)
- 3 Pursue game, drop aitches

and unwind (7)

- 4 Two spoons, look, mixing up gin with clove (6, 6)
- 6 Morning, chumps, what does an accumulator do? (7)
- 7 Such a ceremony involves baby's head and its pa and ma, on life's beginning (9)
- 8 Rings for the Parisian in reduced circumstances (7)
- 11 Quiet, noble pantomime character might suit a Cockney king (5, 7)
- 15 Evergreen wine can be lovely in bed (9)
- 16 Sappers cheeky? Give a cooling drink (7)
- 17 Deserve to receive an article of clay (7)
- 18 Someone talking about you? As far as one can hear (7)
- 19 He had only the ghost of a Christmas present (7)
- 22 Sunday egg? Swell! (5)

Last week's solution



BACKGAMMON by MICHAEL LLOYD

WHITE is on the bar. The score is 2-0 to White in a tournament match to 11 points. The cube is on 2, White to roll; should he double? There's no simple answer, it depends on the relative skills of the players. Let's look first at the odds.

White needs a 2 or a 5 to reenter from the bar. His chances of rolling thus are exactly 5:4 on, so he should re-enter. If he rolls a 5, a 2-3 or 2-6, he can hit — that's 15 shots in all, so he is approximately 5:4 against.

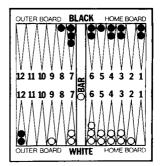
Suppose White is an expert, well favored to reach the semifinals or at least the later rounds: he would be a fool to double — 16 rolls deny him reentry and, should he produce one, he will get the cube straight back on 8.

Far better for the expert to consider his options after this roll

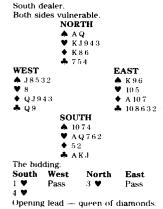
Alternatively, suppose that White is a novice, pitted against an expert. A double to 4 at this stage would be a masterful move. Black, although not behind at this point, could face a

gammon loss if Black now hit—he (Black) could get two men sent back while White could quite easily "fill" his home board in a couple of rolls. Black would have to back down, refuse the double, and White would win 2 points. This ploy is both under-estimated and under-used by novices in tournaments—they should double more often.

In a money game, this can be both a double and a take — if White fails to re-enter and Black redoubles to 8, it could still be a take for White.



BRIDGE BY B. JAY BECKER



DECLARER'S main objective in most deals is to find the method of play that offers the best chance for the contract. At times, this may involve trying to improve on an approach that already offers an excellent chance of success. Even so, if a better line of play exists, it is declarer's obligation to use it.

Consider this deal where the defence starts with three rounds of diamonds, declarer ruffing the third one. South observes that the contract is certain if either black suit finesse works. Since the chances that at least one finesse will succeed are 3-to-1 in declarer's favor, he had good reason to feel confident of the outcome. In the actual case.

though, both finesses would lose; he would go down one.

Despite the highly favorable odds, it would be wrong for declarer to rely on the two finesses; a different method of play offers an even better chance to make the contract.

Oddly enough, the extra chance lies in totally rejecting the club finesse.

The best line of play, after drawing trumps, is next to lead the A-K-J of clubs. On the actual deal, the queen of clubs falls and South's worries are over.

However, there is much more to this play than just taking a peek at West's cards. If the queen does not drop and West has it, the finesse will not have succeeded. After West takes the queen, South still has the spade finesse in reserve.

But note that if East has the queen (in which case the finesse would have succeeded), declarer comes home anyhow. After taking the queen, East has to lead a spade into the A-Q or yield a ruff and discard.

It follows that leading the A-K-J of clubs can never cost declarer the contract does but make it for him whenever West has started with the Q-x of clubs. It is, therefore, the superior method of play.



